

THE
BEAUTIES
OF THE
SPECTATORS, TATLERS,
AND
GUARDIANS,

Connected and Digested under
ALPHABETICAL HEADS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME the THIRD.

L O N D O N :

Printed for the PROPRIETORS, and sold by
the Bookfellers in Town and Country.

M.DCC.LXXIII.



THE
BEAUTY

SPECTATORS TATTERS

STANDARD

ALPHABETICAL HEADS

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOLUME THE THIRD

LONDON

Printed for the Proprietors, and sold by
the Publishers to the Public and Company

M. BOLLIX

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*Gifted by John Rogerson Esq.
St. Michels
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1965*

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THE

THIRD VOLUME

THE

THE
BEAUTIES

OF THE
Spectators, Tatlers, &c.

GOSPELS.

DR. TILLOTSON, in his discourse concerning the ' Danger of all known sin, ' both from the light of nature and revelation,' after having given us the description of the last day out of Holy Writ, has this remarkable passage.

' I appeal to any man, whether this be not a ' representation of things very proper and suitable to that great day, wherein he who made ' the world, shall come to judge it? And whether the wit of man ever devised any thing ' so awful, and so agreeable to the Majesty ' of God, and the solemn judgment of the
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‘ whole world? The description which Virgil
 ‘ makes of the Elysian Fields, and the Infernal
 ‘ Regions, how infinitely do they fall short
 ‘ of the Majesty of the Holy Scripture, and
 ‘ the description there made of heaven and
 ‘ hell, and of the great and terrible day of the
 ‘ Lord! So that in comparison they are childish
 ‘ and trifling, and yet perhaps he had the most
 ‘ regular and most governed imagination of
 ‘ any man that ever lived, and observed the
 ‘ greatest decorum in his characters and de-
 ‘ scriptions. But who can declare the great
 ‘ things of God, but he to whom God shall
 ‘ reveal them?’

This observation was worthy a most polite man, and ought to be of authority with all who are such, so far as to examine whether he spoke that as a man of a just taste and judgment, or advanced it merely for the service of his doctrine as a clergyman.

I am very confident whoever reads the Gospels, with an heart as much prepared in favour of them as when he sits down to Virgil or Homer, will find no passage there which is not told with more natural force than any episode in either of those wits, which were the chief of mere mankind.

The last thing I read was the xxivth chapter of St. Luke, which gives an account of the manner in which our Blessed Saviour, after his resurrection, joined with two disciples on the way

way to Emmaus, as an ordinary traveller, and took the privilege as such to enquire of them what occasioned a sadness he observed in their countenances; or whether it was from any public cause? Their wonder that any man so near Jerusalem should be a stranger to what had passed there; their acknowledgment to one they met accidentally that they had believed in this prophet; and that now, the third day after his death, they were in doubt as to their pleasing hope which occasioned the heaviness he took notice of, are all represented in a style which men of letters call 'the great and noble simplicity.' The attention of the disciples when he expounded the Scriptures concerning himself, his offering to take his leave of them, their fondness of his stay, and the manifestation of the great guest whom they had entertained while he was yet at meat with them, are all incidents which wonderfully please the imagination of a Christian reader, and give to him something of that touch of mind which the brethren felt, when they said one to another, 'Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?'

I am very far from pretending to treat these matters as they deserve; but I hope those gentlemen who are qualified for it, and called to it, will forgive me, and consider that I speak as a mere secular man, impartially con-

dering the effect which the Sacred Writings will have upon the soul of an intelligent reader; and it is some argument, that a thing is the immediate work of God, when it so infinitely transcends all the labours of man. When I look upon Raphael's picture of our Saviour appearing to his disciples after his resurrection, I cannot but think the just disposition of that piece has in it the force of many volumes on the subject: The Evangelists are easily distinguished from the rest by a passionate zeal and love which the painter has thrown in their faces; the huddle group of those who stand most distant are admirable representations of men abashed with their late unbelief and hardness of heart. And such endeavours as this of Raphael, and of all men not called to the altar, are collateral helps not to be despised by the ministers of the gospel.

'Tis with this view that I presume upon subjects of this kind, and men may take up this paper, and be caught by an admonition under the disguise of diversion.

All the arts and sciences ought to be employed in one confederacy against the prevailing torrent of vice and impiety; and it will be no small step in the progress of religion, if it is as evident as it ought to be, that he wants the best taste and best sense a man can have, who is cold to the Beauty of Holiness.

As

As for my part, when I have happened to attend the corps of a friend to his interment, and have seen a graceful man at the entrance of a church-yard, who became the dignity of his function, and assumed an authority which is natural to truth, pronounce, 'I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.' I say, upon such an occasion, the retrospect upon past actions between the deceased whom I followed and myself, together with the many little circumstances that strike upon the soul, and alternately give grief and consolation, have vanished like a dream; and I have been relieved as by a voice from Heaven, when the solemnity has proceeded, and after a long pause I again heard the servant of God utter, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and my eyes shall behold, and not another.' How have I been raised above this world and all its regards, and how well prepared to receive the next sentence which the holy man has spoken, 'We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out; the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord?'

There are I know men of heavy temper without genius, who can read these expressions of Scripture with as much indifference as they do the rest of these loose papers: However I will not despair but to bring men of wit into a love and admiration of Sacred Writings; and, as old as I am, I promise myself to see the day when it shall be as much the fashion among men of politeness to admire a rapture of St. Paul, as any fine expression in Virgil or Horace; and to see a well-dressed young man produce an Evangelist out of his pocket, and be no more out of countenance than if it were a classic printed by Elzevir.

It is a gratitude that ought to be paid to providence by men of distinguished faculties, to praise and adore the Author of their being with a spirit suitable to those faculties, and rouse slover men by their words, actions, and writings to a participation of their transports and thanksgivings.

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 21.

GOVERNMENT.

I LOOK upon it as a peculiar happiness, that were I to choose of what religion I would be, and under what government I would live, I should most certainly give the preference to that form of religion and government which is established in my own country. In this point I think

think I am determined by reason and conviction; but if I shall be told that I am acted by prejudice, I am sure it is an honest prejudice, it is a prejudice that arises from the love of my country, and therefore such an one as I will always indulge. I have in several papers endeavoured to express my duty and esteem for the Church of England, and design this as an essay upon the civil part of our constitution, having often entertained myself with reflections on this subject, which I have not met with in other writers.

That form of government appears to me the most reasonable, which is most conformable to the equality that we find in human nature, provided it be consistent with public peace and tranquillity. This is what may properly be called liberty, which exempts one man from subjection to another so far as the order and oeconomy of government will permit.

Liberty should reach every individual of a people, as they all share one common nature; if it only spreads among particular branches, there had better be none at all, since such a liberty only aggravates the misfortune of those who are deprived of it, by setting before them a disagreeable subject of comparison.

This liberty is best preserved where the legislative power is lodged in several persons, especially if those persons are of different ranks and interests, for where they are of the same rank,
and

and consequently have an interest to manage peculiar to that rank, it differs but little from a despotical government in a single person. But the greatest security a people can have for their liberty, is when the legislative power is in the hands of persons so happily distinguished, that by providing for the particular interests of their several ranks, they are providing for the whole body of the people; or, in other words, when there is no part of the people that has not a common interest with at least one part of the legislators.

If there be but one body of legislators, it is no better than a tyranny; if there are only two, there will want a casting voice, and one of them must at length be swallowed up by disputes and contentions that will necessarily arise between them. Four would have the same inconvenience as two, and a greater number would cause too much confusion. I could never read a passage in Polybius, and another in Cicero, to this purpose, without a secret pleasure in applying it to the English constitution, which it suits much better than the Roman. Both these great authors give the pre-eminence to a mixt government, consisting of three branches, the regal, the noble, and the popular. They had doubtless in their thoughts the constitution of the Roman commonwealth, in which the Consul represented the King, the senate, the nobles, and the tribunes the people.

This

This division of the three powers in the Roman constitution was by no means so distinct and natural as it is in the English form of government. Among several objections that might be made to it, I think the chief are those that affect the consular power, which had only the ornaments without the force of the regal authority. Their number had not a casting voice in it; for which reason, if one did not chance to be employed abroad, while the other sat at home, the public business was sometimes at a stand, while the consuls pulled two different ways in it. Besides, I do not find that the consuls had ever a negative voice in the passing of a law, or decree of senate, so that indeed they were rather the chief body of nobility, or the first ministers of state, than a distinct branch of the sovereignty, in which none can be looked upon as a part, who are not a part of the legislature. Had the consuls been invested with the regal authority to as great a degree as our monarchs, there would never have been any occasions for a dictatorship, which had in it the power of all the three orders, and ended in the subversion of the whole constitution.

Such an history as that of Suetonius, which gives us a succession of absolute princes, is to me an unanswerable argument against despotic power. Where the prince is a man of wisdom and virtue, it is indeed happy for his people that he is absolute; but since in the common

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run of mankind, for one that is wise and good you find ten of a contrary character, it is very dangerous for a nation to stand to its chance, or to have its public happiness or misery depend on the virtues or vices of a single person. Look into the history I have mentioned, or into any series of absolute princes, how many tyrants must you read through, before you come to an Emperor that is supportable. But this is not all; an honest private man often grows cruel and abandoned, when converted into an absolute prince. Give a man power of doing what he pleases with impunity, you extinguish his fear, and consequently overturn in him one of the great pillars of morality. This too we find confirmed by matter of fact. How many hopeful heirs apparent to grand empires, when in the possession of them, have become such monsters of lust and cruelty as are a reproach to human Nature.

Some tell us we ought to make our governments on earth like that in heaven, which, say they, is altogether monarchical and unlimited. Was man like his Creator in goodness and justice, I should be for following this great model; but where goodness and justice are not essential to the ruler, I would by no means put myself into his hands to be disposed of according to his particular will and pleasure.

It is odd to consider the connection between despotic government and barbarity, and how the

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the making of one person more than man, makes the rest less. About nine parts of the world in ten are in the lowest state of slavery, and consequently sunk in the most gross and brutal ignorance. European slavery is indeed a state of liberty, if compared with that which prevails in the other three divisions of the world; and therefore it is no wonder that those who grovel under it have many tracks of light among them, of which the others are wholly destitute.

Riches and plenty are the natural fruits of liberty, and where these abound, learning and all the liberal arts will immediately lift up their heads and flourish. As a man must have no slavish fears and apprehensions hanging upon his mind, who will indulge the flights of fancy or speculation, and push his researches into all the abstruse corners of truth, so it is necessary for him to have about him a competency of all the conveniencies of life.

The first thing every one looks after, is to provide himself with necessaries. This point will engross our thoughts till it be satisfied. If this is taken care of to our hands, we look out for pleasures and amusements; and among a great number of idle people, there will be many whose pleasures will lie in reading and contemplation. These are the two great sources of knowledge, and as men grow wise they naturally love to communicate their discoveries;

ries; and others seeing the happiness of such a learned life, and improving by their conversation, emulate, imitate, and surpass one another, till a nation is filled with races of wise and understanding persons. Ease and plenty are therefore the great cherishers of knowledge; and as most of the despotic governments of the world have neither of them, they are naturally over-run with ignorance and barbarity. In Europe, indeed, notwithstanding several of its princes are absolute, there are men famous for knowledge and learning, but the reason is because the subjects are many of them rich and wealthy, the prince not thinking fit to exert himself in his full tyranny like the princes of the Eastern nations, lest his subjects should be invited to new-mould their constitution, having so many prospects of liberty within their view. But in all despotic governments, though a particular prince may favour arts and letters, there is a natural degeneracy of mankind, as you may observe from Augustus's reign, how the Romans lost themselves by degrees till they fell to an equality with the most barbarous nations that surrounded them. Look upon Greece under its free states, and you would think its inhabitants lived in different climates, and under different heavens, from those at present; so different are the genius's which are formed under Turkish slavery, and Grecian liberty.

Besides

Besides poverty and want, there are other reasons that debase the minds of men, who live under slavery, though I look on this as the principal. This natural tendency of despotic power to ignorance and barbarity, though not insisted upon by others, is, I think, an unanswerable argument against that form of government, as it shews how repugnant it is to the good of mankind, and the perfection of human nature, which ought to be the great ends of all civil institutions.

L.

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 287.

G R A T I T U D E.

THERE is not a more pleasing exercise of the mind than gratitude. It is accompanied with such an inward satisfaction, that the duty is sufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with so much pleasure, that were there no positive command which enjoined it, nor any recompence laid up for it hereafter, a generous mind would indulge in it, for the natural gratification that accompanies it.

If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker? The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which

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are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, by what means soever it may be derived upon us, is the gift of him who is the great Author of good, and Father of mercies.

If gratitude, when exerted towards one another, naturally produces a very pleasing sensation in the mind of a grateful man; it exalts the soul into rapture, when it is employed on this great object of gratitude; on this Beneficent Being who has given us every thing we already possess, and from whom we expect every thing we yet hope for.

Most of the works of the Pagan poets were either direct hymns to their deities, or tended indirectly to the celebration of their respective attributes and perfections. Those who are acquainted with the works of the Greek and Latin poets, which are still extant, will upon reflection find this observation so true, that I shall not enlarge upon it. One would wonder that more of our Christian poets have not turned their thoughts this way, especially if we consider, that our idea of the Supreme Being is not only infinitely more great and noble than what could possibly enter into the heart of an Heathen, but filled with every thing that can raise the imagination, and give an opportunity for the sublimest thoughts and conceptions.

Plutarch tells us of a Heathen who was singing an hymn to Diana, in which he celebrated

brated her for her delight in human sacrifices, and other instances of cruelty and revenge; upon which a poet who was present at this piece of devotion, and seems to have had a truer idea of the Divine Nature, told the votary by way of reproof, that in recompence for his hymn, he heartily wished he might have a daughter of the same temper with the goddess he celebrated. It was indeed impossible to write the praises of one of those false deities, according to the Pagan Creed, without a mixture of impertinence and absurdity.

The Jews, who before the times of Christianity were the only people that had the knowledge of the True God. have set the Christian world an example how they ought to employ this divine talent of which I am speaking. As that nation produced men of great genius, without considering them as inspired writers, they have transmitted to us many hymns and divine odes, which excel those that are delivered down to us by the ancient Greeks and Romans, in the poetry, as much as in the subject to which it was consecrated. This I think might easily be shewn, if there were occasion for it.

I have already communicated to the public some pieces of divine poetry, and as they have met with a very favourable reception, I shall from time to time publish any work of the same nature which has not yet appeared in print, and may be acceptable to my readers.

I.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys;
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

II.

O how shall words with equal warmth
 The gratitude declare,
 That glows within my ravish'd heart ?
 But thou canst read it there.

III.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
 And all my wants redrest,
 When in the silent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 E're yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
 To form themselves in pray'r.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd
 From whom those comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man.

VII.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
 It gently clear'd my way,

And

And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

VIII.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face,
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

X.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

XI.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

XII.

When nature fails, and day and night,
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

XIII.

Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
For oh! Eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

C.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 453.

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GRIEF.

G R I E F.

THERE are those among mankind, who can enjoy no relish of their being, except the world is made acquainted with all that relates to them, and think every thing lost that passes unobserved; but others find a solid delight in stealing by the crowd, and modelling their life after such a manner, as is as much above the approbation as the practice of the vulgar. Life being too short to give instances great enough of true friendship or good-will, some sages have thought it pious to preserve a certain reverence for the manes of their deceased friends, and have withdrawn themselves from the rest of the world at certain seasons, to commemorate in their own thoughts such of their acquaintance who have gone before them out of this life: And indeed, when we are advanced in years, there is not a more pleasing entertainment, than to recollect in a gloomy moment the many we have parted with that have been dear and agreeable to us, and to cast a melancholy thought or two after those, with whom, perhaps, we have indulged ourselves in whole nights of mirth and jollity. With such inclinations in my heart I went to my closet yesterday in the evening, and resolved to be sorrowful; upon which occasion I could not but look with disdain upon myself, that though all the reasons which I had to lament the loss of
many

many of my friends are now as forcible as at the moment of their departure, yet did not my heart swell with the same sorrow which I felt at that time; but I could without tears reflect upon many pleasing adventures I have had with some who have long been blended with common earth. Though it is by the benefit of Nature that length of time thus blots out the violence of afflictions; yet with tempers too much given to pleasure, it is almost necessary to revive the old places of grief in our memory, and ponder step by step on past life, to lead the mind into that sobriety of thought which poizes the heart, and makes it beat with due time without being quickened with desire, or retarded with despair, from its proper and equal motion. When we wind up a clock that is out of order, to make it go well for the future, we do not immediately set the hand to the present instant, but we make it strike the round of all its hours, before it can recover the regularity of its time. Such, thought I, shall be my method this evening; and since it is that day of the year which I dedicate to the memory of such in another life as I much delighted in when living, an hour or two shall be sacred to sorrow and their memory, while I run over all the melancholy circumstances of this kind which have occurred to me in my whole life.

The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I
was

not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a beating the coffin, and calling papa; for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces, and told me in a flood of tears, papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more. for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again. She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport, which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, that, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo, and receives impressions so forcible, that they are as hard to be removed by reason, as any mark with which a child is born, is to be taken away by any future application. Hence it is, that good-nature in me is no merit; but having been so frequently overwhelmed with her
tears

tears before I knew the cause of any affliction, or could draw defences from my own judgment, I imbibed commiseration, remorse, and an unmanly gentleness of mind, which has since ensnared me into ten thousand calamities, and from whence I can reap no advantage, except it be, that in such a humour as I am now in, I can the better indulge myself in the softnesses of humanity, and enjoy that sweet anxiety which arises from the memory of past afflictions.

We that are very old, are better able to remember things which befel us in our distant youth, than the passages of later days. For this reason it is that the companions of my strong and vigorous years present themselves more immediately to me in this office of sorrow. Untimely or unhappy deaths are what we are most apt to lament; so little are we able to make it indifferent when a thing happens, though we know it must happen. Thus we groan under life, and bewail those who are relieved from it. Every object that returns to our imagination raises different passions, according to the circumstance of their departure. Who can have lived in an army, and in a serious hour reflect upon the many gay and agreeable men that might long have flourished in the arts of peace, and not join with the imprecations of the fatherless and widow on the tyrant to whose ambition they fell sacrifices? But
gallant

gallant men, who are cut off by the sword, move rather our veneration than our pity; and we gather relief enough from their own contempt of death, to make that no evil, which was approached with so much cheerfulness, and attended with so much honour. But when we turn our thoughts from the great parts of life on such occasions, and instead of lamenting those who stood ready to give death to those from whom they had the fortune to receive it; I say, when we let our thoughts wander from such noble objects, and consider the havock which is made among the tender and the innocent, pity enters with an unmixed softness, and possesses all our souls at once.

Here (were there words to express such sentiments with proper tenderness) I should record the beauty, innocence, and untimely death of the first object my eyes ever beheld with love. The beauteous virgin! How ignorantly did she charm, how carelessly excel? Oh death! Thou hast right to the bold, to the ambitious, to the high, and to the haughty; but why this cruelty to the humble, to the meek, to the undiscerning, to the thoughtless? Nor age, nor business, nor distress, can erase the dear image from my imagination. In the same week, I saw her dressed for a ball, and in a shroud. How ill did the habit of death become the pretty trifler? I still behold the smiling earth.

TATLER, Vol. III. No. 181.

HAPPINESS.

HAPPINESS.

MY Lady Lizard is never better pleased than when she sees her children about her engaged in any profitable discourse. I found her last night sitting in the midst of her daughters, and forming a very beautiful semicircle about the fire. I immediately took my place in an elbow-chair, which is always left empty for me in one corner.

Our conversation fell insensibly upon the subject of happiness, in which every one of the young ladies gave her opinion, with that freedom and unconcernedness which they always use when they are in company only with their mother and myself.

Mrs Jane declared, that she thought it the greatest happiness to be married to a man of merit, and placed at the head of a well regulated family. I could not but observe that in her character of a man of merit, she gave us a lively description of Tom Worthy, who has long made his addresses to her. The sisters did not discover this at first, till she began to run down fortune in a lover, and among the accomplishments of a man of merit, unluckily mentioned white teeth and black eyes.

Mrs Annabella, after having rallied her sister upon her man of merit, talked much of conveniences of life, affluence of fortune, and easiness

ness of temper, in one whom she should pitch upon for a husband. In short, though the baggage would not speak out, I found the sum of her wishes was a rich fool, or a man so turned to her purposes, that she might enjoy his fortune, and insult his understanding.

The romantic Cornelia was for living in a wood among choirs of birds, with zephyrs, echos, and rivulets to make up the concert; she would not seem to include a husband in her scheme, but at the same time talked so passionately of cooing turtles, mossy banks, and beds of violets, that one might easily perceive she was not without thoughts of a companion in her solitudes.

Miss Betty placed her *summum bonum* in equipages, assemblies, balls and birth-nights, talked in raptures of Sir Edward Shallow's gilt coach, and my Lady Tattle's room, in which she saw company; nor would she have easily given over, had she not observed that her mother appeared more serious than ordinary, and by her looks shewed that she did not approve such a redundancy of vanity and impertinence.

My favourite, the Sparkler, with an air of innocence and modesty, which is peculiar to her, said that she never expected such a thing as happiness, and that she thought the most any one could do was to keep themselves from being uneasy; for, as Mr Ironside has often told us, says she, we should endeavour to be easy
here

here and happy hereafter: At the same time she begged me to acquaint them by what rules this ease of mind, or if I would please to call it happiness, is best attained.

My Lady Lizard joined in the same request with her youngest daughter, adding, with a serious look, the thing seemed to her of so great consequence, that she hoped I would for once forget they were all women, and give my real thoughts of it with the same justness I would use among a company of my own sex. I complied with her desire, and communicated my sentiments to them on this subject, as near as I can remember, pretty much to the following purpose.

As nothing is more natural than for every one to desire to be happy, it is not to be wondered at that the wisest men in all ages have spent so much time to discover what happiness is, and wherein it chiefly consists. An eminent writer named Varro, reckons up no less than two hundred eighty-eight different opinions upon this subject; and another, called Lucian, after having given us a long catalogue of the notions of several philosophers, endeavours to shew the absurdity of all them, without establishing any thing of his own.

That which seems to have made so many err in this case, is the resolution they took to fix a man's happiness to one determined point,

which I conceive cannot be made up, but by the concurrence of several particulars.

I shall readily allow Virtue the first place, as she is the mother of Content. It is this which calms our thoughts, and makes us survey ourselves with ease and pleasure. Naked Virtue, however, is not alone sufficient to make a man happy. It must be accompanied with at least a moderate provision of all the necessities of life, and not ruffled and disturbed by bodily pains. A fit of the stone was sharp enough to make a stoick cry out, That Zeno, his master taught him false, when he told him that pain was no evil.

But besides this, Virtue is so far from being alone sufficient to make a man happy, that the excess of it in some particulars, joined to a soft and feminine temper, may often give us the deepest wounds, and chiefly contribute to render us uneasy. I might instance in Pity, Love, and Friendship. In the two last passions it often happens, that we so entirely give up our hearts, as to make our happiness wholly depend upon another person; a trust for which no human creature, however excellent, can possibly give us a sufficient security.

The man therefore who would be truly happy, must, besides an habitual virtue, attain to such a strength of mind, as to confine his happiness within himself, and keep it from being dependent upon others. A man of this make
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will perform all those good-natured offices that could have been expected from the most bleeding pity, without being so far affected at the common misfortunes of human life, as to disturb his own repose. His actions of this kind are so much more meritorious than another's, as they flow purely from a principle of virtue, and a sense of his duty; whereas a man of a softer temper, even while he is assisting another, may in some measure be said to be relieving himself.

A man endowed with that strength of mind I am here speaking of, though he leaves it to his friend or mistress to make him still more happy, does not put it in the power of either to make him miserable.

From what has been already said it will also appear, that nothing can be more weak than to place our happiness in the applause of others, since by this means we make it wholly independent of ourselves. People of this humour, who place their chief felicity in reputation and applause, are also extremely subject to envy, the most painful as well as the most absurd of all passions.

The surest means to attain that strength of mind and independent state of happiness I am here recommending, is, a virtuous mind sufficiently furnished with ideas to support solitude, and keep up an agreeable conversation with itself. Learning is a very great help on this oc-

casion, as it lays up an infinite number of notions in the memory, ready to be drawn out, and set in order upon any occasion. The mind often takes the same pleasure in looking over these treasures, in augmenting and disposing them into proper forms, as a prince does in the review of his army.

At the same time I must own, that as a mind thus furnished, feels a secret pleasure in the consciousness of its own perfection, and is delighted with such occasions as call upon it to try its force, a lively imagination shall produce a pleasure very little inferior to the former in persons of much weaker heads. As the first therefore may not be improperly called, 'The heaven of a wise man;' the latter is extremely well represented by our vulgar expression, which terms it 'a fool's paradise.' There is, however, this difference between them, that as the first naturally produces that strength and greatness of mind I have been all along describing as so essential to render a man happy, the latter is ruffled and discomposed by every accident, and lost under the common misfortune.

It is this strength of mind that is not to be overcome by the changes of fortune, that arises at the sight of dangers, and could make Alexander (in that passage of his life so much admired by the prince of Conde) when his army mutinied, bid his soldiers return to Macedon, and tell their countrymen that they had left
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their king conquering the world; since for his part he could not doubt of raising an army wherever he appeared. It is this that chiefly exerts itself when a man is most oppressed, and gives him always in proportion to whatever malice or injustice would deprive him of. It is this, in short, that makes the virtuous man insensibly set a value upon himself, and throws a varnish over his words and actions, that will at last command esteem, and give him a greater ascendant over others, than all the advantages of birth and fortune.

GUARDIAN, VOL. I. No. 31.

There is a restless endeavour in the mind of man after happiness. This appetite is wrought into the original frame of our nature, and exerts itself in all parts of the creation that are endued with any degree of thought or sense. But as the human mind is dignified by a more comprehensive faculty than can be found in the inferior animals, it is natural for men not only to have an eye, each to his own happiness, but also to endeavour to promote that of others in the same rank of being: And in proportion to the generosity that is ingredient in the temper of the soul, the object of its benevolence is of a larger and narrower extent. There is hardly a spirit upon earth so mean and contracted, as to centre all regards on its own interest, exclusive of the rest of mankind.

Even the selfish man hath some share of love, which he bestows on his family and his friends. A nobler mind hath at heart the common interest of the society or country of which he makes a part. And there is still a more diffusive spirit, whose being or intentions reach the whole mass of mankind, and are continued beyond the present age, to a succession of future generations.

The advantage arising to him who hath a tincture of this generosity on his soul, is, that he is affected with a sublimer joy than can be comprehended by one who is destitute of that noble relish. The happiness of the rest of mankind hath a natural connection with that of a reasonable mind. And in proportion as the actions of each individual contribute to this end, he must be thought to deserve well or ill both of the world and of himself. I have in a late paper observed, that men who have no reach of thought do oft misplace their affections on the means, without respect to the end, and by a preposterous desire of things in themselves indifferent, forego the enjoyment of that happiness which those things are instrumental to obtain. This observation has been considered with regard to critics and misers; I shall now apply it to Free-thinkers.

Liberty and truth are the main points which these gentlemen pretend to have in view; to proceed therefore methodically, I will endeavour

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your to shew in the first place that liberty and truth are not in themselves desiræable, but only as they relate to a farther end. And secondly; that the sort of liberty and truth (allowing them those names) which our Free-thinkers use all their industry to promote, is destructive of that end, viz. human happiness: And consequently that species, as such, instead of being encouraged or esteemed, merit the detestation and abhorrence of all honest men. And in the last place I design to shew, that under the pretence of advancing liberty and truth, they do in reality promote the two contrary evils.

As to the first point, it has been observed that it is the duty of each particular person to aim at the happiness of his fellow-creatures; and that as this view is of a wider or narrower extent, it argues a mind more or less virtuous. Hence it follows, that a liberty of doing good actions which conduce to the felicity of mankind, and a knowledge of such truths as might either give us pleasure in the contemplation of them, or direct our conduct to the great ends of life, are valuable perfections. But shall a good man, therefore, prefer a liberty to commit murder or adultery, before the wholesome restraint of Divine and human laws? Or shall a wise man prefer the knowledge of a troublesome and afflicting truth, before a pleasant error that would cheer his soul with joy and comfort, and be attended with no ill consequences?

quences? Surely no man of common sense would thank him, who had put it in his power to execute the sudden suggestions of a fit of passion or madness, or imagine himself obliged to a person, who by forwardly informing him of ill news, had caused his soul to anticipate that sorrow which she would have never felt, so long as the ungrateful truth lay concealed.

Let us then respect the happiness of our species, and in this light examine the proceedings of the Free-thinkers. From what giants and monsters would these knight-errants undertake to free the world? From the ties that religion imposeth on our minds, from the expectation of a future judgment, and from the terrors of a troubled conscience, not by reforming mens lives, but by giving encouragement to their vices. What are those important truths of which they would convince mankind? That there is no such thing as a wise and just Providence; that the mind of man is corporeal; that religion is a state-trick, contrived to make men honest and virtuous, and to procure a subsistence to others for teaching and exhorting them to be so; that the good tidings of life and immortality brought to light by the gospel, are fables and impostures: From believing that we are made in the image of God, they would degrade us to an opinion that we are on a level with the beasts that perish. What pleasure or what advantage do these notions bring to mankind?

kind? Is it of any use to the public that good men should lose the comfortable prospect of a reward to their virtue, or the wicked be encouraged to persist in their impiety, from an assurance that they shall not be punished for it hereafter?

Allowing, therefore these men to be patrons of liberty and truth, yet it is of such truths and that sort of liberty which makes them justly be looked upon as enemies to the peace and happiness of the world. But upon a thorough and impartial view it will be found that their endeavours, instead of advancing the cause of liberty and truth, tend only to introduce slavery and error among men. There are two parts in our nature, the baser, which consists of our senses and passions, and the more noble and rational, which is properly the human part, the other being common to us with brutes. The inferior part is generally much stronger, and has always the start of reason, which, if in the perpetual struggle between them, if it were not aided from Heaven by religion, would almost universally be vanquished, and man become a slave to his passions, which as it is the most grievous and shameful slavery, so it is the genuine result of that liberty which is proposed by overturning religion. Nor is the other part of their design better executed. Look into their pretended truths: Are they not so many wretched absurdities, maintained in opposition to the light of nature

nature and divine revelation by flyinuenos and cold jests, by such pitiful sophisms, and such confused and indigested notions, that one would vehemently suspect those men usurped the name of Free-thinkers, with the same view that hypocrites do that of godliness, that it may serve for a cloke to cover the contrary defect?

I shall close this discourse with a parallel reflection on these three species, who seem to be allied by a certain agreement in mediocrity of understanding. A critick is entirely given up to the pursuit of learning; when he has got it, is his judgment clearer, his imagination livelier, or his manners more polite than those of other men? Is it observed that a miser, when he has acquired his superfluous estate, eats, drinks, or sleeps with more satisfaction, that he has a chearfuller mind, or relishes any of the enjoyments of life better than his neighbours? The Free-thinkers plead hard for a licence to think freely; they have it; but what use do they make of it; are they eminent for any sublime discoveries in any of the arts and sciences? Have they been authors of any inventions that conduce to the well-being of mankind? Do their writings shew a greater depth of design, a clearer method, or more just and correct reasoning than those of other men?

There is a great resemblance in their genius, but the critick and miser are only ridiculous and

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and contemptible creatures, while the free-thinker is also a pernicious one.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 83.

H E A V E N.

S I R,

I Considered in my two last letters that awful and tremendous subject, the ubiquity or Omnipresence of the Divine Being. I have shewn that he is equally present in all places throughout the whole extent of infinite space. This doctrine is so agreeable to reason, that we meet with it in the writings of the enlightened Heathens, as I might shew at large, were it not already done by other hands. But though the Deity be thus essentially present through all the immensity of space, there is one part of it in which he discovers himself in a most transcendent and visible glory. This is that place which is marked out in scripture under the different appellations of Paradise, the third Heaven, the Throne of God, and the Habitation of his Glory. It is here where the glorified body of our Saviour resides, and where all the celestial hierarchies, and the innumerable hosts of Angels, are represented as perpetually surrounding the seat of God with Hallelujahs and Hymns of Praise. This is that presence of God which some of the Divines calls his glorious, and others his Majestic

‘ jectatic presence. He is indeed essentially pre-
‘ sent in all other places as in this; but it is
‘ here where he resides, in a sensible magni-
‘ ficence, and in the midst of all those splendors
‘ which can effect the imagination of created
‘ beings.

‘ It is very remarkable that this opinion of
‘ God Almighty’s presence in Heaven, whether
‘ discovered by the light of nature, or by a ge-
‘ neral tradition from our first parents, pre-
‘ vails among all the nations of the world,
‘ whatsoever different notions they entertain of
‘ the Godhead. If you look into Homer, that
‘ is, the most ancient of the Greek writers, you
‘ see the Supreme Power seated in Heavens, and
‘ encompassed with inferior deities, among
‘ whom the muses are represented as singing in-
‘ cessantly about his throne. Who does not
‘ here see the main strokes and outlines of this
‘ great truth we are speaking of? The same
‘ doctrine is shadowed out in many other
‘ Heathen authors, tho’ at the same time, like
‘ several other revealed truths, dashed and adul-
‘ terated with a mixture of fables and human
‘ inventions. But to pass over the notions of
‘ the Greeks and Romans, those more enlighten-
‘ ed parts of the Pagan world, we find there is
‘ scarce a people among the late discovered na-
‘ tions who are not trained up in an opinion
‘ that Heaven is the habitation of the divinity
‘ whom they worship.

‘ As

‘ As in Solomon’s temple there was the
 ‘ *sanctum sanctorum*, in which a visible Glory
 ‘ appeared among the figures of the cherubims
 ‘ and into which none but the high-priest him-
 ‘ self was permitted to enter, after having
 ‘ made an atonement for the sins of the
 ‘ people; so if we consider the whole creation
 ‘ as one great temple, there is in it this holy of
 ‘ holies, into which the High-Priest of our sal-
 ‘ vation entered, and took his place among
 ‘ angels and archangels, after having made a
 ‘ propitiation for the sins of mankind.

‘ With how much skill must the throne of
 ‘ God be erected? With what glorious designs
 ‘ is that habitation beautified, which is contriv-
 ‘ ed and built by him who inspired Hiram with
 ‘ wisdom? How great must be the majesty of
 ‘ that place, where the whole art of creation
 ‘ has been employed, and where God has cho-
 ‘ sen to shew himself in the most magnificent
 ‘ manner? What must be the architecture of
 ‘ Infinite Power under the direction of Infinite
 ‘ Wisdom? A spirit cannot but be transported
 ‘ after an ineffable manner with the sight of
 ‘ those objects, which were made to affect him
 ‘ by that Being who knows the inward frame
 ‘ of a soul, and how to please and ravish it in
 ‘ all its most secret powers and faculties. It
 ‘ is to this majestic presence of God, we may
 ‘ apply those beautiful expressions in holy
 ‘ Writ: “ Behold even to the moon, and it
 VOL. III. D ‘ shineth

“ shineth not; yea the stars are not pure in his
“ sight.” “ The light of the sun and all the
“ glories of the world in which we live, are
“ but as weak and sickly glimmerings, or rather
“ darkness itself, in comparison of those splen-
“ dours which encompass the throne of God.

“ As the glory of this place is transcendent
“ beyond imagination, so probably is the extent
“ of it. There is light behind light, and glo-
“ ry within glory. How far that space may
“ reach, in which God thus appears in perfect
“ majesty, we cannot possibly conceive. Though
“ it is not infinite, it may be indefinite; and
“ though not immeasurable in itself, it may be
“ so with regard to any created eye or imagi-
“ nation. If he has made these lower regions
“ of matter so inconceivably wide and magnifi-
“ cent for the habitation of mortal and perish-
“ able beings, how great may we suppose the
“ courts of his house to be, where he makes his
“ residence in a more especial manner, and dis-
“ plays himself in the fulness of his glory,
“ among an innumerable company of angels and
“ spirits of just men made perfect?

“ This is certain, that our imaginations can-
“ not be raised too high, when we think on a
“ place where omnipotence and omniscience
“ have so signally exerted themselves, because
“ that they are able to produce a scene infinitely
“ more great and glorious than what we are
“ able to imagine. It is not impossible but at the
“ con-

' consummation of all things, these outward
 ' apartments of nature, which are now suited
 ' to those beings who inhabit them, may be
 ' taken in and added to that glorious place of
 ' which I am here speaking; and by that means
 ' made a proper habitation for beings who are
 ' exempt from mortality, and cleared of their
 ' imperfections: For so the Scripture seems to
 ' intimate when it speaks of new heavens and
 ' of a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

' I have only considered this glorious place
 ' with regard to the sight and imagination,
 ' though it is highly probable that our other
 ' senses may here likewise enjoy their highest
 ' gratifications. There is nothing which more
 ' ravishes and transports the soul, than harmony;
 ' and we have great reason to believe,
 ' from the descriptions of this place in holy
 ' Scripture, that this is one of the entertain-
 ' ments of it. 'And if the soul of man can be
 ' so wonderfully affected with those strains of
 ' music, which human art is capable of pro-
 ' ducing, how much more will it be raised and
 ' elevated by those, in which is exerted the
 ' whole power of harmony! The senses are
 ' faculties of the human soul, though they
 ' cannot be employed, during this our vital
 ' union, without proper instruments in the bo-
 ' dy. Why therefore should we exclude the
 ' satisfaction of these faculties, which we find

‘ by experience are inlets of great pleasure to
 ‘ the soul, from among those entertainments
 ‘ which are to make up our happiness hereaf-
 ‘ ter? Why should we suppose that our hear-
 ‘ ing and seeing will not be gratified with those
 ‘ objects which are most agreeable to them,
 ‘ and which they cannot meet with in these
 ‘ lower regions of nature; objects, “ which
 “ neither eye hath seen, nor ear heard, nor
 “ can it enter into the heart of man to con-
 “ ceive? I knew a man in Christ (says St.
 “ Paul, speaking of himself) above fourteen
 “ years ago (whether in the body, I cannot
 “ tell, or whether out of the body, I cannot
 “ tell, God knoweth) such a one caught up to
 “ the third heaven. And I knew such a man,
 “ (whether in the body, or out of the body,
 “ I cannot tell, God knoweth) how that he
 “ was caught up into paradise, and heard un-
 “ speakable words, which it is not possible for
 “ a man to utter.” ‘ By this is meant that
 ‘ what he heard was so infinitely different from
 ‘ any thing which he had heard in this world,
 ‘ that it was impossible to express it in such
 ‘ words as might convey a notion of it to his
 ‘ hearers.

‘ It is very natural for us to take delight in
 ‘ enquiries concerning any foreign country,
 ‘ where we are some time or other to make
 ‘ our abode; and as we all hope to be admitted
 ‘ into this glorious place, it is both a laudable
 ‘ and

' and useful curiosity, to get what informations
 ' we can of it, while we make use of revelati-
 ' on for our guide. When these everlasting
 ' doors shall be open to us, we may be sure
 ' that the pleasures and beauties of this place
 ' will infinitely transcend our present hopes and
 ' expectations, and that the glorious appear-
 ' ance of the throne of God, will rise infinite-
 ' ly beyond whatever we are able to conceive
 ' of it. We might here entertain ourselves
 ' with many other speculations on this subject,
 ' from those several hints which we find of it in
 ' holy Scriptures; as whether there may not be
 ' different mansions and apartments of glory, to
 ' beings of different natures; whether as they
 ' excel one another in perfection, they are not
 ' admitted nearer to the throne of the Al-
 ' mighty, and enjoy greater manifestations of
 ' his presence; whether there are not solemn
 ' times and occasions, when all the multitude
 ' of heaven celebrate the presence of their
 ' Maker in more extraordinary forms of praise
 ' and adoration; as Adam, though he had con-
 ' tinued in a state of innocence, would, in the
 ' opinion of our divines, have kept holy the
 ' Sabbath-day, in a more particular manner
 ' than any other of the seven. These, and the
 ' like speculations, we may very innocently
 ' indulge, so long as we make use of them to
 ' inspire us with a desire of becoming inhabi-
 ' tants of this delightful place.

' I have in this, and in two foregoing letters,
 ' treated on the most serious subject that can
 ' employ the mind of man, the omnipresence
 ' of the Deity; a subject which, if possible,
 ' should never depart from our meditations.
 ' We have considered the Divine Being, as he
 ' inhabits infinitude, as he dwells among his
 ' works, as he is present to the mind of man,
 ' and as he discovers himself in a more glorious
 ' manner among the regions of the blest.
 ' Such a consideration should be kept awake in
 ' us at all times, and in all places, and possess
 ' our minds with a perpetual awe and reve-
 ' rence. It should be interwoven with all our
 ' thoughts and perceptions, and become one
 ' with the consciousness of our own being. It
 ' is not to be reflected on in the coldness of
 ' philosophy, but ought to sink us into the low-
 ' est prostration before him, who is so astonish-
 ' ingly great, wonderful, and holy.'

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 580.

We consider infinite space as an expansion
 without a circumference: We consider eterni-
 ty, or infinite duration, as a line that has nei-
 ther a beginning nor an end. In our specula-
 tions of infinite space, we consider that particu-
 lar place in which we exist, as a kind of centre
 to the whole expansion. In our speculations
 of eternity, we consider the time which is pre-
 sent to us as the middle, which divides the
 whole

whole line into two equal parts. For this reason, many witty authors compare the present time to an isthmus, or narrow neck of land, that rises in the midst of an ocean, immeasurably diffused on either side of it.

Philosophy, and indeed common sense, naturally throws eternity under two divisions; which we may call in English, that eternity which is past, and that eternity which is to come. The learned terms of *Æternitas à Parte ante*, and *Æternitas à Parte post*, may be more amusing to the reader, but can have no other idea affixed to them than what is conveyed to us by those words, an eternity that is past, and an eternity that is to come. Each of these extremities is bounded at the one extreme; or, in other words, the former has an end, and the latter a beginning.

Let us first of all consider that eternity which is past, reserving that which is to come for the subject of another paper. The nature of this eternity is utterly inconceivable by the mind of man: Our reason demonstrates to us that it has been, but at the same time can frame no idea of it, but what is big with absurdity and contradiction. We can have no other conception of any duration which is past, than that all of it was once present; and whatever was once present, is at some certain distance from us, and whatever is at any certain distance from us, be the distance never so remote, cannot be eternity.

ty. The very notion of any duration's being past; implies that it was once present; for the idea of being once present, is actually included in the idea of its being past. This therefore is a depth not to be founded by human understanding. We are sure that there has been an eternity, and yet contradict ourselves when we measure this eternity by any notion which we can frame of it.

If we go to the bottom of this matter, we shall find that the difficulties we meet with in our conceptions of eternity proceed from this single reason, that we can have no other idea of any kind of duration, than that by which we ourselves, and all other created beings, do exist; which is, a successive duration made up of past, present, and to come. There is nothing which exists after this manner, all the parts of whose existence were not once actually present, and consequently may be reached by a certain number of years applied to it. We may ascend as high as we please, and employ our being to that eternity which is to come, in adding millions of years to millions of years, and we can never come up to any fountain head of duration, to any beginning in eternity; But at the same time we are sure, that whatever was once present does lie within the reach of numbers, though perhaps we can never be able to put enough of them together for that purpose. We may as well say, that any thing may be
actually

actually present in any part of infinite space, which does not lie at a certain distance from us, as that any part of infinite duration was once actually present, and does not also lie at some determined distance from us. The distance in both cases may be immeasurable and indefinite as to our faculties, but our reason tells us that it cannot be so in itself. Here therefore is that difficulty which human understanding is not capable of surmounting. We are sure that something must have existed from eternity, and are at the same time unable to conceive, that any thing which exists according to our notion of existence, can have existed from eternity.

It is hard for a reader, who has not rolled this thought in his own mind, to follow in such an abstracted speculation; but I have been the longer on it, because I think it is a demonstrative argument of the being and eternity of a God: And though there are many other demonstrations which lead us to this great truth, I do not think we ought to lay aside any proofs in this matter, which the light of reason has suggested to us, especially when it is such a one as has been urged by men famous for their penetration and force of understanding, and which appears altogether conclusive to those who will be at the pains to examine it.

Having thus considered that eternity which is past, according to the best idea we can frame
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of it, I shall now draw up those several articles on this subject, which are dictated to us by the light of reason, and which may be looked upon as the creed of a philosopher in this great point.

First, It is certain that no being could have made itself; for if so, it must have acted before it was, which is a contradiction.

Secondly, That therefore some being must have existed from all eternity.

Thirdly, that whatever exists after the manner of created beings, or according to any notions which we have of existence, could not have existed from eternity.

Fourthly, That this eternal being must therefore be the great Author of Nature, 'the Ancient of Days,' who, being at an infinite distance in his perfections from all finite and created beings, exists in a quite different manner from them, and in a manner of which they can have no idea.

I know that several of the school-men, who would not be thought ignorant of any thing, have pretended to explain the manner of God's existence, by telling us, that he comprehends infinite duration in every moment; that eternity is with him a *Punctum stans*, a fixed point; or, which is as good sense, an infinite instant; That nothing, with reference to his existence, is either past or to come: To which the ingenious Mr Cowley alludes in his description of heaven,

Nothing

*Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal NOW does always last.*

For my own part, I look upon these propositions as words that have no ideas annexed to them; and think men had better own their ignorance, than advance doctrines by which they mean nothing, and which, indeed, are self-contradictory. We cannot be too modest in our disquisitions, when we meditate on him, who is environed with so much glory and perfection, who is the source of being, the fountain of all that existence which we and his whole creation derive from him. Let us therefore with the utmost humility acknowledge, that as some being must necessarily have existed from eternity, so this being does exist after an incomprehensible manner, since it is impossible for a being to have existed from eternity after our manner or notions of existence. Revelation confirms these natural dictates of reason in the accounts which it gives us of the Divine existence, where it tells us, that he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; that he is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending; that a thousand years are with him as one day, and one day as a thousand years; by which, and the like expressions, we are taught, that his existence, with relation to time or duration, is infinitely different from the existence of any of his creatures, and consequently that
it

It is impossible for us to frame any adequate conceptions of it.

In the first revelation which he makes of his own being, he entitles himself, I Am that I Am; and when Moses desires to know what name he shall give him in his embassy to Pharaoh, he bids him say that 'I Am hath sent you.' Our great Creator, by this revelation of himself, does in a manner exclude every thing else from a real existence, and distinguishes himself from his creatures, as the only being which truly and really exists. The ancient Platonic notion which was drawn from speculations of eternity, wonderfully agrees with this revelation which God hath made of himself. There is nothing, say they, which in reality exists, whose existence, as we call it, is pieced up of past, present, and to come. Such a flitting and successive existence is rather a shadow of existence, and something which is like it, than existence itself. He only properly exists whose existence is entirely present; that is, in other words, who exists in the most perfect manner, and in such a manner as we have no idea of.

I shall conclude this speculation with one useful inference. How can we sufficiently prostrate ourselves and fall down before our Maker, when we consider that ineffable goodness and wisdom which contrived this existence for finite natures? What must be the overflow-

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ings of that good-will, which prompted our Creator to adapt existence to beings, in whom it is not necessary? Especially when we consider that he himself was before in the complete possession of existence and of happiness, and in the full enjoyment of eternity. What man can think of himself as called out and separated from nothing, of his being made a conscious, a reasonable and a happy creature, in short, of being taken in as a sharer of existence, and a kind of partner in eternity, without being swallowed up in wonder, in praise, in adoration! It is indeed a thought too big for the mind of man, and rather to be entertained in the secrecy of devotion, and in the silence of the soul, than to be expressed by words. The Supreme Being has not given us powers or faculties sufficient to extol and magnify such unutterable goodness.

It is however some comfort to us, that we shall be always doing what we shall be never able to do, and that a work which cannot be finished, will however be the work of an eternity.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 590.

I have always taken a particular pleasure in examining the opinions which men of different religions, different ages, and different countries, have entertained concerning the immortality of the soul, and the state of happiness

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which

which they promise themselves in another world. For whatever prejudices and errors human nature lies under, we find that either reason, or tradition from our first parents, has discovered to all people something in these great points which bears analogy to truth, and to the doctrines opened to us by Divine Revelation. I was lately discoursing on this subject with a learned person, who has been very much conversant among the inhabitants of the more western parts of Afric. Upon his conversing with several in that country, he tells me that their notion of heaven, or of a future state of happiness, is this, that every thing we there wish for will immediately present itself to us. We find, say they, our souls are of such a nature that they require variety, and are not capable of being always delighted with the same objects. The Supreme Being, therefore, in compliance with this taste of happiness which he has planted in the soul of man, will raise up from time to time, say they, every gratification which it is in the humour to be pleased with. If we wish to be in groves or bowers, among running streams or falls of water, we shall immediately find ourselves in the midst of such a scene as we desire. If we would be entertained with music and the melody of sounds, the concert arises upon our wish, and the whole region about us is filled with harmony. In short, every desire will be followed by fruition, and

and whatever a man's inclination directs him to, will be present with him. Nor is it material whether the Supreme Power creates in conformity to our wishes, or whether he only produces such a change in our imagination, as makes us believe ourselves conversant among those scenes which delight us. Our happiness will be the same, whether it proceed from external objects, or from the impressions of the Deity upon our own private fancies. This is the account which I have received from my learned friend. Notwithstanding this system of belief be in general very chimerical and visionary, there is something sublime in its manner of considering the influence of a Divine Being on a human soul. It has also, like most other opinions of the Heathen world upon these important points, it has, I say, its foundation in truth, as it supposes the souls of good men after this life to be in a state of perfect happiness, that in this state there will be no barren hopes, nor fruitless wishes, and that we shall enjoy every thing we can desire. But the particular circumstance which I am most pleased with in this scheme, and which arises from a just reflection upon human nature, is that variety of pleasures which it supposes the souls of good men will be possessed of in another world. This I think highly probable, from the dictates both of reason and revelation. The soul consists of many faculties, as the understanding,

and the will, with all the senses both outward and inward; or, to speak more philosophically, the soul can exert herself in many different ways of action. She can understand, will, imagine, see, and hear, love, and discourse, and apply herself to many other the like exercises of different kinds and natures; but what is more to be considered, the soul is capable of receiving a most exquisite pleasure and satisfaction from the exercise of any of these its powers, when they are gratified with their proper objects; she can be entirely happy by the satisfaction of the memory, the sight, the hearing, or any other mode of perception. Every faculty is as a distinct taste in the mind, and hath objects accommodated to its proper relish. Doctor Tillotson somewhere says, that he will not presume to determine in what consists the happiness of the blest, because God Almighty is capable of making the soul happy by ten thousand different ways. Besides those several avenues to pleasure, which the soul is endowed with in this life; it is not impossible, according to the opinions of many eminent divines, but there may be new faculties in the souls of good men made perfect, as well as new senses in their glorified bodies. This we are sure of, that there will be new objects offered to all those faculties which are essential to us.

We are likewise to take notice that every particular faculty is capable of being employed
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on a very great variety of objects. The understanding, for example, may be happy in the contemplation of moral, natural, mathematical, and other kinds of truth. The memory likewise may turn itself to an infinite multitude of objects, especially when the soul shall have passed through the space of many millions of years, and shall reflect with pleasure on the days of eternity. Every other faculty may be considered in the same extent.

We cannot question but that the happiness of a soul will be adequate to its nature, and that it is not endowed with any faculties which are to lie useless and unemployed. The happiness is to be the happiness of the whole man, and we may easily conceive to ourselves the happiness of the soul, while any one of its faculties is in the fruition of its chief good. The happiness may be of a more exalted nature in proportion as the faculty employed is so; but as the whole soul acts in the exertion of any of its particular powers, the whole soul is happy in the pleasure which arises from any of its particular acts. For notwithstanding, as has been before hinted, and as it has been taken notice of by one of the greatest modern philosophers, we divide the soul into several powers and faculties, there is no such division in the soul itself, since it is the whole soul that remembers, understands, wills, or imagines. Our manner of considering the memory, understanding, will, imagination, and

the like faculties, is for the better enabling us to express ourselves in such abstracted subjects of speculation, not that there is any such division in the soul itself.

Seeing then that the soul has many different faculties, or, in other words, many different ways of acting; that it can be intensely pleased, or made happy by all these different faculties, or ways of acting; that it may be endowed with several latent faculties, which it is not at present in a condition to exert; that we cannot believe the soul is endowed with any faculty which is of no use to it; that whenever any one of these faculties is transcendently pleased, the soul is in a state of happiness; and in the last place, considering that the happiness of another world is to be the happiness of the whole man; who can question but that there is an infinite variety in those pleasures we are speaking of; and that this fulness of joy will be made up of all those pleasures which the nature of the soul is capable of receiving?

We shall be the more confirmed in this doctrine, if we observe the nature of variety, with regard to the mind of man. The soul does not care to be always in the same bent. The faculties relieve one another by turns, and receive an additional pleasure from the novelty of those objects about which they are conversant.

Revelation likewise very much confirms this notion, under the different views which it gives

ns of our future happiness. In the description of the throne of God, it represents to us all those objects which are able to gratify the senses and imagination: In very many places it intimates to us all the happiness which the understanding can possibly receive in that state, where all things shall be revealed to us, and we shall know, even as we are known; the raptures of devotion, of divine love, the pleasure of conversing with our blessed Saviour, with an innumerable host of Angels, and with the spirits of just men made perfect, are likewise revealed to us in several parts of the holy writings. There are also mentioned those hierarchies or governments, in which the blest shall be ranged one above another, and in which we may be sure a great part of our happiness will likewise consist; for it will not be there as in this world, where every one is aiming at power and superiority; but, on the contrary, every one will find that station the most proper for him in which he is placed, and will probably think that he could not have been so happy in any other station. These, and many other particulars, are marked in divine revelation as the several ingredients of our happiness in heaven, which all imply such a variety of joys, and such a gratification of the soul in all its different faculties, as I have been here mentioning.

Some of the Rabbins tell us that the Cherubims are a set of Angels who know most, and the Seraphims a set of Angels who love most. Whether

ther this distinction be not altogether imaginary I shall not here examine; but it is highly probable, that among the spirits of good men there may be some who will be more pleased with the employment of one faculty than of another, and this perhaps according to those innocent and virtuous habits or inclinations which have here taken the deepest root.

I might here apply this consideration to the spirits of wicked men, with relation to the pain which they shall suffer in every one of their faculties, and the respective miseries which shall be appropriated to each faculty in particular. But leaving this to the reflexion of my readers, I shall conclude, with observing how we ought to be thankful to our Great Creator, and rejoice in the being which he has bestowed upon us, for having made the soul susceptible of pleasure by so many different ways. We see by what a variety of passages joy and gladness may enter into the thoughts of man; how wonderfully a human spirit is framed to imbibe its proper satisfactions, and taste the goodness of its Creator. We may therefore look into ourselves with rapture and amazement, and cannot sufficiently express our gratitude to him, who has encompassed us with such a profusion of blessings, and opened in us so many capacities of enjoying them.

There cannot be a stronger argument that God has designed us for a state of future happiness, and for that Heaven which he has revealed

ed to us, than that he has thus naturally qualified the soul for it, and made it a being capable of receiving so much bliss. He would never have made such faculties in vain, and have endowed us with powers that were not to be exerted on such objects as are suited to them. It is very manifest, by the inward frame and constitution of our minds, that he has adapted them to an infinite variety of pleasures and gratifications, which are not to be met with in this life. We should therefore at all times take care that we do not disappoint this his gracious purpose and intention towards us, and make those faculties which he formed as so many qualifications for happiness and rewards to be the instruments of pain and punishment.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 600.

HILPA and SHALUM, an Antediluvian Courtship.

HILPA was one of the 150 daughters of Zilpah, of the race of Cohn, by whom some of the learned think is meant Cain. She was exceedingly beautiful, and when she was but a girl of threescore and ten years of age, received the addresses of several who made love to her. Among these were two brothers, Harpath and Shalum. Harpath, being the first-born, was master of that fruitful region which lies at the

the foot of Mount Tirzah, in the southern parts of China. Shalum (which is to say the planter in the Chinese language) possessed all the neighbouring hills, and that great range of mountains which goes under the name of Tirzah. Harpath was of a haughty contemptuous spirit; Shalum was of a gentle disposition, beloved both by God and man.

It is said that among the Antediluvian women, the daughters of Cohn had their minds wholly set upon riches; for which reason the beautiful Hilpa preferred Harpath to Shalum, because of his numerous flocks and herds, that covered all the low country which runs along the foot of mount Tirzah, and is watered by several fountains and streams breaking out of the sides of that mountain.

Harpath made so quick a dispatch of his courtship, that he married Hilpa in the hundredth year of her age; and being of an insolent temper, laughed to scorn his brother Shalum for having pretended to the beautiful Hilpa, when he was master of nothing but a long chain of rocks and mountains. This so much provoked Shalum, that he is said to have cursed his brother in the bitterness of his heart, and to have prayed that one of his mountains might fall upon his head if ever he came within the shadow of it.

From this time forward Harpath would never venture out of the vallies, but came to an untimely

untimely end in the 250th year of his age, being drowned in a river as he attempted to cross it. This river is called to this day, from his name who perished in it, the river Harpath, and, what is very remarkable, issues out of one of those mountains which Shalum wished might fall upon his brother, when he cursed him in the bitterness of his heart.

Hilpa was in the 160th year of her age at the death of her husband, having brought him but 50 children, before he was snatched away, as has been already related. Many of the Antediluvians made love to the young widow, though no one was thought so likely to succeed in her affections as her first lover Shalum, who renewed his court to her about ten years after the death of Harpath; for it was not thought decent in those days that a widow should be seen by a man within ten years after the decease of her husband.

Shalum falling into a deep melancholy, and resolving to take away that objection which had been raised against him when he made his first addresses to Hilpa, began, immediately after her marriage with Harpath, to plant all that mountainous region which fell to his lot in the division of this country. He knew how to adapt every plant to its proper soil, and is thought to have inherited many traditional secrets of that art from the first man. This employment turned at length to his profit as well

as

as to his amusement: His mountains were in a few years shaded with young trees, that gradually shot up into groves, woods, and forests, intermixed with walks and lawns, and gardens; in so much that the whole region, from a naked and desolate prospect, began now to look like a second paradise. The pleasantness of the place, and the agreeable disposition of Shalum, who was reckoned one of the mildest and wisest of all who lived before the flood, drew into it multitudes of people, who were perpetually employed in the sinking of wells, the digging of trenches, and the hollowing of trees, for the better distribution of water through every part of this spacious plantation.

The habitations of Shalum looked every year more beautiful in the eyes of Hilpa, who, after the space of 70 autumns, was wonderfully pleased with the distant prospect of Shalum's hills, which were then covered with innumerable tufts of trees, and gloomy scenes that gave a magnificence to the place, and converted it into one of the finest landscapes the eye of man could behold.

The Chinese record a letter which Shalum is said to have written to Hilpa, in the eleventh year of her widowhood. I shall here translate it, without departing from that noble simplicity of sentiments, and plainness of manners, which appears in the original.

Shalum was at this this time 180 years old, and Hilpa 170.

Shalum

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*Shalun, Master of Mount Tirzah, to Hilpa,
Mistress of the Vallies.*

In the 788th year of the creation.

‘ What have I not suffered, O thou daughter of Zilpah, since thou gavest thyself away in marriage to my rival? I grew weary of the light of the sun, and have ever since been covering myself with woods and forests. These threescore and ten years have I bewailed the loss of thee on the tops of mount Tirzah, and soothed my melancholy among a thousand gloomy shades of my own raising. My dwellings are at present as the garden of God; every part of them is filled with fruits, and flowers, and fountains. The whole mountain is perfumed for thy reception. Come up into it, O my beloved, and let us people this spot of the new world with a beautiful race of mortals; let us multiply exceedingly among these delightful shades, and fill every quarter of them with sons and daughters. Remember, O thou daughter of Zilpah, that the age of man is but a thousand years; that beauty is the admiration but of a few centuries. It flourishes as a mountain oak, or as a cedar on the top of Tirzah, which in three or four hundred years will fade away, and never be thought of by posterity, unless a young wood springs from its roots. Think well on this, and remember thy neighbour in the mountains.’

Having here inserted this letter, which I look upon as the only Antediluvian billet-doux now extant, I shall in my next paper give the answer to it, and the sequel of this story.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 584.

The sequel of the story of Shallum and Hilpa.

The letter inserted in my last had so good an effect upon Hilpa, that she answered it in less than a twelvemonth, after the following manner.

*Hilpa, Mistress of the Vallies, to Shallum
Master of Mount Tirzah.*

In the 789th year of the creation.

‘ What have I to do with thee O Shalum?
‘ Thou praisest Hilpa’s beauty, but art thou
‘ not secretly enamoured with the verdure of
‘ her meadows? Art thou not more affected
‘ with the prospect of her green vallies, than
‘ thou wouldest be with the sight of her person?
‘ The lowings of my herds, and the bleatings
‘ of my flocks, make a pleasant echo in
‘ thy mountains, and sound sweetly in thy ears.
‘ What though I am delighted with the wavings
‘ of thy forests, and those breezes of perfumes
‘ which flow from the top of Tirzah:
‘ Are these like the riches of the valley?

‘ I know thee, O Shalum; thou art more
‘ wise and happy than any of the sons of men.
‘ Thy dwellings are among the cedars; thou
‘ searchest

' searchest out the diversity of soils, thou under-
 ' standest the influences of the stars, and
 ' markest the change of seasons. Can a wo-
 ' man appear lovely in the eyes of such a one?
 ' disquiet me not, O Shalum; let me alone,
 ' that I may enjoy those goodly possessions
 ' which are fallen to my lot. Win me not by
 ' thy enticing words. May thy trees increase
 ' and multiply; mayest thou add wood to
 ' wood, and shade to shade; but tempt not
 ' Hilpa to destroy thy solitude, and make thy
 ' retirement populous.'

The Chinese say, that a little time afterwards
 she accepted of a treat in one of the neighbour-
 ing hills to which Shalum had invited her.
 This treat lasted for two years, and is said to
 have cost Sha'um five hundred antelopes, two
 thousand ostriches, and a thousand-tun of milk;
 but what most of all recommended it, was that
 variety of delicious fruits and pot-herbs, in
 which no person then living could any way
 equal Shalum.

He treated her in the bower which he had
 planted amidst the wood of nightingales. This
 wood was made up of such fruit-trees and
 plants as are most agreeable to the several kinds
 of singing birds; so that it had drawn into it
 all the music of the country, and was filled
 from one end of the year to the other with the
 most agreeable concert in season.

He shewed her every day some beautiful and
 surprizing scene in this new region of wood-
 lands;

lands; and as by this means he had all the opportunities he could wish for of opening his mind to her, he succeeded so well, that upon her departure she made him a kind of promise, and gave him her word to return him a positive answer in less than fifty years.

She had not been long among her own people in the vallies, when she received new overtures, and at the same time a most splendid visit from Mishpach, who was a mighty man of old, and had built a great city, which he called after his own name. Every house was made for at least a thousand years, nay there were some that were leased out for three lives; so that the quantity of stone and timber consumed in this building is scarce to be imagined by those who live in the present age of the world. This great man entertained her with the voice of musical instruments which had been lately invented, and danced before her to the sound of the timbrel. He also presented her with several domestic utensils wrought in brass and iron, which had been newly found out for the convenience of life. In the mean time Shalum grew very uneasy with himself, and was sorely displeased at Hilpa for the reception which she had given to Mishpach, insomuch that he never wrote to her or spoke of her during a whole revolution of Saturn; but finding that this intercourse went no farther than a visit, he again renewed his addresses to her, who during his

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long silence is said very often to have cast a wishing eye upon mount Tirzah.

Her mind continued wavering about twenty years longer between Shalum and Mishpach; for though her inclinations favoured the former, her interest pleaded very powerfully for the other. While her heart was in this unsettled condition, the following accident happened which determined her choice. A high tower of wood that stood in the city of Mishpach having caught fire by a flash of lightning, in a few days reduced the whole town to ashes. Mishpach resolved to rebuild the place whatever it should cost him; and having already destroyed all the timber of the country, he was forced to have recourse to Shalum, whose forests were now two hundred years old. He purchased these woods with so many herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, and with such a vast extent of fields and pastures, that Shalum was now grown more wealthy than Mishpach; and therefore appeared so charming in the eyes of Zilpah's daughter, that she no longer refused him in marriage. On the day in which he brought her up into the mountains he raised a most prodigious pile of cedar and of every sweet smelling wood, which reached above 300 cubits in height; he also cast into the pile bundles of myrrh, and sheaves of spikenard, enriching it with every spicy shrub, and making it fat with the gums of his plantations. This

was the burnt-offering which Shalum offered in the day of his espousals: The smoke of it ascended up to heaven, and filled the whole country with incense and perfume.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 585.

HISTORY.

WHEN I look into the frame and constitution of my own mind, there is no part of it which I observe with greater satisfaction, than that tenderness and concern which it bears for the good and happiness of mankind. My own circumstances are indeed so narrow and scanty, that I should taste but very little pleasure, could I receive it only from those enjoyments which are in my own possession; but by this great tincture of humanity, which I find in all my thoughts and reflections. I am happier than any single person can be, with all the wealth, strength, beauty and success, that can be conferred upon a mortal, if he only relishes such a proportion of these blessings as is vested in himself, and in his own private property. By this means, every man that does himself any real service, does me a kindness. I come in for my share in all the good that happens to a man of merit and virtue, and partake of many gifts of fortune and power that I was never born to. There is nothing in particular in which I so much rejoice as the deliverance of
good

good and generous spirits out of dangers, difficulties and distresses. And because the world does not supply instances of this kind to furnish out sufficient entertainments for such an humanity and benevolence of temper, I have ever delighted in reading the history of ages past, which draws together into a narrow compass the great occurrences and events that are but thinly sown in those tracts of time, which lie within our own knowledge and observation. When I see the life of a great man, who deserved well of his country, after having struggled through all the oppositions of prejudice and envy, breaking out with lustre, and shining forth in all the splendor of success, I close my book, and am an happy man for a whole evening.

But since in history, events are of a mixed nature, and often happen alike to the worthless and the deserving, insomuch that we frequently see a virtuous man dying in the midst of disappointments and calamities, and the vicious ending their days in prosperity and peace; I love to amuse myself with the accounts I meet with in fabulous histories and fictions: For in this kind of writings we have always the pleasure of seeing vice punished, and virtue rewarded: Indeed, were we able to view a man in the whole circle of his existence, we should have the satisfaction of seeing it close with happiness or misery, according to his proper merit:

But

But though our view of him is interrupted by death before the finishing of his adventures (if I may so speak) we may be sure that the conclusion and catastrophe is altogether suitable to his behaviour. On the contrary, the whole being of a man, considered as an hero, or a knight errant, is comprehended within the limits of a poem or romance, and therefore always ends to our satisfaction; so that inventions of this kind are like food and exercise to a good-natured disposition, which they please and gratify at the same time that they nourish and strengthen. The greater the affliction is in which we see our favourites in these relations engaged, the greater is the pleasure we take in seeing them relieved.

Among the many feigned histories which I have met with in my reading, there is none in which the hero's perplexity is greater, and the winding out of it more difficult, than that in a French author whose name I have forgot. It so happens that the hero's mistress was the sister of his most intimate friend, who for certain reasons was given out to be dead, while he was preparing to leave his country in quest of adventures. The hero having heard of his friend's death, immediately repaired to his mistress, to condole with her, and comfort her. Upon his arrival in her garden, he discovered at a distance a man clasped in her arms, and embraced with the most endearing tenderness.

What

What should he do? It did not consist with the gentleness of a knight-errant either to kill his mistress, or the man whom she was pleased to favour. At the same time, it would have spoiled a romance, should he have laid violent hands on himself. In short, he immediately entered upon his adventures; and after a long series of exploits, found out by degrees, that the person he saw in his mistress's arms was her own brother, taking leave of her before he left his country, and the embrace she gave him nothing else but the affectionate farewell of a sister: So that he had at once the two greatest satisfactions that could enter into the heart of man, in finding his friend alive, whom he thought dead; and his mistress faithful, whom he had believed inconstant.

There are indeed some disasters so very fatal, that it is impossible for any accidents to rectify them. Of this kind was that of poor Lucretia; and yet we see Ovid has found an expedient even in this case. He describes a beautiful and royal virgin walking on the sea-shore, where she was discovered by Neptune, and violated after a long and unsuccessful importunity, to mitigate her sorrow, he offers her whatever she could wish for. Never certainly was the wit of woman more puzzled in finding out a stratagem to retrieve her honour. Had she desired to be changed into a stock or stone, a beast, fish or fowl, she would have been a loser by it:

Or

Or had she desired to have been made a sea-nymph, or a goddess, her immortality would but have perpetuated her disgrace. Give me therefore, said she, such a shape as may make me incapable of suffering again the like calamity, or of being reproached for what I have already suffered. In short, she was turned into a man, and by that only means avoided the danger and imputation she so much dreaded.

I was once myself in agonies of grief that are unutterable, and in so great a distraction of mind, that I thought myself even out of the possibility of receiving comfort. The occasion was as follows: When I was a youth in a part of the army which was then quartered at Dover, I fell in love with an agreeable young woman, of a good family in those parts, and had the satisfaction of seeing my addresses kindly received, which occasioned the perplexity I am going to relate.

We were in a calm evening diverting ourselves upon the top of the cliff with the prospect of the sea, and trifling away the time in such little fondnesses as are most ridiculous to people in business, and most agreeable to those in love.

In the midst of these our innocent endearments, she snatched a paper of verses out of my hand and ran away with them. I was following her, when on a sudden the ground, though at a considerable distance from the verge of the precipice,

precipice, sunk under her, and threw her down from so prodigious an height upon such a range of rocks, as would have dashed her into ten thousand pieces, had her body been made of adamant. It is much easier for my reader to imagine my state of mind upon such an occasion, than for me to express it. I said to myself, it is not in the power of Heaven to relieve me! When I awaked, equally transported and astonished, to see myself drawn out of an affliction which, the very moment before, appeared to me altogether inextricable.

The impressions of grief and horror were so lively on this occasion, that while they lasted, they made me more miserable than I was at the real death of this beloved person (which happened a few months after, at a time when the match between us was concluded) inasmuch as the imaginary death was untimely, and I myself in a sort an accessary; whereas her real decease had at least these alleviations, of being natural and inevitable.

The memory of the dream I have related, still dwells so strongly upon me, that I can never read the description of Dover-Cliff, in Shakespear's tragedy of King Lear, without a fresh sense of my escape. The prospect from that place is drawn with such proper incidents, that whoever can read it without growing giddy, must have a good head or a very bad one.

Come

*Come on, Sir, here's the place; stand still! How
fearful*

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low?

*The crows and choughs that wing the midway air,
Show scarce as gross as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire—Dreadful
trade!*

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.

*The fishermen that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice, and yond' tall anchoring bark
Dimish'd to her boat; her boat! a buoy*

*Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge
(That on the unnumber'd idle pebble beats)
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn.*

TATLER, Vol. III. No. 117.

HONOUR.

EVERY principle that is a motive to good actions ought to be encouraged, since men are of so different a make, that the same principle does not work equally upon all minds. What some men are prompted to by conscience, duty or religion, which are only different names for the same thing, others are prompted to by Honour.

The sense of honour is of so fine and delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in such as have been cultivated by great examples, or
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a refined education. This paper therefore is chiefly designed for those who by means of any of these advantages are, or ought to be, actuated by this glorious principle.

But as nothing is more pernicious than a principle of action when it is misunderstood, I shall consider honour with respect to three sorts of men. First of all, with regard to those who have a right notion of it. Secondly, with regard to those who have a mistaken notion of it. And thirdly, with regard to those who treat it as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule.

In the first place, true honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the same effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the same point. Religion embraces virtue, as it is enjoined by the laws of God; honour, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man *fears* the man of honour *scorns* to do an ill action. The former considers vice as something that is beneath him, the other as something that is offensive to the Divine Being. The one as what is *unbecoming*, the other as what is *forbidden*. Thus Seneca speaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honour, when he declares that were there no God to see or punish vice, he would not commit it, because it is of so mean, so base, and so vile a nature.

I shall conclude this head with the description of honour in the part of young Juba.

*Honour's a sacred tie, the law of Kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets
her,*

*And imitates her actions where she is not.
It ought not to be sported with—— Cato.*

In the second place we are to consider those who have mistaken notions of honour, and these are such as establish any thing to themselves for a point of honour which is contrary either to the laws of God, or of their country; who think it more honourable to revenge than to forgive an injury; who make no scruple of telling a lie, but would put any man to death that accuses them of it; who are more careful to guard their reputation by their courage than by their virtue. True fortitude is indeed so becoming in human nature, that he who wants it scarce deserves the name of a man; but we find several who so much abuse this notion, that they place the whole idea of honour in a kind of brutal courage; by which means we have had many among us who have called themselves men of honour, that would have been a disgrace to a gibbet. In a word, the man who sacrifices any duty of a reasonable creature to a prevailing mode or fashion, who looks upon any thing as honourable that is displeasing to his Maker, or destructive to society, who thinks himself obliged by this principle to the practice
of

of some virtues and not of others, is by no means to be reckoned among true men of honour.

Timogenes was a lively instance of one acted by false honour. Timogenes would smile at a man's jest who ridiculed his Maker; and at the same time, run a man through the body that spoke ill of his friend. Timogenes would have scorned to have betrayed a secret, that was intrusted with him, though the fate of his country depended upon the discovery of it. Timogenes took away the life of a young fellow in a duel, for having spoken ill of Belinda, a lady whom he himself had seduced in her youth, and betrayed into want and ignominy. To close his character, Timogenes, after having ruined several poor tradesmen's families, who had trusted him, sold his estate to satisfy his creditors; but like a man of honour, disposed of all the money he could make of it, in the paying off his play-debts, or to speak in his own language, his debts of honour.

In the third place, we are to consider those persons, who treat this principle as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule. Men who are professedly of no honour are of a more profligate and abandoned nature than even those who are acted by false notions of it, as there is more hopes of a Heretick than of an Atheist. These sons of infamy consider honour with old Saphax, in the play beforementioned, as a fine ima-

ginary notion, that leads astray young unexperienced men, and draws them into real mischiefs, while they are engaged in the pursuits of a shadow. These are generally persons who, in Shakespear's phrase, are 'worn and hackneyed in the ways of men;' whose imaginations are grown callous, and have lost all those delicate sentiments which are natural to minds that are innocent, and undepraved. Such old battered miscreants ridicule every thing as romantic that comes in competition with their present interest, and treat those persons as visionaries who dare stand up in a corrupt age, for what has not its immediate reward joined to it. The talents, interest, or experience of such men, make them very often useful in all parties, and at all times. But whatever wealth and dignities they may arrive at, they ought to consider, that every one stands as a blot in the annals of his country, who arrives at the temple of Honour by any other way than through that of Virtue.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 161.

H O P E.

THE time present seldom affords sufficient employment to the mind of man. Objects of pain or pleasure, love or admiration, do not lie thick enough together in life to keep the soul in constant action, and supply an immediate exercise

exercise to its faculties. In order, therefore, to remedy this defect, that the mind may not want business, but always have materials for thinking, she is endowed with certain powers, that can recal what is passed, and anticipate what is to come.

That wonderful faculty, which we call the memory, is perpetually looking back, when we have nothing present to entertain us. It is like those repositories in several animals that are filled with stores of their former food, on which they may ruminate when their present pasture fails.

As the memory relieves the mind in her vacant moments, and prevents any chafins of thought by ideas of what is past, we have other faculties that agitate and employ her upon what is to come. These are the passions of hope and fear.

By these two passions we reach forward into futurity, and bring up to our present thoughts objects that lie hid in the remotest depths of time. We suffer misery, and enjoy happiness, before they are in being; we can set the sun and stars forward, or lose sight of them by wandering into those retired parts of eternity, when the heavens and earth shall be no more.

By the way, who can imagine that the existence of a creature is to be circumscribed by time, whose thoughts are not? But I shall, in

this paper, confine myself to that particular passion which goes by the name of Hope.

Our actual enjoyments are so few and transient, that man would be a very miserable being, were he not endowed with this passion, which gives him a taste of those good things that may possibly come into his possession, 'We should hope for every thing that is good,' says the old poet, Linus, 'because there is no thing which may not be hoped for, and no thing but what the gods are able to give us.' Hope quickens all the still parts of life, and keeps the mind awake in her most remiss and indolent hours. It gives habitual serenity and good humour. It is a kind of vital heat in the soul, that cheers and gladdens her, when she does not attend to it. It makes pain easy, and labour pleasant.

Beside these several advantages which rise from Hope, there is another which is none of the least, and that is, its great efficacy in preserving us from setting too high a value on present enjoyments. The saying of Cæsar is very well known. When he had given away all his estate in gratuities among his friends, one of them asked what he had left for himself; to which that great man replied, Hope. His natural magnanimity hindered him from prizing what he was certainly possessed of, and turned all his thoughts upon something more valuable that he had in view. I question not but every
reader

reader will draw a moral from this story, and apply it to himself without my direction.

The old story of Pandora's box (which many of the learned believe was formed among the Heathens upon the tradition of the fall of man) shews us how deplorable a state they thought the present life, without hope: To set forth the utmost condition of misery they tell us, that our forefather, according to the Pagan theology, had a great vessel presented him by Pandora: Upon his lifting up the lid of it, says the fable, there flew out all the calamities and distempers incident to men, from which till that time, they had been altogether exempt. Hope, who had been inclosed in the cup with so much bad company, instead of flying off with the rest, stuck so close to the lid of it, that it was shut down upon her.

I shall make but two reflections upon what I have hitherto said. First, that no kind of life is so happy as that which is full of hope, especially when the hope is well grounded, and when the object of it is of an exalted kind, and in its nature proper to make the person happy who enjoys it. This proposition must be very evident to those who consider how few are the present enjoyments of the most happy man, and how insufficient to give him an intire satisfaction and acquiescence in them.

My next observation is this, that a religious life is that which most abounds in a well-grounded

grounded hope, and such an one as is fixed on objects that are capable of making us entirely happy. This hope in a religious man, is much more sure and certain than the hope of any temporal blessing, as it is strengthened not only by reason, but by faith. It has at the same time its eye perpetually fixed on that state, which implies in the very notion of it the most full and the most complete happiness.

I have before shewn how the influence of hope in general sweetens life, and makes our present condition supportable, if not pleasing; but a religious hope has still greater advantages. It does not only bear up the mind under her sufferings, but makes her rejoice in them, as they may be the instruments of procuring her the great and ultimate end of all her hope.

Religious hope has likewise this advantage above any other kind of hope, that it is able to revive the dying man, and to fill his mind not only with secret comfort and refreshment, but sometimes with rapture and transport. He triumphs in his agonies, whilst the soul springs forward with delight to the great object which she has always had in view, and leaves the body with an expectation of being reunited to her in a glorious and joyful resurrection.

I shall conclude this essay with those emblematical expressions, of a lively hope, which the Psalmist made use of in the midst of those dangers and adversities which surrounded him; for
the

the following passage had its present and personal, as well as its future and prophetic sense.

' I have set the Lord always before me: Because he is at my right hand I shall not be moved. Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: My flesh also shall rest in hope. For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption. Thou wilt shew me the path of life: In thy presence there is fulness of joy, at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

C.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 471.

My four hundred and seventy first speculation turned upon the subject of hope in general. I design this paper as a speculation upon that vain and foolish hope, which is misemployed on temporal objects, and produces many sorrows and calamities in human life.

It is a precept several times inculcated by Horace, that we should not entertain an hope of any thing in life which lies at a great distance from us. The shortness and uncertainty of our time here, makes such a kind of hope unreasonable and absurd. The grave lies unseen between us and the object which we reach after: Where one man lives to enjoy the good he has in view, ten thousand are cut off in the pursuit of it.

It happens likewise unluckily, that one hope no sooner dies in us, than another rises up in its stead,

stead. We are apt to fancy that we shall be happy and satisfied if we possess ourselves of such and such particular enjoyments; but either by reason of their emptiness, or the natural inquietude of the mind, we have no sooner gained one point but we extend our hopes to another. We still find new inviting scenes and landisksips lying behind those which at a distance terminated our view.

The natural consequences of such reflections are these; that we should take care not to let our hopes run out into too great a length; that we should sufficiently weigh the objects of our hope, whether they be such as we may reasonably expect from them what they propose in their fruition, and whether they are such as we are pretty sure of attaining, in case our life extend itself so far. If we hope for things which are at too great a distance from us, it is possible that we may be intercepted by death in our progress towards them. If we hope for things of which we have not thoroughly considered the value, our disappointment will be greater than our pleasure in the fruition of them. If we hope for what we are not likely to possess, we act and think in vain, and make life a greater dream and shadow than it really is.

Many of the miseries and misfortunes of life proceed from our want of consideration, in one or all of these particulars. They are the rocks
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on which the sanguine tribe of lovers daily split, and on which the bankrupt, the politician, the alchymist and projector are cast away in every age. Men of warm imaginations and towering thoughts are apt to overlook the goods of fortune which are near them, for something that glitters in the sight at a distance; to neglect solid and substantial happiness, for what is showy and superficial; and to condemn that good that lies within their reach, for that which they are not capable of attaining. Hope calculates its schemes for a long and durable life; presses forward to imaginary points of bliss; and grasps at impossibilities; and consequently very often ensnares men into beggary, ruin, and dishonour.

What I have here said, may serve as a moral to an Arabian fable, which I find translated into French by Monsieur Galland. The fable has in it such a wild, but natural simplicity, that I question not but my reader will be as much pleased with it as I have been, and that he will consider himself, if he reflects on the several amusements of hope which have sometimes passed in his mind, as a near relation to the Persian glass-man.

Alnaschar, says the fable, was a very idle fellow, that never would set his hand to any business during his father's life. When his father died, he left him to the value of an hundred drachmas in Persian money. Alnaschar,
in

in order to make the best of it, laid it out in glasses, bottles, and the finest earthen-ware. These he piled up in a large open basket, and having made choice of a very little shop, placed the basket at his feet, and leaned his back upon the wall, in expectation of customers. As he sat in this posture with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into a most amusing train of thought, and was overheard by one of his neighbours, as he talked to himself in the following manner: ‘ This basket, (says he) cost me at the wholesale merchant’s an hundred drachmas, which is all I have in the world. I shall quickly make two hundred of it, by selling it in retail. These two hundred drachmas will in a very little while rise to four hundred, which of course will amount in time to four thousand. Four thousand drachmas cannot fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by this means I am master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my trade of glass-man, and turn jeweller. I shall then deal in diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of rich stones. When I have got together as much wealth as I can well desire, I will make a purchase of the finest house I can find, with land, slaves, eunuchs and horses. I shall then begin to enjoy myself, and make a noise in the world. I will not, however, stop there, but still continue my traffic till I have got together an hundred thousand drachmas.

‘ When

' When I have thus made myself master of an
 ' hundred thousand drachmas, I shall naturally
 ' set myself on the foot of a Prince, and will
 ' demand the Grand Vizir's daughter in marriage,
 ' after having represented to that Minister
 ' the information which I have received of the
 ' beauty, wit, discretion, and other high qualities
 ' which his daughter possesses. I will let
 ' him know at the same time, that it is my intention
 ' to make him a present of a thousand
 ' pieces of gold on our marriage night. As
 ' soon as I have married the Grand Vizir's
 ' daughter, I'll buy her ten black eunuchs, the
 ' youngest and best that can be got for money.
 ' I must afterwards make my father-in-law a
 ' visit with a great train of equipage. And
 ' when I am placed at his right-hand, which
 ' he will do of course, if it be only to honour
 ' his daughter, I will give him the thousand
 ' pieces of gold which I promised him, and
 ' afterwards to his great surprize, will present
 ' him another purse of the same value,
 ' with some short speech; as,' " Sir, you see
 " I am a man of my word: I always give
 " more than I promise."

' When I have brought the Princess to my
 ' house, I shall take particular care to breed
 ' her in a due respect to me, before I give the
 ' reins to love and dalliance. To this end I
 ' shall confine her to her own apartment, make
 ' her a short visit, and talk but little to her.

' Her women will represent to me, that she is
 ' inconsolable by reason of my unkindness, and
 ' beg me with tears to caress her, and let her
 ' sit down by me; but I shall still remain inex-
 ' orable, and will turn my back upon her all
 ' the first night. Her mother will then come
 ' and bring her daughter to me, as I am seated
 ' on my sofa. The daughter, with tears in
 ' her eyes, will fling herself at my feet, and
 ' beg of me to receive her into my favour:
 ' Then will I, to imprint in her a thorough
 ' veneration for my person, draw up my legs
 ' and spurn her from me with my foot, in such
 ' a manner that she shall fall down several paces
 ' from the sofa.'

Alnaschar was intirely swallowed up in this
 chimerical vision, and could not forbear acting
 with his foot what he had in his thoughts; so
 that unluckily striking his basket of brittle
 ware, which was the foundation of all his
 grandeur, he kicked his glasses to a great di-
 stance from him into the street, and broke
 them into ten thousand pieces. O.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No. 535.

HUMAN NATURE.

Mr SPECTATOR,

' I HAVE always been a very great lover of
 ' your speculations, as well in regard to the
 ' subject, as to your manner of treating it.
 ' Human

' Human nature I always thought the most use-
 ' ful object of human reason, and to make the
 ' consideration of it pleasant and entertaining,
 ' I always thought the best employment of hu-
 ' man wit: Other parts of philosophy may
 ' perhaps make us wiser, but this not only an-
 ' swers that end, but makes us better too.
 ' Hence it was that the oracle pronounced So-
 ' crates the wisest of all men living, because
 ' he judiciously made choice of human nature
 ' for the object of his thoughts; an inquiry in-
 ' to which as much exceeds all other learning,
 ' as it is of more consequence to adjust the true
 ' nature and measures of right and wrong, than
 ' to settle the distance of the planets, and com-
 ' pute the times of their circumvolutions.

' One good effect that will immediately arise
 ' from a near observation of human nature, is
 ' that we shall cease to wonder at those actions
 ' which men are used to reckon wholly unac-
 ' countable; for as nothing is produced with-
 ' out a cause, so by observing the nature and
 ' course of the passions, we shall be able to
 ' trace every action from its first conception to
 ' its death. We shall no more admire at the
 ' proceedings of Cataline or Tiberius, when
 ' we know the one was actuated by a cruel
 ' jealousy, the other by a furious ambition;
 ' for the actions of men follow their passions as
 ' naturally as light does heat, or as any other
 ' effect flows from its cause; reason must be

‘ employed in adjusting the passions, but they
‘ must ever remain the principles of action.

‘ The strange and absurd variety that is so
‘ apparent in mens actions, shews plainly they
‘ can never proceed immediately from reason ;
‘ so pure a fountain emits no such troubled
‘ waters: They must necessarily arise from the
‘ passions, which are to the minds as the winds
‘ to a ship, they only can move it, and they
‘ too often destroy it; if fair and gentle,
‘ they guide it into the harbour; if contrary
‘ and furious, they overset it in the waves: In
‘ the same manner is the mind assisted or en-
‘ dangered by the passions; reason must then
‘ take the place of pilot, and can never fail
‘ of securing her charge if she be not wanting
‘ to herself: The strength of the passions will
‘ never be accepted as an excuse for complying
‘ with them; they were designed for subjec-
‘ tion; and if a man suffers them to get the
‘ upper hand, he then betrays the liberty of
‘ his own soul.

‘ As nature has framed the several species of
‘ beings as it were in a chain, so man seems to
‘ be placed as the middle link between angels
‘ and brutes: Hence he participates both of
‘ flesh and spirit by an admirable tie, which in
‘ him occasions perpetual war of passions; and
‘ as a man inclines to the angelic or brute part
‘ of his constitution, he is then denominated
‘ good or bad, virtuous or wicked; if love,
‘ mercy,

' mercy, and good-nature prevail, they speak
 ' him of the angel; if hatred, cruelty, and
 ' envy predominate, they declare his kindred
 ' to the brute. Hence it was that some of the
 ' ancients imagined, that as men in this life
 ' inclined more to the angel or the brute, so
 ' after their death they should transmigrate in-
 ' to the one or the other; and it would be no
 ' unpleasant notion to consider the several spe-
 ' cies of brutes, into which we may imagine
 ' that tyrants, misers, the proud, malicious,
 ' and ill-natured might be changed.

' As a consequence of this original, all passi-
 ' ons are in all men, but appear not in all;
 ' constitution, education, custom of the coun-
 ' try, reason, and the like causes may improve
 ' or abate the strength of them, but still the
 ' seeds remain, which are ever ready to sprout
 ' forth upon the least encouragement. I have
 ' heard a story of a good religious man, who,
 ' having been bred with the milk of a goat,
 ' was very modest in public by a careful reflec-
 ' tion he made on his actions, but he frequent-
 ' ly had an hour in secret, wherein he had his
 ' frisks and capers; and if we had an opportu-
 ' nity of examining the retirement of the strict-
 ' est philosophers, no doubt but we should find
 ' perpetual returns of those passions they so art-
 ' fully conceal from the public. I remember
 ' Machiavel observes, that every state should
 ' entertain a perpetual jealousy of its neigh-

‘ bours, that so it should never be unprovided
‘ when an emergency happens; in like manner
‘ should reason be perpetually on its guard
‘ against the passions, and never suffer them to
‘ carry on any design that may be destructive of
‘ its security; yet at the same time it must be
‘ careful, that it do not so far break their
‘ strength as to render them contemptible, and
‘ consequently itself unguarded.

‘ The understanding being of itself too slow
‘ and lazy to exert itself into action, it is neces-
‘ sary it should be put in motion by the gentle
‘ gales of the passions, which may preserve it
‘ from stagnating and corruption; for they are
‘ necessary to the health of the mind, as the cir-
‘ culation of the animal spirits is to the health of
‘ the body; they keep it in life, and strength
‘ and vigour; nor is it possible for the mind to
‘ perform its offices without their assistance;
‘ these motions are given us with our being;
‘ they are little spirits that are born and die
‘ with us; to some they are mild, easy and
‘ gentle, to others wayward and unruly, yet
‘ never too strong for the reins of reason and
‘ the guidance of judgment.

‘ We may generally observe a pretty nice
‘ proportion between the strength of reason
‘ and passion; the greatest genius’s have com-
‘ monly the strongest affections, as, on the
‘ other hand, the weaker understandings, have
‘ generally the weaker passions; and it is fit the
‘ fury

' fury of the coursers should not be too great
 ' for the strength of the charioteer. Young
 ' men whose passions are not a little unruly,
 ' give small hopes of their ever being confide-
 ' rable; the fire of youth will of course abate,
 ' and is a fault, if it be a fault that mends eve-
 ' ry day; but surely, unless a man has fire in
 ' youth, he can hardly have warmth in old
 ' age. We must therefore be very cautious,
 ' lest while we think to regulate the passions,
 ' we should quite extinguish them, which is
 ' putting out the light of the soul; for to be
 ' without passion, or to be hurried away with
 ' it, makes a man equally blind. The extra-
 ' ordinary severity used in most of our schools
 ' has this fatal effect, it breaks the spring of the
 ' mind, and most certainly destroys more good
 ' genius's than it can possibly improve. And
 ' surely it is a mighty mistake that the passions
 ' should be so entirely subdued; for little irre-
 ' gularities are sometimes not only to be bore
 ' with but to be cultivated too, since they
 ' are frequently attended with the greatest
 ' perfections. All great genius's have faults
 ' mixed with their virtues, and resemble the
 ' flaming bush which has thorns amongst lights.

' Since therefore the passions are the prin-
 ' ciples of human actions, we must endeavour
 ' to manage them so as to retain their vigour,
 ' yet keep them under strict command; we
 ' must govern them rather like free subjects
 ' than

' than slaves, lest, while we intend to make
 ' them obedient, they become abject, and unfit
 ' for those great purposes to which they were
 ' designed. For my part I must confess I could
 ' never have any regard to that sect of philoso-
 ' phers, who so much insisted upon an absolute
 ' indifference and vacancy from all passion; for
 ' it seems to me a thing very inconsistent for a
 ' man to divest himself of humanity, in order
 ' to acquire tranquillity of mind, and to erad-
 ' cate the very principles of action, because it
 ' is possible they may produce ill effects.

' I am, S I R,

' Your affectionate admirer,

T. B.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 408.

There is nothing which I contemplate with
 greater pleasure than the dignity of human na-
 ture, which often shews itself in all conditions
 of life: For notwithstanding the degeneracy
 and meanness that is crept into it, there are a
 thousand occasions in which it breaks through
 its original corruption, and shews what it once
 was, and what it will be hereafter. I consider
 the soul of man, as the ruin of a glorious pile of
 building; where, amidst great heaps of rubbish,
 you meet with noble fragments of sculpture,
 broken pillars and obelisks, and a magnificence
 in confusion. Virtue and wisdom are continu-
 ally employed in clearing the ruins, removing
 these

these disorderly heaps, recovering the noble pieces that lie buried under them; and adjusting them as well as possible, according to their ancient symmetry and beauty. A happy education, conversation with the finest spirits, looking abroad into the works of nature, and observations upon mankind, are the great assistances to this necessary and glorious work. But even among those who have never had the happiness of any of these advantages, there are sometimes such exertions of the greatness that is natural to the mind of man, as shew capacities and abilities, which only want these accidental helps to fetch them out, and shew them in a proper light. A Plebeian soul is still the ruin of this glorious edifice, though incumbered with all its rubbish. This reflection rose in me from a letter which my servant dropped as he was dressing me, and which he told me was communicated to him as he is an acquaintance of some of the persons mentioned in it. The epistle is from one Serjeant Hall, of the Foot-guards. It is directed, 'To Serjeant Cabe, in the Coldstream
' regiment of Foot-guards, at the Red Lettice
' in the Butcher row, near Temple-Bar.'

I was so pleased with several touches in it, that I could not forbear shewing it to a cluster of critics, who, instead of considering it in the light I have done, examined it by the rules of epistolary writing: For as these gentlemen are seldom men of any great genius, they work altogether

together by mechanical rules, and are able to discover no beauties that are not pointed out by Bouhours and Rapin: The letter is as follows:

Comrade, From the camp before Mons, Sep. 26.

I Received yours, and am glad yourself and your wife are in good health, with all the rest of my friends. Our batallion suffered more than I could wish in the action. But who can withstand fate? Poor Richard Stevenson had his fate with a great many more: he was killed dead before we entered the trenches. We had above 200 of our batallion killed and wounded: We lost 10 serjeants, 6 are as followeth: Jennings, Castlas, Roach, Shirring, Meyrick, and my son Smith. The rest are not your acquaintance. I have received a very bad shot in my head myself, but am in hopes, and please God, I shall recover, I continue in the field, and lie at my Colonel's quarters. Arthur is very well, but I can give you no account of Elms; he was in the hospital before I came into the field. I will not pretend to give you an account of the battle, knowing you have a better in the prints. Pray give my service to Mrs Cook and her daughter, to Mr Stoffet and his wife, and to Mr Lyver, and Thomas Hogsdon, and to Mr Ragdell, and to all my friends and acquaintance in general who do ask after me. My love to Mrs Stevenson. I am sorry for the sending
such

‘ such ill news. Her husband was gathering a
 ‘ little money together to send to his wife, and
 ‘ put it into my hands. I have seven shillings and
 ‘ three-pence, which I shall take care to send
 ‘ her; wishing your wife a safe delivery, and
 ‘ both of you all happiness, rests

‘ Your assured friend, and comrade,

‘ JOHN HALL.

‘ We had but an indifferent breakfast, but
 ‘ the Mounseers never had such a dinner in all
 ‘ their lives.

‘ My kind love to my comrade Hinton, and
 ‘ Mrs Morgan, and to John Brown and
 ‘ his wife. I sent two shillings, and Stevenson
 ‘ six-pence, to drink with you at Mr Cook’s;
 ‘ but I have heard nothing from him. It was
 ‘ by Mr Edgar.

‘ Corporal Hartwell desires to be remember-
 ‘ ed to you, and desires you to enquire of
 ‘ Edgar, what is become of his wife Pegg;
 ‘ and when you write to send word in your
 ‘ letter what trade she drives.

‘ We had here very bad weather, which I
 ‘ doubt will be an hindrance to the siege; but
 ‘ I am in hopes we shall be masters of the
 ‘ town in a little time, and then I believe we
 ‘ shall go to garrison.’

I saw the critics prepared to nibble at my
 letter; therefore examined it myself, partly in
 their

their way, and partly my own. This is (said I) truly a letter, and an honest representation of that cheerful heart which accompanies the poor soldier in his warfare. Is not there in this all the topick of submitting to our destiny as well discussed, as if a greater man had been placed, like Brutus, in his tent at midnight, reflecting on all the occurrences of past life, and saying fine things on being itself? What serjeant Hall knows of the matter, is that he wishes there had not been so many killed, and he had himself a very bad shot in the head, and should recover if it pleased God. But be that as it will he takes care, like a man of honour, as he certainly is, to let the widow Stephenson know that he had seven and three-pence for her, and that if he lives, he is sure he shall go into garrison at last. I doubt not but all the good company at the Red Lettice drank his health with as much real esteem as we do of any of our friends. All that I am concerned for is, that Mrs Peggy Heartwell may be offended at shewing this letter, because her conduct in Mr Hartwell's absence is a little enquired into. But I could not sink that circumstance, because you critics would have lost one of the parts which I doubt not but you have much to say upon, whether the familiar way is well hit in this style or not? As for myself, I take a very particular satisfaction in seeing any letter that is fit only for those to read who are concerned in it, but especially on such a subject.

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If we consider the heap of an army, utterly out of all prospect of rising and preferment, as they certainly are, and such great things executed by them, it is hard to account for the motive of their gallantry. But to me, who was a cadet at the battle of Coldstream in Scotland, when Monk charged at the head of the regiment, now called Coldstream from the victory of that day; (I remember it as well as if it were yesterday) I stood on the left old West, who I believe is now at Chelsea; I say to me, who know very well this part of mankind, I take the gallantry of private soldiers to proceed from the same, if not from a nobler impulse than that of gentlemen and officers. They have the same taste of being acceptable to their friends, and go thro' the difficulties of that profession by the same irresistible charm of fellowship, and the communication of joys and sorrows, which quickens the relish of pleasure, and abates the anguish of pain. Add to this, that they have the same regard to fame, though they do not expect so great a share as men above them hope for; but I'll engage serjeant Hall would die ten thousand deaths, rather than a word should be spoken at the Red Lettice, or any part of the Butcher-Row, in prejudice to his courage or honesty. If you will have my opinion then of the serjeant's letter, I pronounce the style to be mixed, but truly epistolary; the sentiment relating to his own wound, is in the

sublime; the postscript of Pegg Heartwell, in the gay; and the whole, the picture of the bravest sort of men, that is to say, a man of great courage and small hopes.

TATLER, Vol. II. No. 87.

H U M O U R.

AMong all kinds of writing, there is none in which authors are more apt to miscarry, than in works of humour, as there is none in which they are more ambitious to excel. It is not an imagination that teems with monsters, an head that is filled with extravagant conceptions, which is capable of furnishing the world with diversions of this nature; and yet if we look into the productions of several writers, who set up for men of humour, what wild irregular fancies, what unnatural distortions of thought, do we meet with? If they speak nonsense, they believe they are talking humour; and when they have drawn together a scheme of absurd inconsistent ideas, they are not able to read it over to themselves without laughing. These poor gentlemen endeavour to gain themselves the reputation of wits and humourists, by such monstrous conceits as almost qualify them for Bedlam; not considering that humour should always lie under the check of reason, and that it requires the direction of the nicest judgment, by so much the more as it indulges itself in the

the most boundless freedoms. There is a kind of nature that is to be observed in this sort of compositions, as well as in all other; and a certain regularity of thought which must discover the writer to be a man of sense, at the same time that he appears altogether given up to caprice. For my part, when I read the delirious mirth of an unskilful author, I cannot be so barbarous as to divert myself with it, but am rather apt to pity the man, than to laugh at any thing he writes.

The deceased Mr Shadwell, who had himself a great deal of the talent which I am treating of, represents an empty rake, in one of his plays, as very much surprized to hear one say, that breaking of windows was not humour; and I question not but several English readers will be as much startled to hear me affirm, that many of those raving incoherent pieces, which are often spread among us, under odd chimerical titles, are rather the offsprings of a distempered brain, than works of humour.

It is indeed much easier to describe what is not humour, than what is; and very difficult to define it otherwise than, as Cawley has done wit, by negatives. Were I to give my own notions of it, I would deliver them after Plato's manner, in a kind of allegory, and by supposing humour to be a person, deduce to him all his qualifications, according to the following genealogy. Truth was the founder of the family,

and the father of Good Sense. Good Sense was the father of Wit, who married a lady of a collateral line, called Mirth, by whom he had issue Humour. Humour therefore being the youngest of this illustrious family, and descended from parents of such different dispositions, is very various and unequal in his temper; sometimes you see him putting on grave looks and a solemn habit, sometimes airy in his behaviour, and fantastic in his dress: Insomuch that at different times he appears as serious as a judge, and as jocular as a Merry Andrew. But as he has a great deal of the mother in his constitution, whatever mood he is in, he never fails to make his company laugh.

But since there is an impostor abroad, who takes upon him the name of this young gentleman, and would willingly pass for him in the world; to the end that well-meaning persons may not be imposed upon by cheats, I would desire my readers, when they meet with this pretender, to look into his parentage, and to examine him strictly, whether or no he be remotely allied to Truth, and lineally descended from Good Sense; if not, they may conclude him a counterfeit. They may likewise distinguish him by a loud and excessive laughter, in which he seldom gets his company to join with him. For as True Humour generally looks serious, while every body laughs about him; False Humour is always laughing, whilst every body

body about him looks serious. I shall only add, if he has not in him a mixture of both parents, that is, if he would pass for the offspring of Wit without Mirth, or Mirth without Wit, you may conclude him to be altogether spurious, and a cheat.

The impostor, of whom I am speaking, descends originally from Falshood, who was the mother of Nonsense, who was brought to bed of a son, called Frenzy, who married one of the daughters of Folly, commonly known by the name of Laughter, on whom he begot that monstrous infant of which I have been here speaking. I shall set down at length the genealogical table of False Humour, and at the same time, place under it the genealogy of True Humour, that the reader may at one view behold their different pedigrees and relations.

FALSHOOD.

NONSENSE.

FRENZY.—LAUGHTER.

FALSE HUMOUR.

TRUTH.

GOOD SENSE.

WIT.—MIRTH.

HUMOUR.

I might extend the Allegory, by mentioning several of the children of False Humour, who are more in number than the sands of the sea,

and might in particular enumerate the many sons and daughters which he has begot in this island. But as this would be a very invidious talk, I shall only observe in general, that False Humour differs from the True, as a monkey does from a man.

First of all, he is exceedingly given to little apish tricks and buffooneries.

Secondly, He so much delights in mimickry, that it is all one to him whether he exposes by it vice and folly, luxury and avarice; or, on the contrary, virtue and wisdom, pain and poverty.

Thirdly, He is wonderfully unlucky, inso-much that he will bite the hand that feeds him, and endeavour to ridicule both friends and foes indifferently, for having but small talents, he must be merry where he can, not where he should.

Fourthly, Being intirely void of reason, he pursues no point either of morality or instruction, but is ludicrous for the sake of being so.

Fifthly, Being incapable of having any thing but mock-representations, his ridicule is always personal, and aimed at the vicious man or the writer; not at the vice or at the writing.

I have here only pointed at the whole species of false humourists; but as one of my principal designs in this paper is to beat down that malignant spirit, which discovers itself in the writings of the present age, I shall not scruple, for
the

the future, to single out any of the small wits, that infest the world with such compositions as are ill-natured, immoral and absurd. This is the only exception which I shall make to the general rule I have prescribed myself, of attacking multitudes: Since every honest man ought to look upon himself as in a natural state of war with the libeller, and lampooner, and to annoy them where-ever they fall in his way. This is but retaliating upon them, and treating them, as they treat others. C.

SPECTATOR, Vol. I. No. 35.

H U S B A N D.

Mr SPECTATOR,

‘ **H**AVING in your paper of Monday last published my report on the case of Mrs Fanny Fickle, wherein I have taken notice, that love comes after marriage; I hope your readers are satisfied of this truth, that as love generally produces matrimony, so it often happens that matrimony produces love.

‘ It perhaps requires more virtues to make a good husband or wife, than what go to the finishing any the most shining character whatsoever.

‘ Discretion seems absolutely necessary, and accordingly we find that the best husbands have been most famous for their wisdom. Homer, who hath drawn a perfect pattern of a prudent man, to make it the more complete, hath

' hath celebrated him for the just returns of
 ' fidelity and truth to his Penelope; infomuch
 ' that he refused the caresses of a goddess for
 ' her sake, and to use the expression of the best
 ' of Pagan authors, *vetulam suam prætulit*
 ' *immortalitati*, his old woman was dearer to
 ' him than immortality.

' Virtue is the next necessary qualification for
 ' this domestic character, as it naturally pro-
 ' duces constancy and mutual esteem. Thus
 ' Brutus and Portia were more remarkable for
 ' virtue and affection than any others of the age
 ' in which they lived.

' Good nature is a third necessary ingredient
 ' in the marriage-state, without which it would
 ' inevitably sour upon a thousand occasions.
 ' When greatness of mind is joined with this
 ' amiable quality, it attracts the admiration and
 ' esteem of all who behold it. Thus Cæsar,
 ' not more remarkable for his fortune and va-
 ' lour than for his humanity, stole into the
 ' hearts of the Roman people, when breaking
 ' through the custom, he pronounced an ora-
 ' tion at the funeral of his first and best beloved
 ' wife.

' Good nature is insufficient, unless it be
 ' steady and uniform, and accompanied with
 ' an evenness of temper, which is, above all
 ' things, to be preserved in this friendship con-
 ' tracted for life. A man must be easy within
 ' himself, before he can be so to his other self.

' Socrates,

' Socrates, and Marcus Aurelius, are instances
 ' of who, by the strength of philosophy, hav-
 ' ing entirely compos'd their minds, and sub-
 ' du'd their passions, are celebrated for good
 ' husbands, notwithstanding the first was yoked
 ' with Xantippe, and the other with Faustina.
 ' If the wedded pair would but habituate
 ' themselves, for the first year, to bear with
 ' one another's faults, the difficulty would be
 ' pretty well conquered. This mutual sweet-
 ' ness of temper and complacency was finely
 ' recommended in the nuptial ceremonies
 ' among the Heathens, who, when they sacri-
 ' ficed to Juno at that solemnity, always tore
 ' out the gall from the entrails of the victim,
 ' and cast it behind the altar.

' I shall conclude this letter with a passage
 ' out of Dr. Plot's Natural History of Stafford-
 ' shire, not only as it will serve to fill up your
 ' present paper, but, if I find myself in the hu-
 ' mour, may give rise to another; I having by
 ' me an old register belonging to the place here
 ' undermentioned.'

Sir Philip de Somerville held the manors of
 Whichenovre, Sirescot, Ridware, Netherton,
 and Cowley, all in Com. Stafford, of the Earls
 of Lancaster, by his memorable service. The
 said Sir Philip shall find, maintain, and sustain,
 one Bacon-Flitch, hanging in his hall at Whi-
 chenovre, ready arrayed all times of the year,
 but in Lent, to be given to every man or wo-
 man

man married, after the day and the year of their marriage be past, in form following.

Whensoever that any one such before-named will come to enquire for the bacon, in their own person, they shall come to the bailiff or to the porter of the lordship of Whichenovre, and shall say to them in the manner as ensueth;

‘ Bailiff, or porter, I do you to know, that I
‘ am come for myself, to demand one Bacon
‘ Flyke hanging in the hall of the Lord of
‘ Whichenovre, after the form thereunto be-
‘ longing.’

After which relation, the bailiff or porter shall assign 3 day to him, upon promise by his faith to return, and with him to bring twain of his neighbours. And in the mean time the said bailiff shall take with him twain of the freeholders of the lordship of Whichenovre, and they three shall go to the manor of Rudlow, belonging to Robert Knightleye, and there shall summon the aforesaid Knightleye, or his bailiff, commanding him to be ready at Whichenovre, the day appointed, at prime of day, with his carriage, that is to say, a horse and a saddle, a sack and a prike, for to convey the said bacon and corn a journey out of the county of Stafford, at his costages. And then the said bailiff shall, with the said freeholders, summon all the tenants of the said manor, to be ready at the day appointed, at Whichenovre, for to do and perform the services which they owe to the bacon.

And

And at the day assigned, all such as owe services to the bacon, shall be ready at the gate of the manor of Whichenovre, from the sun-rising to noon, attending and awaiting for the coming of him who fetcheth the bacon. And when he is come, there shall be delivered to him and his fellows, chaplets; and to all those which shall be there, to do their services due to the bacon. And they shall lead the said demandant with trumps and tabours, and other manner of minstrelsy, to the hall door, where he shall find the Lord of Whichenovre, or his steward, ready to deliver the bacon in this manner.

He shall enquire of him, which demandeth the bacon, if he have brought twain of his neighbours with him: Which must answer, 'They be here ready.' And then the steward shall cause these two neighbours to swear, if the said demandant be a wedded man, or have been a man wedded; and if since his marriage one year and a day be past; and if he be a freeman, or a villain. And if his said neighbours make oath, that he hath for him all these three points rehearsed; then shall the bacon be taken down and brought to the hall-door, and shall there be laid upon one half quarter of wheat, and upon one other of rye. And he that demandeth the bacon shall kneel upon his knee, and shall hold his right-hand upon a book, which book shall be laid upon the bacon and the corn, and shall make oath in this manner.

' Here

‘ Here ye Sir Philip de Somervile, Lord of
 ‘ Whichenovre, mayntener and gyver of this
 ‘ baconne: That I *A* sithe I wedded *B* my
 ‘ wife, and sithe I had hyr in my kepyng, and
 ‘ at my wylle, by a year and a day after our
 ‘ marriage, I would not have chaunged for
 ‘ none other, farer ne fowler; richer, ne
 ‘ pourer; ne for none other descended of
 ‘ greater lynage; slepyng ne waking, at noo
 ‘ tyme. And if the seyd *B* were sole and I
 ‘ sole, I would take her to be my wife before
 ‘ all the wymen of the worlde, of what condi-
 ‘ ciones soever they be, good or evylle: as
 ‘ help me God and his seyntes, and this flesh
 ‘ and all fleshes.’

And his neighbours shall make oath, that
 they trust verily he hath said truly. And if it
 be found by his neighbours before-named, that
 he be a freeman, there shall be delivered to
 him half a quarter of wheat and cheefe; and if
 he be a villain, he shall have half a quarter of
 rye without cheefe. And then shall Knightleye,
 the lord of Rudlow, be called for, to carry all
 these things tofore rehearsed; and the said corn
 shall be laid on one horse and the bacon above
 it; and he to whom the bacon appertaineth
 shall ascend upon his horse, and shall take the
 cheefe before him, if he have a horse. And if
 he have none, the Lord of Whichenovre shall
 cause him to have one horse and saddle, to such
 time as he be passed his lordship; and so shall
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they depart the manor of Whichenovre with the corn and the bacon, tofore him that hath won it, with trumpets, tabourets, and other manner of minstrelsie. And all the free tenants of Whichenovre shall conduct him to be passed the lordship of Whichenovre. And then shall they all return; except him, to whom appertaineth to make the carriage and journey without the county of Stafford, at the costs of his lord of Whichenovre.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VIII. No. 607.

IDLENESS.

Mr SPECTATOR,

IF you ever read a letter which is sent with the more pleasure for the reality of its complaints, this may have reason to hope for a favourable acceptance; and if time be the most irretrievable loss, the regrets which follow will be thought, I hope, the most justifiable. The regaining of my liberty from a long state of indolence and inactivity, and the desire of resisting the farther encroachment of idleness, make me apply to you; and the uneasiness with which I recollect the past years, and the apprehensions with which I expect the future, soon determined me to it.

Idleness is so general a distemper, that I cannot but imagine a speculation on this subject.

VOL. III.

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' ject will be of universal use. There is hard-
 ' ly any one person without some allay of it;
 ' and thousands besides myself spend more time
 ' in an idle uncertainty which to begin first of
 ' two affairs, than would have been sufficient
 ' to have ended them both. The occasion of
 ' this seems to be the want of some necessary
 ' employment, to put the spirits in motion,
 ' and awaken them out of their lethargy: If I
 ' had less leisure, I should have more; for I
 ' should then find my time distinguished into
 ' portions, some for business, and others for
 ' the indulging of pleasures: But now one face
 ' of indolence overspreads the whole, and I
 ' have no landmark to direct myself by. Were
 ' one's time a little straitned by business, like
 ' water inclosed in its banks, it would have
 ' some determined course; but unless it be put
 ' into some channel it has no current, but be-
 ' comes a deluge without either use or mo-
 ' tion.

' When Scanderberg, Prince of Epirus was
 ' dead, the Turks, who had but too often felt
 ' the force of his arm in the battles he had won
 ' from them, imagined that by wearing a
 ' piece of his bones near their heart, they
 ' should be animated with a vigour and
 ' force like to that which inspired him when
 ' living. As I am like to be but of little use
 ' whilst I live, I am resolved to do what good
 ' I can after my decease; and have accordingly
 ' ordered

' ordered my bones to be disposed of in this
 ' manner for the good of my countrymen,
 ' who are troubled with too exorbitant a degree
 ' of fire. All fox-hunters upon wearing me
 ' would in a short time, be brought to endure
 ' their beds in a morning, and perhaps even
 ' quit them with regret at ten: Instead of hur-
 ' rying away to teize a poor animal, and run
 ' away from their own thoughts, a chair or a
 ' chariot would be thought the most desirable
 ' means of performing a remove from one
 ' place to another. I should be a cure for the
 ' unnatural desire of John Trot for dancing,
 ' and a specific to lessen the inclination Mrs
 ' Fidget has to motion, and cause her always to
 ' give her approbation to the present place she
 ' is in. In fine, no Egyptian mummy was ever
 ' half so useful in phyfic, as I should be to these
 ' feverish constitutions, to repress the violent
 ' sallies of youth, and give each action its pro-
 ' per weight and repose.

' I can stifle any violent inclination, and op-
 ' pose a torrent of anger, or the solicitations
 ' of revenge, with success. But indolence is a
 ' stream which flows slowly on, but yet under-
 ' mines the foundation of every virtue. A vice
 ' of a more lively nature were a more desirable
 ' tyrant than this rust of the mind, which gives
 ' a tincture of its nature to every action of
 ' one's life. It were as little hazard to be tost
 ' in a storm, as to lie thus perpetually becalm-

ed: And it is to no purpose to have within one the seeds of a thousand good qualities, if we want the vigour and resolution necessary for the exerting them. Death brings all persons back to an equality; and this image of it, this slumber of the mind, leaves no difference between the greatest genius and the meanest understanding: A faculty of doing things remarkably praise-worthy thus concealed, is of no more use to the owner, than a heap of gold to the man who dares not use it.

To-morrow is still the fatal time when all is to be rectified: To-morrow comes, it goes, and still I please myself with the shadow, whilst I lose the reality; unmindful that the present time alone is ours, the future is yet unborn, and the past is dead, and can only live (as parents in their children) in the actions it has produced.

The time we live ought not to be computed by the number of years, but by the use has been made of it; thus it is not the extent of ground, but the yearly rent which gives the value to the estate. Wretched and thoughtless creatures, in the only place where covetousness were a virtue we turn prodigals! Nothing lies upon our hands with such uneasiness, nor has there been so many devices for any one thing, as to make it slide away imperceptibly and to no purpose. A shilling
shall

' shall be hoarded up with care, whilst that
 ' which is above the price of an estate, is flung
 ' away with disregard and contempt. There
 ' is nothing now-a-days so much avoided as a
 ' solicitous improvement of every part of time;
 ' it is a report must be shunned as one tenders
 ' the name of a wit and a fine genius, and as
 ' one fears the dreadful character of a labori-
 ' ous plodder: But notwithstanding this, the
 ' greatest wits any age has produced thought
 ' far otherwise, for who can think either So-
 ' crates or Demosthenes lost any reputation,
 ' by their continual pains both in overcoming
 ' the defects and improving the gifts of nature.
 ' All are acquainted with the labour and assi-
 ' duity with which Tully acquired his elo-
 ' quence. Seneca in his letters to Lucilius as-
 ' sures him, there was not a day in which he
 ' did not either write something, or read and
 ' epitomise some good author; and I remem-
 ' ber Pliny in one of his letters, where he
 ' gives an account of the various methods he
 ' used to fill up every vacancy of time, after
 ' several employments which he enumerates;
 ' sometimes, says he, I hunt; but even then I
 ' carry with me a pocket book, that whilst my
 ' servants are busied in dipping of the nets and
 ' other matters, I may be employed in some-
 ' thing that may be useful to me in my studies;
 ' and that if I miss of my game, I may at the
 ' least bring home some of my own thoughts

‘ with me, and not have the mortification of
 ‘ having caught nothing all day.

‘ Thus, Sir, you see how many examples I
 ‘ recal to mind, and what arguments I use
 ‘ with myself, to regain my liberty: But as I
 ‘ am afraid it is no ordinary persuasion that will
 ‘ be of service, I shall expect your thoughts on
 ‘ this subject, with the greatest impatience, espe-
 ‘ cially since the good will not be confined to
 ‘ me alone, but will be of universal use. For
 ‘ there is no hopes of amendment where men
 ‘ are pleased with their ruin and whilst they
 ‘ think laziness is a desirable character: Whe-
 ‘ ther it be that they like the state itself, or
 ‘ that they think it gives them a new lustre
 ‘ when they do exert themselves, seemingly to
 ‘ be able to do that without labour and appli-
 ‘ cation, which others attain to but with the
 ‘ greatest diligence.

‘ I am, S I R,

‘ Your most obliged humble servant.

‘ Samuel Slack.’

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 316.

There are two sorts of persons within the
 consideration of my frontispiece; the first are
 the mighty body of lingerers, persons who do
 not indeed employ their time criminally, but
 are such pretty innocents, who, as the poet
 says,

—— waste away
 In gentle inactivity the day.

The

The others being something more vivacious, are such as do not only omit to spend their time well, but are in the constant pursuit of criminal satisfactions. Whatever the divine may think, the case of the first seems to me the most deplorable, as the habit of sloth is more invincible than that of vice. The first is preferred even when the man is fully possessed of himself, and submitted to with constant deliberation and cool thought. The other we are driven into generally through the heat of wine, or youth, which Mr Hobbs calls a natural drunkenness; and therefore consequently are more excusable for any errors committed during the deprivation or suspension of our reason, than in the possession of it. The irregular starts of vicious appetites are in time destroyed by the gratification of them; but a well-ordered life of sloth receives daily strength from its continuance. 'I went (says Solomon) by the field of the slothful, and the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone-wall thereof was broken down.' To raise the image of this person, the same author adds, 'The slothful man hideth his hand in his bosom, and it grieveth him to bring it again to his mouth.' If there were no future account expected of spending our time, the immediate inconvenience that attends a life of idleness, should

should of itself be persuasion enough to the men of sense to avoid it. I say to the men of sense, because there are of these that give into it, and for these chiefly is this paper designed. Arguments drawn from future rewards and punishments, are things too remote for the consideration of stubborn sanguine youth: They are affected by such only as propose immediate pleasure or pain; as the strongest persuasive to the children of Israel was a land flowing with milk and honey. I believe I may say there is more toil, fatigue and uneasiness in sloth than can be found in any employment a man will put himself upon. When a thoughtful man is once fixed this way, spleen is the necessary consequence. This directs him instantly to the contemplation of his health or circumstances, which must ever be found extremely bad upon these melancholy inquiries. If he has any common business upon his hands, numberless objections arise, that make the dispatch of it impossible; and he cries out with Solomon, There is a lion in the way, a lion in the streets; that is, there is some difficulty or other, which to his imagination is as invincible as a lion really would be. The man, on the contrary, that applies himself to books, or business, contracts a cheerful confidence in all his undertakings, from the daily improvements of his knowledge or fortune, and instead of giving himself up to

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Thick-ey'd musing cursed melancholy.

Shakespear.

has that constant life in his visage and conversation, which the idle splenetick man borrows sometimes from the sun-shine, exercise, or an agreeable friend. A recluse idle sobriety must be attended with more bitter remorse, than the most active debauchery can at any intervals be molested with. The rake, if he is a cautious manager, will allow himself very little time to examine his own conduct, and will bestow as few reflections upon himself, as the lingerer does upon any thing else, unless he has the misfortune to repent: I repeat the misfortune to repent, because I have put the great day of account out of the present case, and am now inquiring not whose life is most irreligious, but most inconvenient. A gentleman that has formerly been a very eminent lingerer, and something splenetick, informs me, that in one winter he drank six hampers of spaw water, several gallons of chalybeate tincture, two hogsheads of bitters at the rate of 60*l.* an hoghead, laid one hundred and fifty infallible schemes, in every one of which he was disappointed, received a thousand affronts during the north easterly winds, and in short run thro' more misery and expence, than the most meritorious bravo could boast of. Another tells me, that he fell into this way at the university, where the youth are too apt to

be

be lulled into a state of such tranquillity as prejudices them against the bustle of that worldly business, for which this part of their education should prepare them. As he could with the utmost secrecy be idle in his own chamber, he says he was for some years irrecoverably sunk, and immersed in the luxury of an easy-chair, tho' at the same time, in the general opinion, he passed for a hard student. During this lethargy he had some intervals of application to books which rather aggravated than suspended the painful thoughts of a mis-spent life. Thus his supposed relief became his punishment, and like the damn'd in Milton, upon their conveyance at certain revolutions from fire to ice,

——— *He felt by turns the bitter change*
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more
fierce.

When he had a mind to go out, he was so scrupulous as to form some excuse or other which the idle are ever provided with, and could not satisfy himself without this ridiculous appearance of justice. Sometimes by his own contrivance and insinuation, the woman that looked after his chamber would convince him of the necessity of washing his room, or any other matter of the like joyous import, to which he always submitted, after having decently opposed it, and made his exit with much seeming reluctance, and inward delight. Thus did he pass the noon of
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his life in the solitude of a monk, and the guilt of a libertine. He is since awakened by application out of slumber, has no more spleen than a Dutchman, who, as Sir W. Temple observes, is not delicate or idle enough to suffer from this enemy, but 'is always well when he is not ill, 'always pleased when he is not angry.'

There is a gentleman I have seen at a coffee-house near the place of my abode, who having a pretty good estate, and a disinclination to books or business, to secure himself from some of the above-mentioned misfortunes, employs himself with much alacrity in the following method. Being vehemently disposed to loquacity, he has a person constantly with him, to whom he gives an annual pension for no other merit but being very attentive, and never interrupting him by question and answer, whatever he may utter that may seemingly require it. To secure to himself discourse, his fundamental maxim seems to be, by no means to consider what he is going to say. He delivers therefore every thought as it first intrudes itself upon him, and then, with all the freedom you could wish, will examine it, and rally the impertinence or evince the truth of it. In short, he took the same pleasure in confuting himself, as he could have done in discomfiting an opponent; and his discourse was as that of two persons attacking each other with exceeding warmth, incoherence, and good-nature. There is another, whom I have

have seen in the park, employing himself with the same industry, tho' not with the same innocence. He is very dextrous in taking flies, and fixing one at each end of a horse hair which his perriwig supplies him with : he hangs them over a little stick, which suspension inclines them immediately to war upon each other, there being no possibility of retreat. From the frequent attention of his eyes to these combats, he perceives the several turns and advantages of the battle, which are altogether invisible to a common spectator. I the other day found him in the enjoyment of a couple of gigantic blue-bottles, which were hung out and embattled in the aforefaid warlike appointments. That I might enter into the secret shocks of this conflict, he lent me a magnifying-glass, which presented me with an engagement between two of the most rueful monsters I have ever read of even in romance.

If we cannot bring ourselves to appoint and perform such tasks as would be of considerable advantage to us, let us resolve upon some other, however trifling to be performed at appointed times. By this we may gain a victory over a wandering unsettled mind, and by this regulation of the impulse of our wills, may, in time, make them obedient to the dictates of our reason.

When I am disposed to treat of the irreligion of anidle life, it shall be under this head, *pereunt & imputantur* ; which is an inscription upon a sun-

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fun dial in one of the inns of court, and is with great propriety placed to public view in such a place, where the inhabitants being in an everlasting hurry of business or pleasure, the busy may receive an innocent admonition to keep their appointments, and the idle a dreadful one not to keep theirs.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 131.

J E A L O U S Y.

UPON looking over the letters of my female correspondents, I find several from women complaining of jealous husbands, and at the same time protesting their own innocence; and desiring my advice on this occasion. I shall therefore take this subject into my consideration; and the more willingly, because I find that the marquis of Halifax, who, in his advice to a daughter, has instructed a wife how to behave herself towards a false, an intemperate, a cholerick, a sullen, a covetous, or a silly husband, has not spoken one word of a jealous husband.

‘ Jealousy is that pain which a man feels from the apprehension that he is not equally beloved by the person whom he entirely loves.’ Now because our inward passions and inclinations can never make themselves visible, it is impossible for a jealous man to be thoroughly cured of his suspicion. His thoughts hang at best in a state of doubtfulness and uncertainty; and are never

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capable

capable of receiving any satisfaction on the advantageous side ; so that his inquiries are more successful when they discover nothing : his pleasure arises from his disappointments, and his life is spent in pursuit of a secret that destroys his happiness if he chance to find it.

An ardent love is always a strong ingredient in this passion ; for the same affection which stirs up the jealous man's desires, and gives the party beloved so beautiful a figure in his imagination, makes him believe she kindles the same passion in others, and appears as amiable to all beholders. And as jealousy thus arises from an extraordinary love, it is of so delicate a nature, that it scorns to take up with any thing less than an equal return of love. Not the warmest expressions of affection, the softest and most tender hypocrisy, are able to give any satisfaction, where we are not persuaded that the affection is real and the satisfaction mutual. For the jealous man wishes himself a kind of deity to the person he loves : he would be the only pleasure of her senses, the employment of her thoughts ; and is angry at every thing she admires, or takes delight in, besides himself.

Phædria's request to his mistress, upon his leaving her for three days, is inimitably beautiful and natural.

*Cum milite isto præsens, absens ut sis :
Dies noctisque me ames : me desideres :*

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SPECTATORS, TATTLERS, &c. 123

Me somniet: me expectes: de me cogites.

Me speres: me te oblectes: mecum tota sis:

*Meus fac sis postremo animus, quando ego
sum tuus.*

Ter. Eun. Act. 1. Sc. 2.

“ When you are in company with that soldier,
“ behave as if you were absent: but continue
“ to love me by day and night: want me;
“ dream of me; expect me; think of me;
“ wish for me; delight in me; be wholly with
“ me: in short, be my very soul, as I am
“ yours.”

The jealous man's disease is of so malignant a nature, that it converts all it takes into its own nourishment. A cool behaviour sets him on the rack, and is interpreted as an instance of aversion or indifference; a fond one raises his suspicions, and looks too much like dissimulation and artifice. If the person he loves be chearful, her thoughts must be employed on another; and if sad, she is certainly thinking on himself. In short there is no word or gesture so insignificant, but it gives him new hints, feeds his suspicions, and furnishes him with fresh matters of discovery: so that if we consider the effects of this passion, one would rather think it proceeded from an inveterate hatred than an excessive love; for certainly none can meet with more disquietude and uneasiness than a suspected wife, if we except the jealous husband.

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But the great unhappiness of this passion is, that it naturally tends to alienate the affection which it is so solicitous to engross; and that for these two reasons, because it lays too great a constraint on the words and actions of the suspected person, and at the same time shews you to have no honourable opinion of her; both of which are strong motives to aversion.

Nor is this the worst effect of jealousy; for it often draws after it a more fatal train of consequences, and makes the person you suspect guilty of the very crimes you are so much afraid of. It is very natural for such who are treated ill and upbraided falsely, to find out an intimate friend that will hear their complaints, condole their sufferings, and endeavour to soothe and assuage their secret resentments. Besides, jealousy puts a woman often in mind of an ill thing that she would not otherwise perhaps have thought of, and fills her imagination with such an unlucky idea, as in time grows familiar, excites desire, and loses all the shame and horror which might at first attend it. Nor is it a wonder if she who suffers wrongfully in a man's opinion of her, and has therefore nothing to forfeit in his esteem, resolves to give him reason for his suspicions, and to enjoy the pleasure of the crime, since she must undergo the ignominy. Such probably were the considerations that directed the wise man in his advice to husbands; 'Be not
'jealous over the wife of thy bosom, and
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‘teach her not an evil lesson against thyself.’
Ecclesiast.

And here, among the other torments which this passion produces, we may usually observe that none are greater mourners than jealous men, when the person who provoked their jealousy is taken from them. Then it is that their love breaks out furiously, and throws off all the mixtures of suspicion which choaked and smothered it before. The beautiful parts of the character rise uppermost in the jealous husband’s memory, and upbraid him with the ill usage of so divine a creature as was once in his possession; whilst all the little imperfections, that were before so uneasy to him, wear off from his remembrance, and shew themselves no more.

We may see by what has been said, that jealousy takes the deepest root in men of amorous dispositions; and of these we may find three kinds who are most over-run with it.

The first are those who are conscious to themselves of an infirmity, whether it be weakness, old age, deformity, ignorance, or the like. These men are so well acquainted with the unamiable part of themselves, that they have not the confidence to think they are really beloved; and are so distrustful of their own merits, that all fondness towards them puts them out of countenance, and looks like a jest upon their persons. They grow suspicious on their first locking in a glass, and are stung with

jealousy at the sight of a wrinkle. A handsome fellow immediately alarms them, and every thing that looks young or gay turns their thoughts upon their wives.

A second sort of men, who are most liable to this passion, are those of cunning, wary, and distrustful tempers. It is a fault very justly found in histories composed by politicians, that they leave nothing to chance or humour, but are still for deriving every action from some plot and contrivance, for drawing up a perpetual scheme of causes and events, and preserving a constant correspondence between the camp and the council-table. And thus it happens in the affairs of love with men of too refined a thought. They put a construction on a look, and find out a design in a smile; they give new senses and significations to words and actions; and are ever tormenting themselves with fancies of their own raising. They generally act in a disguise themselves, and therefore mistake all outward shows and appearances for hypocrisy in others; so that I believe no men see less of the truth and reality of things, than these great refiners upon incidents, who are so wonderfully subtle and over-wise in their conceptions.

Now what these men fancy they know of women by reflection, your lewd and vicious men believe they have learned by experience. They have seen the poor husband so misled by
tricks

tricks and artifices, and in the midst of his inquiries so lost and bewildered in a crooked intrigue, that they still suspect an under plot in every female action; and especially where they see any resemblance in the behaviour of two persons, are apt to fancy it proceeds from the same design in both. These men therefore bear hard upon the suspected party, pursue her close through all her turnings and windings, and are too well acquainted with the chace, to be flung off by any false steps or doubles: Besides, their acquaintance and conversation has lain wholly among the vicious part of womankind, and therefore it is no wonder they censure all alike, and look upon the whole sex as a species of impostors. But if, notwithstanding their private experience, they can get over these prejudices, and entertain a favourable opinion of some women; yet their own loose desires will stir up new suspicions from another side, and make them believe all men subject to the same inclinations with themselves.

Whether these or other motives are most predominant, we learn from the modern histories of America, as well as from our own experience in this part of the world, that jealousy is no northern passion, but rages most in those nations that lie nearest the influence of the sun. It is a misfortune for a woman to be born between the tropicks; for there lie the hottest regions of jealousy, which as you come northward

ward cools all along with the climate, until you scarce meet with any thing like it in the polar circle. Our own nation is very temperately situated in this respect; and if we meet with some few disordered with the violence of this passion, they are not the proper growth of our country, but are many degrees nearer the sun in their constitutions than in their climate.

After this frightful account of jealousy, and the persons who are most subject to it, it will be but fair to shew by what means the passion may be best allayed, and those who are possessed with it set at ease. Other faults indeed are not under the wife's jurisdiction, and should, if possible, escape her observation; but jealousy calls upon her particularly for its cure, and deserves all her art and application in the attempt: Besides, she has this for her encouragement, that her endeavours will be always pleasing, and that she will still find the affection of her husband rising towards her in proportion as his doubts and suspicions vanish; for, as we have seen all along, there is so great a mixture of love in jealousy as is well worth the separating. But this shall be the subject of another paper.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 170.

Having in my yesterday's paper discovered the nature of jealousy, and pointed out the persons who are most subject to it, I must here apply myself

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myself to my fair correspondents, who desire to live well with a jealous husband, and to ease his mind of its unjust suspicions.

The first rule I shall propose to be observed is, that you never seem to dislike in another what the jealous man is himself guilty of, or to admire any thing in which he himself does not excel. A jealous man is very quick in his applications, he knows how to find a double edge in an invective, and to draw a satire on himself out of a panegyrick on another. He does not trouble himself to consider the person, but to direct the character, and is secretly pleased or confounded as he finds more or less of himself in it. The commendation of any thing in another stirs up his jealousy, as it shews you have a value for others besides himself; but the commendation of that, which he himself wants, inflames him more, as it shews that in some respects you prefer others before him. Jealousy is admirably described in this view by Horace in his ode to Lydia.

Quam tu, Lydia, Telephi

Cervicem rursam, & cerea Telephi,

Londas brachia, va meum

Fervens difficili bile tamet jecur :

Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color

Certa sede manet; humor & in genas

Furtim labitur, arguens

Quam lentis penetus macer erignibus. Od. 1.

When

When Telephus his youthful charms,
 His rosy neck and winding arms,
 With endless rapture you recite,
 And in the pleasing name delight;
 My heart, inflam'd by jealous heats,
 With numberless resentments beats;
 From my pale cheek the colour flies,
 And all the man within me dies;
 By turns my hidden grief appears,
 In rising sighs and falling tears,
 That shew too well the warm desires,
 The silent, slow consuming fires,
 Which on my inmost vitals prey,
 And melt my very soul away.

The jealous man is not indeed angry if you dislike another; but if you find those faults which are to be found in his own character, you discover not only your dislike of another, but of himself. In short, he is so desirous of engrossing all your love, that he is grieved at the want of any charm, which he believes has power to raise it; and if he finds by your censures on others, that he is not so agreeable in your opinion as he might be, he naturally concludes you could love him better if he had other qualifications, and that by consequence your affection does not rise so high as he thinks it ought. If therefore his temper be grave or sullen, you must not be too much pleased with a jest, or transported with any thing that is gay and

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and diverting. If his beauty be none of the best, you must be a professed admirer of prudence, or any other quality he is master of, or at least vain enough to think he is.

In the next place, you must be sure to be free and open in your conversation with him, and to let in light upon your actions: to unravel all your designs, and discover every secret however trifling or indifferent. A jealous husband has a particular aversion to winks and whispers, and if he does not see to the bottom of every thing, will be sure to go beyond it in his fears and suspicions. He will always expect to be your chief confidant, and where he finds himself kept out of a secret, will believe there is more in it than there should be. And here it is of great concern, that you preserve the character of your sincerity uniform and of a piece: For if he once finds a false gloss put upon any single action, he quickly suspects all the rest; his working imagination immediately takes a false hint, and runs off with it into several remote consequences, until he has proved very ingenious in working out his own misery.

If both these methods fail, the best way will be to let him see you are much cast down and afflicted for the ill opinion he entertains of you, and the disquietudes he himself suffers for your sake. There are many who take a kind of barbarous pleasure in the jealousy of those who love them, that insult over an aking heart,
and

and triumph in their charms which are able to excite so much uneasiness.

Ardeat ipsa licet, tormentis gaudet amantis.
Juv. Sat. 6. v. 208.

Tho' equal pains her peace of mind destroy,
A lover's torments give her spiteful joy.

But these often carry the humour so far, until their affected coldness and indifference quite kills all the fondness of a lover, and are then sure to meet in their turn with all the contempt and scorn that is due to so insolent a behaviour. On the contrary, it is very probable a melancholy, dejected carriage, the usual effects of injured innocence, may soften the jealous husband into pity, make him sensible of the wrong he does you, and work out of his mind all those fears and suspicions that make you both unhappy. At least it will have this good effect, that he will keep his jealousy to himself, and repine in private, either because he is sensible it is a weakness, and will therefore hide it from your knowledge, or because he will be apt to fear some ill effect it may produce, in cooling your love towards him, or diverting it to another.

There is still another secret that can never fail, if you can once get it believed, and which is often practised by women of greater cunning than virtue: This is to change sides for a while with the jealous man, and to turn his own pas-

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sion upon himself; to take some occasion of growing jealous of him, and to follow the example he himself hath set you. This counterfeited jealousy will bring him a great deal of pleasure, if he thinks it real; for he knows experimentally how much love goes along with this passion, and will besides feel something like the satisfaction of a revenge, in seeing you undergo all his own tortures. But this, indeed, is an artifice so difficult, and at the same time so disingenuous, that it ought never to be put in practice, but by such as have skill enough to cover the deceit, and innocence to render it excusable.

I shall conclude this essay with the story of Herod and Mariamne, as I have collected it out of Josephus; which may serve almost as an example to whatever can be said on this subject.

Mariamne had all the charms that beauty, birth, wit and youth could give a woman, and Herod all the love that such charms are able to raise in a warm and amorous disposition. In the midst of this his fondness for Mariamne, he put her brother to death, as he did her father not many years after. The barbarity of the action was represented to Mark Antony, who immediately summoned Herod into Ægypt, to answer for the crime that was there laid to his charge. Herod attributed the summons to Antony's desire of Mariamne, whom therefore, before his departure, he gave into the custody

of his uncle Joseph, with private orders to put her to death, if any such violence was offered to himself. This Joseph was much delighted with Mariamne's conversation, and endeavoured, with all his art and rhetoric, to set out the excess of Herod's passion for her; but when he still found her cold and incredulous, he inconsiderately told her, as a certain instance of her lord's affection, the private orders he had left behind him, which plainly shewed, according to Joseph's interpretation, that he could neither live nor die without her. This barbarous instance of a wild unreasonable passion, quite put out, for a time, those little remains of affection she still had for her lord: Her thoughts were so wholly taken up with the cruelty of his orders, that she could not consider the kindness that produced them, and therefore repented him in her imagination, rather under the frightful idea of a murderer than a lover. Herod was at length acquitted and dismissed by Mark Antony, when his soul was all in flames for his Mariamne; but before their meeting, he was not a little alarmed at the report he had heard of his uncle's conversation and familiarity with her in his absence. This therefore was the first discourse he entertained her with, in which she found it no easy matter to quiet his suspicions. But at last he appeared so well satisfied of her innocence, that from reproaches and wranglings he fell to tears and embraces.

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Both of them wept very tenderly at their reconciliation, and Herod poured out his whole soul to her in the warmest protestations of love and constancy; when amidst all his sighs and languishings she asked him, whether the private orders he left with his uncle Joseph were an instance of such an inflamed affection. The jealous King was immediately roused at so unexpected a question, and concluded his uncle must have been too familiar with her, before he would have discovered such a secret. In short, he put his uncle to death, and very difficultly prevailed upon himself to spare Mariamne.

After this he was forced on a second journey into Ægypt, when he committed his lady to the care of Sohemus, with the same private orders he had before given his uncle, if any mischief befel himself. In the mean while Mariamne so won upon Sohemus by her presents and obliging conversation, that she drew all the secret from him, with which Herod had intrusted him; so that after his return, when he flew to her with all the transports of joy and love, she received him coldly with sighs and tears, and all the marks of indifference and aversion. This reception so stirred up his indignation, that he had certainly slain her with his own hands, had not he feared he himself should have become the greater sufferer by it. It was not long after this, when he had another violent return of love upon him;

Mariamne was therefore sent for to him, whom he endeavoured to soften and reconcile with all possible conjugal caresses and endearments; but she declined his embraces and answered all his fondness with bitter investives for the death of her father and her brother. This behaviour so incensed Herod, that he very hardly refrained from striking her; when in the heat of their quarrel there came in a witness, suborned by some of Mariamne's enemies, who accused her to the king of a design to poison him. Herod was now prepared to hear any thing in her prejudice, and immediately ordered her servant to be stretched upon the wrack; who in the extremity of his tortures confessed, that his mistress's aversion to the king arose from something Sohemus had told her; but as for any design of poisoning, he utterly disowned the least knowledge of it. This confession quickly proved fatal to Sohemus, who now lay under the same suspicions and sentence that Joseph had before him on the like occasion. Nor would Herod rest here; but accused her with great vehemence of a design upon his life, and by his authority with the judges had her publicly condemned and executed. Herod soon after her death grew melancholly and dejected, retiring from the public administration of affairs into a solitary forest, and there abandoning himself to all the black considerations, which naturally arise from a passion made up of love, remorse, pity and despair. He used

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to rave for his Mariamne, and to call upon her in his distracted fits; and in all probability would soon have followed her, had not his thoughts been seasonably called off from so sad an object by public storms, which at that time very nearly threatened him.

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SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 171.

IMMORTALITY.

THE course of my last speculation led me insensibly into a subject upon which I always meditate with great delight. I mean the immortality of the soul. I was yesterday walking alone in one of my friend's woods, and lost myself in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my mind the several arguments that establish this great point, which is the basis of morality, and the source of all the pleasing hopes and secret joys that can arise in the heart of a reasonable creature. I considered those several proofs, drawn,

First, From the nature of the soul itself, and particularly its immateriality; which, though not absolutely necessary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a demonstration.

Secondly, From its passions and sentiments, as particularly from its love of existence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality

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with that secret satisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneasiness which follows in it upon the commission of vice.

Thirdly, From the nature of the Supreme Being, whose justice, goodness, wisdom and veracity are all concerned in this point.

But among these and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it, which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? a brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass: in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection

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to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries?

A man considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

————— *Hæres*

Hæredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam.

Hor. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 175.

—— Heir crowds heir, as in a rolling flood
wave urges wave.

CREECH.

He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silk-worm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? capacities that are never to be gratified

gratified? how can we find that wisdom which shines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity?

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

Methinks this single consideration, of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherubim, which now appears as a God to a human

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human soul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is: Nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection, as much as she now falls short of it. It is true the higher nature still advances, and by what means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of Being; but he knows that, how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted sources of perfection? We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of these mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity without a possibility of touching it: And can there be a thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the standard of perfection but of happiness.

L.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 111.

S I R,

‘ I am fully persuaded that one of the best
 ‘ springs of generous and worthy actions, is the
 ‘ having

' having generous and worthy thoughts of our-
 ' selves. Whoever has a mean opinion of the
 ' dignity of his nature, will act in no higher
 ' a rank than he has allotted himself in his own
 ' estimation. If he considers his being as cir-
 ' cumscribed by the uncertain term of a few
 ' years, his designs will be contracted into the
 ' same narrow span he imagines is to bound his
 ' existence. How can he exalt his thoughts to
 ' any thing great and noble, who only believes
 ' that, after a short turn on the stage of this
 ' world, he is to sink into oblivion, and to lose
 ' his consciousness for ever?

' For this reason I am of opinion, that
 ' so useful and elevated a contemplation as
 ' that of the Soul's Immortality cannot be re-
 ' sumed too often. There is not a more im-
 ' proving exercise to the human mind, than to
 ' be frequently reviewing its own great privile-
 ' ges and endowments; nor a more effectual
 ' means to awaken in us an ambition raised
 ' above low objects and little pursuits, than to
 ' value ourselves as heirs of eternity.

' It is a very great satisfaction to consider the
 ' best and wisest of mankind in all nations and
 ' ages, asserting, as with one voice, this their
 ' birth-right, and to find it ratified by an ex-
 ' press revelation. At the same time if we
 ' turn our thoughts inward upon ourselves, we
 ' may meet with a kind of secret sense con-
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‘ curring with the proofs of our own immor-
 ‘ tality.

‘ You have, in my opinion, raised a good
 ‘ presumptive argument from the increasing ap-
 ‘ petite the mind has to knowledge, and to the
 ‘ extending its own faculties, which cannot be
 ‘ accomplished, as the more restrained perfec-
 ‘ tion of lower creatures may, in the limits of
 ‘ a short life. I think another probable con-
 ‘ jecture may be raised from our appetite to
 ‘ duration itself, and from a reflection on our
 ‘ progress through the several stages of it:’

“ We are complaining,” ‘ as you observe in a
 ‘ former speculation,’ “ of the shortness of
 “ life, and yet are perpetually hurrying over
 “ the parts of it, to arrive at certain little
 “ settlements, or imaginary points of rest,
 “ which are dispersed up and down in it.”

‘ Now let us consider what happens to us
 ‘ when we arrive at these imaginary points of
 ‘ rest: Do we stop our motion, and sit down
 ‘ satisfied in the settlement we have gained? or
 ‘ are we not removing the boundary, and
 ‘ marking out new points of rest, to which we
 ‘ press forward with the like eagerness, and
 ‘ which cease to be such as fast as we attain
 ‘ them? Our case is like that of a traveller up-
 ‘ on the Alps, who should fancy that the top of
 ‘ the next hill must end his journey, because it
 ‘ terminates his prospect; but he no sooner ar-
 ‘ rives at it, than he sees new ground and other

‘ hills

‘ hills beyond it, and continues to travel on as
‘ before.

‘ This is so plainly every man’s condition in
‘ life, that there is no one who has observed
‘ any thing, but may observe, that as fast as
‘ his time wears away, his appetite to some-
‘ thing future remains. The use therefore I
‘ would make of it is this, that since nature (as
‘ some love to express it) does nothing in vain,
‘ or, to speak properly, since the author of our
‘ being has planted no wandering passion in it,
‘ no desire which has not its object, futurity is
‘ the proper object of the passion so constantly
‘ exercised about it; and this restlessness in the
‘ present, this assigning ourselves over to far-
‘ ther stages of duration, this successive grasp-
‘ ing at somewhat still to come, appears to me
‘ (whatever it may to others) as a kind of in-
‘ stinct or natural symptom which the mind of
‘ man has of its own immortality.

‘ I take it at the same time for granted, that
‘ the immortality of the soul is sufficiently estab-
‘ lished by other arguments: And if so, this
‘ appetite, which otherwise would be very un-
‘ accountable and absurd, seems very reason-
‘ able, and adds strength to the conclusion.
‘ But I am amazed when I consider there are
‘ creatures capable of thought, who, in spite
‘ of every argument, can form to themselves a
‘ fullen satisfaction in thinking otherwise.
‘ There is something so pitifully mean in the
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‘inverted ambition of that man who can hope
 ‘for annihilation, and please himself to think
 ‘that his whole fabrick shall one day crumble
 ‘into dust, and mix with the mass of inanimate
 ‘beings, that it equally deserves our admirati-
 ‘on and pity. The mystery of such mens’ un-
 ‘belief is not hard to be penetrated; and in-
 ‘deed amounts to nothing more than a sordid
 ‘hope that they shall not be immortal, because
 ‘they dare not be so.

‘This brings me back to my first observati-
 ‘on, and gives me occasion to say farther, that
 ‘as worthy actions spring from worthy thoughts,
 ‘so worthy thoughts are likewise the conse-
 ‘quence of worthy actions: But the wretch
 ‘who has degraded himself below the charac-
 ‘ter of immortality, is very willing to resign
 ‘his pretensions to it, and to substitute in its
 ‘room a dark negative happiness in the ex-
 ‘tinction of his being.

‘The admirable Shakespear has given us a
 ‘strong image of the unsupported condition of
 ‘such a person in his last minutes in the second
 ‘part of King Henry the Sixth, where Cardi-
 ‘nal Beaufort, who had been concerned in
 ‘the murder of the good Duke Humphrey, is
 ‘represented on his death-bed. After some
 ‘short confused speeches which shew an imagi-
 ‘nation disturbed with guilt, just as he was
 ‘expiring, King Henry standing by him full of
 ‘compassion, says,

VOL. III.

N

Lord

*Lord Cardinal! if thou think'st on Heaven's
bliss,*

*Hold up thy hand, make signal of that hope!
He dies, and makes no sign! —*

' The despair which is here shewn without a
' word or action on the part of the dying per-
' son, is beyond what could be painted by the
' most forcible expressions whatever.

' I shall not pursue this thought farther, but
' only add, that as annihilation is not to be had
' with a wish, so it is the most abject thing in
' the world to wish it: What are honour,
' fame, wealth, or power, when compared
' with the generous expectation of a Being
' without end, and a happiness adequate to
' that Being?

' I shall trouble you no farther but with a
' certain gravity which these thoughts have
' given me. I reflect upon some things people
' say of you, (as they will of men who distin-
' guish themselves) which I hope are not true;
' and wish you as good a man as you are an
' author.

' I am, S I R,

' Your most obedient humble servant.

Z.

T. D.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 210.

' I cannot, my friends, forbear letting you
' know what I think of death; for methinks I

' view

' view and understand it much better, the
 ' nearer I approach to it. I am convinced that
 ' your fathers, those illustrious persons whom
 ' I so much loved and honoured, do not cease
 ' to live, though they have passed through what
 ' we call death; they are undoubtedly still
 ' living, but it is that sort of life which alone
 ' deserves truly to be called life. In effect,
 ' while we are confined to bodies, we ought
 ' to esteem ourselves no other than a sort of
 ' galley slaves at the chain, since the soul, which
 ' is somewhat divine, and descends from hea-
 ' ven as the place of its original, seems debased
 ' and dishonoured by the mixture with flesh and
 ' blood, and to be in a state of banishment from
 ' its celestial country. I cannot help thinking
 ' too, that one main reason of uniting souls to
 ' bodies was, that the great work of the uni-
 ' verse might have spectators to admire the
 ' beautiful order of nature, the regular motion
 ' of heavenly bodies, who should strive to ex-
 ' press that regularity in the uniformity of their
 ' lives. When I consider the boundless activi-
 ' ty of our minds, the remembrance we have
 ' of things past, our foresight of what is to come:
 ' When I reflect on the noble discoveries, and
 ' vast improvements, by which these minds
 ' have advanced arts and sciences; I am en-
 ' tirely persuaded, and out of all doubt, that a
 ' nature which has in itself a fund of so many
 ' excellent things cannot possibly be mortal. I
 ' observe,

' observe further, that my mind is altogether
 ' simple, without the mixture of any substance
 ' or nature different from its own; I conclude
 ' from thence that it is invisible, and conse-
 ' quently cannot perish.

' By no means think therefore, my dear
 ' friends, when I shall have quitted you, that I
 ' cease to be, or shall subsist no where. I re-
 ' member that while we live together you do
 ' not see my mind, and yet are sure that I have
 ' one actuating and moving my body; doubt
 ' not then but that this same mind will have a
 ' being when it is separated, though you
 ' cannot then perceive its actions. What
 ' nonsense would it be to pay those honours
 ' to great men after their deaths, which
 ' we constantly do, if their souls did not
 ' then subsist? For my own part, I could never
 ' imagine that our minds live only when united
 ' to bodies, and die when they leave them; or
 ' that they shall cease to think and understand
 ' when disengaged from bodies, which without
 ' them have neither sense nor reason; on the
 ' contrary, I believe the soul when separated
 ' from matter, to enjoy the greatest purity and
 ' simplicity of its nature, and to have much
 ' more wisdom and light than while it was
 ' united. We see when the body dies what
 ' becomes of all the parts which composed it;
 ' but we do not see the mind, either in the bo-
 ' dy, or when it leaves it. Nothing more re-
 ' sembles

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' seems death than sleep, and it is in that state
' that the soul chiefly shews it has something
' divine in its nature. How much more then
' must it shew it, when entirely disengaged?

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 93.

INCONSTANCY.

— **T**HAT it should come to this !
But two months dead ! Nay, not so
much, not two !

So excellent a King ! That was, to this
Hyperion to a satyr : So loving to my mother,
That he permitted not the winds of heav'n
To visit her face too roughly. Heaven and
earth !

Must I remember ? Why she would hang on
him,

As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on ! And yet within a month !
Let me not think on't—Frailty, thy name is
woman !

A little month ! Or e'r those shoes were old,
With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears, Why she, even she,
Oh Heav'n ! A brute, that wants discourse of
reason,

Would have mourn'd longer—married with
mine uncle !

My father's brother ! but no more like my
father,

Than I to Hercules. Within a month!
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,
 She marry'd—O most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
 But break my heart; for I must hold my
 tongue. HAMLET.

INGRATITUDE.

IT is common with me to run from book to book to exercise my mind with many objects, and qualify myself for my daily labours. After an hour spent in this loitering way of reading, something will remain to be food to the imagination. The writings that please me most on such occasions are stories, for the truth of which there is a good authority. The mind of man is naturally a lover of justice, and when we read a story wherein a criminal is overtaken, in whom there is no quality which is the object of pity, the soul enjoys a certain revenge for the offence done to its nature, in the wicked actions committed in the preceding part of the history. This will be better understood by the reader from the following narration itself, than from any thing which I can say to introduce it.

When Charles Duke of Burgundy, first named The Bold, reigned over spacious dominions,

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minions, now swallowed up by the power of France, he heaped many favours and honours upon Claudius Rhynfault, a German, who had served him in his wars against the insults of his neighbours. A great part of Zeland was at that time in subjection to that Dukedom. The Prince himself was a person of singular humanity and justice. Rhynfault, with no other real quality than courage, had dissimulation enough to pass upon his generous and unsuspecting master for a person of blunt honesty and fidelity, without any vice that could bias him from the execution of justice. His Highness prepossessed to his advantage, upon the decease of the Governor of his chief town of Zeland, gave Rhynfault that command. He was not long seated in that government, before he cast his eyes upon Sapphira, a woman of exquisite beauty, the wife of Paul Danvelt, a wealthy merchant of the city under his protection and government. Rhynfault was a man of a warm constitution, and violent inclination to women, and not unskilled in the soft arts which win their favour. He knew what it was to enjoy the satisfactions which are reaped from the possession of beauty, but was an utter stranger to the decencies, honours and delicacies, that attend the passion towards them in elegant minds. However, he had so much of the world, that he had a great share of the language which usually prevails upon the weaker part of that sex,

and

and he could with his tongue utter a passion with which his heart was wholly untouched. He was one of those brutal minds which can be gratified with the violation of innocence and beauty without the least pity, passion, or love to that with which they are so much delighted. Ingratitude is a vice inseparable to a lustful man; and the possession of a woman by him who has no thought but allaying a passion painful to himself, is necessarily followed by distaste and aversion. Rhynsault being resolved to accomplish his will on the wife of Danvelt, left no arts untried to get into a familiarity at her house; but she knew his character and disposition too well, not to shun all occasions that might insnare her into his conversation. The governor despairing of success by ordinary means, apprehended and imprisoned her husband, under pretence of an information that he was guilty of a correspondence with the enemies of the Duke to betray the town into their possession. This design had its desired effect; and the wife of the unfortunate Danvelt, the day before that which was appointed for his execution, presented herself in the hall of the governor's house, and as he passed through the apartment, threw herself at his feet, and holding his knees, beseeched his mercy. Rhynsault beheld her with a dissembled satisfaction, and assuming an air of thought and authority, he bid her arise, and told her she must follow him to

to his closet; and asking her whether she knew the hand of the letter he pulled out of his pocket, went from her, leaving this admonition about, 'If you will save your husband, you must give me an account of all you know without prevarication; for every body is satisfied he was too fond of you to be able to hide from you the names of the rest of the conspirators, or any other particulars whatsoever.' He went to his closet, and soon after the lady was sent for to an audience. The servant knew his distance when matters of state were to be debated; and the Governor laying aside the air with which he had appeared in public, began to be the suppliant, to rally an affliction, which it was in her power easily to remove, and relieve an innocent man from his imprisonment. She easily perceived his intention, and, bathed in tears, began to deprecate so wicked a design. Lust, like ambition, takes all the faculties of the mind and body into its service and subjection. Her becoming tears, her honest anguish, the wringing of her hands, and the many changes of her posture and figure in the vehemence of speaking, were but so many attitudes in which he beheld her beauty, and farther incentives of his desire. All humanity was lost in that one appetite, and he signified to her in so many plain terms, that he was unhappy till he had possessed her, and nothing less should be the price of her husband's life;

life; and she must before the following noon, pronounce the death or enlargement of Danvelt.

After this notification, when he saw Sapphira enough again distracted to make the subject of their discourse to common eyes appear different from what it was, he called servants to conduct her to the gate. Loaded with insupportable affliction, she immediately repairs to her husband, and having signified to his goalers, that she had a proposal to make to her husband from the Governor, she was left alone with him, revealed to him all that had passed, and represented the endless conflict she was in between love to his person, and fidelity to his bed. It is easy to imagine the sharp affliction this honest pair was in upon such an incident, in lives not used to any but ordinary occurrences. The man was bridled by shame from speaking what his fear prompted; upon so near an approach of death; but let fall words that signified to her, he should not think her polluted, though she had not yet confessed to him that the Governor had violated her person, since he knew her will had no part in the action. She parted from him with this oblique permission to save a life he had not resolution enough to resign for the safety of his honour.

The next morning the unhappy Sapphira attended the Governor, and being led into a remote apartment, submitted to his desires.

Rhynfault

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Rhynsalt commended her charms, claimed a familiarity after what had passed between them, and with an air of gaiety in the language of a gallant, bid her return, and take her husband out of prison: But, continued he, my fair one must not be offended that I have taken care he should not be an interruption to our future assignations. These last words forboded what she found when she came to the goal, her husband executed by the order of Rhynsalt.

It was remarkable that the woman, who was full of tears and lamentations during the whole course of her affliction, uttered neither sigh nor complaint, but stood fixed with grief at this consummation of her misfortunes. She betook herself to her abode, and after having in solitude paid her devotions to him who is the avenger of innocence, she repaired privately to Court. Her person, and a certain grandeur of sorrow negligent of forms, gained her passage into the presence of the Duke her Sovereign. As soon as she came into the presence, she broke forth into the following words, 'Behold, O mighty Charles, a wretch weary of life, though it has always been spent with innocence and virtue, it is not in your power to redress my injuries, but it is to avenge them. And if the protection of the distressed, and the punishment of oppressors, is a task worthy a Prince, I bring the Duke of Burgundy ample matter for doing honour to his own great name, and wiping infamy off mine.'

When

When she had spoke this, she delivered the Duke a paper reciting her story; he read it with all the emotions that indignation and pity could raise in a Prince jealous of his honour in the behaviour of his officers, and prosperity of his subjects.

Upon an appointed day, Rhynfault was sett for to Court, and in the presence of a few of the Council, confronted by Sapphira: The Prince asking, 'Do you know that Lady?' Rhynfault, as soon as he could recover his surprize, told the Duke he would marry her, if his Highness would please to think that a reparation. The Duke seemed contented with this answer, and stood by during the immediate solemnization of the ceremony. At the conclusion of it he told Rhynfault, 'Thus far you have done as constrained by my authority: I shall not be satisfied of your kind usage of her, without you sign a gift of your whole estate to her after your decease.' To the performance of this also the Duke was a witness. When these two acts were executed, the Duke turned to the Lady, and told her, it now remains for me to put you in quiet possession of what your husband has so bountifully bestowed on you; and ordered the immediate execution of Rhynfault. T.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No. 491.

JUSTICE.

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J U S T I C E.

THERE is no virtue so truly great and god-like as justice. Most of the other virtues are the virtues of created beings, or accommodated to our nature as we are men. Justice is that which is practised by God himself, and to be practised in its perfection by none but him. Omniscience and omnipotence are requisite for the full exertion of it. The one to discover every degree of uprightness or iniquity in thoughts, words and actions. The other, to measure out and impart suitable rewards and punishments.

As to be perfectly just is an attribute in the Divine Nature, to be so to the utmost of our abilities is the glory of a man. Such an one who has the public administration in his hands, acts like the representative of his Maker, in recompensing the virtuous, and punishing the offender. By the extirpating of a criminal he averts the judgments of heaven, when ready to fall upon an impious people; or, as my friend Cato expresses it much better in a sentiment conformable to his character,

*When by just vengeance impious mortals
perish,*

The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,

And lay th' uplifted thunderbolt aside.

VOL. III.

O

When

When a nation once loses its regard to justice; when they do not look upon it as something venerable, holy and inviolable; when any of them dare presume to lessen, affront or terrify those who have the distribution of it in their hands; when a judge is capable of being influenced by any thing but law, or a cause may be recommended by any thing that is foreign to its own merits, we may venture to pronounce that such a nation is hastening to its ruin.

I always rejoice when I see a tribunal filled with a man of an upright and inflexible temper, who in the execution of his country's laws can overcome all private fear, resentment, solicitation, and even pity itself. Whatever passion enters into a sentence or decision, so far will there be in it a tincture of injustice. In short, Justice discards party, friendship, kindred, and is therefore always represented as blind, that we may suppose her thoughts are wholly intent on the equity of a cause, without being diverted or prejudiced by objects foreign to it.

I shall conclude this paper with a Persian story, which is very suitable to my present subject. It will not a little please the reader, if he has the same taste of it which I myself have.

As one of the Sultans lay encamped on the plains of Avala, a certain great man of the army entered by force into a peasant's house, and finding his wife very handsome, turned the good man out

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out of his dwelling and went to bed to her. The peasant complained the next morning to the Sultan, and desired redress; but was not able to point out the criminal. The Emperor, who was very much incensed at the injury done to the poor man, told him that probably the offender might give his wife another visit, and if he did, commanded him immediately to repair to his tent and acquaint him with it. Accordingly within two or three days the officer entered again the peasant's house, and turned the owner out of doors; who thereupon applied himself to the imperial tent, as he was ordered. The Sultan went in person, with his guards, to the poor man's house, where he arrived about midnight. As the attendants carried each of them a flambeaux in their hands, the Sultan after having ordered all the lights to be put out, gave the word to enter the house, find out the criminal, and put him to death. This was immediately executed, and the corps laid out upon the floor by the Emperor's command. He then bid every one light his flambeaux, and stand about the dead body. The Sultan approaching it looked upon the face, and immediately fell upon his knees in prayer. Upon his rising up he ordered the peasant to set before him whatever food he had in his house. The peasant brought out a great deal of coarse fare, of which the Emperor

eat very heartily. The peasant seeing him in good-humour, presumed to ask of him, why he had ordered the flambeaux to be put out before he had commanded the adulterer should be slain? Why upon their being lighted again he looked upon the face of the dead body, and fell down in prayer? And why, after this he had ordered meat to be set before him, of which he now eat so heartily? The Sultan being willing to gratify the curiosity of his host, answered him in this manner, ‘ Up-
 ‘ on hearing the greatness of the offence which
 ‘ had been committed by one of the army, I
 ‘ had reason to think it might have been one of
 ‘ my own sons, for who else would have been
 ‘ so audacious and presuming? I gave orders
 ‘ therefore for the lights to be extinguished,
 ‘ that I might not be led astray by partiality or
 ‘ compassion, from doing justice on the criminal. Upon the lighting of the flambeaux a
 ‘ second time, I looked upon the face of the
 ‘ dead person, and to my unspeakable joy,
 ‘ found it was not my son. It was for this
 ‘ reason that I immediately fell upon my knees
 ‘ and gave thanks to God. As for my eating
 ‘ heartily of the food you have set before me,
 ‘ you will cease to wonder at it, when you
 ‘ know that the great anxiety of mind I have
 ‘ been in, upon this occasion, since the first
 ‘ complaints you brought me, has hindered my
 ‘ eating

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' eating any thing from that time until this
' very moment.'

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 99.

KNOWLEDGE.

THE last method which I proposed in my Saturday's paper, for filling up those empty spaces of life which are so tedious and burdensome to idle people, is the employing ourselves in the pursuit of knowledge. I remember Mr Boyle, speaking of a certain mineral, tells us, that a man may consume his whole life in the study of it, without arriving at the knowledge of all its qualities. The truth of it is, there is not a single science, or any branch of it, that might not furnish a man with business for life, though it were much longer than it is.

I shall not here engage on those beaten subjects of the usefulness of knowledge, nor of the pleasure and perfection it gives the mind, nor on the methods of attaining it, nor recommend any particular branch of it, all which have been the topicks of many other writers; but shall indulge myself in a speculation that is more uncommon, and may therefore perhaps be more entertaining.

I have before shewn how the unemployed parts of life appear long and tedious, and shall here endeavour to shew how those parts of life which are exercised in study, reading, and the

pursuits of knowledge, are long but not tedious, and by that means discover a method of lengthening our lives, and at the same time of turning all the parts of them to our advantage.

Mr Locke observes, " That we get the idea
 " of time, or duration, by reflecting on that train
 " of ideas which succeed one another in our
 " minds: That for this reason, when we sleep
 " soundly without dreaming, we have no perception of time, or the length of it, whilst
 " we sleep; and that the moment wherein we
 " leave off to think, till the moment we
 " begin to think again, seems to have no distance." To which the author adds, " And
 " so I doubt not but it would be to a waking
 " man, if it were possible for him to keep only
 " one idea in his mind, without variation, and
 " the succession of others; and we see, that one
 " who fixes his thoughts very intently on one
 " thing so as to take but little notice of the
 " succession of ideas that pass in his mind whilst
 " he is taken up with that earnest contemplation, lets slip out of his account a good part
 " of that duration, and thinks that time shorter
 " than it is."

We might carry this thought farther, and consider a man as, on one side, shortening his time by thinking on nothing, or but a few things; so, on the other, as lengthening it, by employing his thoughts on many subjects, or by entertaining a quick and constant succession of ideas. According to Monsieur Mallebranche, in his inquiry
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after truth, (which was published several years before Mr Locke's Essay on Human Understanding) tells us, that it is possible some creatures may think half an hour as long as we do a thousand years; or look upon that space of duration which we call a minute, as an hour, a week, a month, or a whole age.

This notion of monsieur Mallebranche is capable of some little explanation from what I have quoted out of Mr Locke; for if our notion of time is produced by our reflecting on the succession of ideas in our mind, and the succession may be infinitely accelerated or retarded, it will follow, that different beings may have different notions of the same part of duration, according as their ideas, which we suppose are equally distinct in each of them, follow one another in a greater or less degree of rapidity.

There is a famous passage in the Alcoran, which looks as if Mahomet had been possessed of the notion we are now speaking of. It is there said, that the angel Gabriel took Mahomet out of his bed one morning to give him a sight of all things in the seven heavens, in paradise, and in hell, which the Prophet took a distinct view of; and after having held ninety thousand conferences with God, was brought back again to his bed. All this, says the Alcoran, was transacted in so small a space of time, that Mahomet at his return found his bed still warm, and took up an earthen pitcher, (which was thrown down at the very instant that the angel

angel Gabriel carried him away) before the water was all spilt.

There is a very pretty story in the Turkish tales relates to this passage of that famous impostor, and bears some affinity to the subject we are now upon. A Sultan of Egypt, who was an Infidel, used to laugh at this circumstance in Mahomet's life, as what was altogether impossible and absurd: But conversing one day with a great Doctor in the law, who had the gift of working miracles, the Doctor told him he would quickly convince him of the truth of this passage in the history of Mahomet, if he would consent to do what he should desire of him. Upon this the Sultan was directed to place himself by an huge tub of water, which he did accordingly; and as he stood by the tub amidst a circle of his great men, the holy man bid him plunge his head into the water, and draw it up again: The King accordingly thrust his head into the water, and at the same time found himself at the foot of a mountain on a sea-shore. The King immediately began to rage against his Doctor for this piece of treachery and witchcraft; but at length, knowing it was in vain to be angry, he set himself to think on proper methods for getting a livelihood in this strange country: Accordingly he applied himself to some people whom he saw at work in a neighbouring wood; these people conducted him to a town that stood at a little distance

stance from the wood, where, after some adventures, he married a woman of great beauty and fortune. He lived with this woman so long till he had by her seven sons and seven daughters: He was afterwards reduced to great want, and forced to think of plying in the streets as a porter for his livelihood. One day as he was walking alone by the sea-side, being seized with many melancholy reflections upon his former and his present state of life, which had raised a fit of devotion in him, he threw off his clothes with a design to wash himself according to the custom of the Mahometans, before he said his prayers.

After his first plunge into the sea, he no sooner raised his head above the water but he found himself standing by the side of the tub, with the great men of his Court about him, and the holy man at his side. He immediately upbraided his teacher for having sent him on such a course of adventures, and betrayed him into so long a state of misery and servitude; but was wonderfully surprized when he heard that the state he talked of was only a dream and delusion; that he had not stirred from the place where he then stood; and that he had only dipped his head into the water, and immediately taken it out again.

The Mahometan Doctor took this occasion of instructing the Sultan, that nothing was impossible with God; and that He, with whom
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a thousand years are but as one day, can, if he pleases, make a single day, nay a single moment, appear to any of his creatures as a thousand years.

I shall leave my reader to compare these Eastern fables with the notions of those two great Philosophers whom I have quoted in this paper; and shall only, by way of application, desire him to consider how we may extend life beyond its natural dimensions, by applying ourselves diligently to the pursuits of knowledge.

The hours of a wise man are lengthened by his ideas, as those of a fool are by his passions: The time of the one is long, because he does not know what to do with it; so is that of the other, because he distinguishes every moment of it with useful or amusing thoughts; or, in other words, because the one is always withing it away, and the other always enjoying it.

How different is the view of past life, in the man who is grown old in knowledge and wisdom, from that of him who is grown old in ignorance and folly: The latter is like the owner of a barren country that fills his eye with the prospect of naked hills and plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and spacious landscape, divided into delightful gardens, green meadows, fruitful fields, and can scarce cast his eye on a single spot of his possessions that
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SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 94.

I am very much concerned when I see young gentlemen of fortune and quality so wholly set upon pleasures and diversions, that they neglect all those improvements in wisdom and knowledge which may make them easy to themselves and useful to the world. The greatest part of our British youth lose their figure and grow out of fashion by that time they are five and twenty. As soon as the natural gaiety and amiableness of the young man wears off, they have nothing left to recommend them, but *lie* by the rest of their lives among the lumber and refuse of the species. It sometimes happens indeed, that for want of applying themselves in due time to the pursuits of knowledge, they take up a book in their declining years, and grow very hopeful scholars by that time they are threescore. I must therefore earnestly press my readers, who are in the flower of their youth, to labour at those accomplishments which may set off their persons when their bloom is gone, and to *lay in* timely provisions for manhood and old age. In short, I would advise the youth of fifteen to be dressing up every day the man of fifty, or to consider how to make himself venerable at threescore.

Young men, who are naturally ambitious, would do well to observe how the greatest men
of

of antiquity made it their ambition to excel all their contemporaries in knowledge. Julius Cæsar and Alexander, the most celebrated instances of human greatness, took a particular care to distinguish themselves by their skill in the arts and sciences. We have still extant several remains of the former, which justify the character given of him by the learned men of his own age. As for the latter, it is a known saying of his, that he was more obliged to Aristotle who had instructed him, than to Philip who had given him life and empire. There is a letter of his recorded by Plutarch and Aulus Gellius, which he wrote to Aristotle upon hearing that he had published those lectures he had given him in private. This letter was written in the following words at a time when he was in the height of his Persian conquests.

ALEXANDER to ARISTOTLE, *greeting.*

‘**Y**OU have not done well to publish your books of select knowledge; for what is there now in which I can surpass others, if those things which I have been instructed in are communicated to every body? For my own part, I declare to you, I would rather excel others in knowledge than power. Farewel.’

We see by this letter, that the love of conquest was but the second ambition in Alexander’s soul. Knowledge is indeed that which,

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next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another. It finishes one half of the human soul. It makes being pleasant to us, fills the mind with entertaining views, and administers to it a perpetual series of gratifications. It gives ease to solitude, and gracefulness to retirement. It fills a public station with suitable abilities, and adds a lustre to those who are in the possession of them.

Learning, by which I mean all useful knowledge, whether speculative or practical, is in popular and mixt governments the natural source of wealth and honour. If we look into most of the reigns from the Conquest, we shall find that the favourites of each reign have been those who have raised themselves. The greatest men are generally the growth of that particular age in which they flourish. A superior capacity for business, and a more extensive knowledge, are the steps by which a new man often mounts to favour, and outshines the rest of his contemporaries. But when men are actually born to titles, it is almost impossible that they should fail of receiving an additional greatness, if they take care to accomplish themselves for it.

The story of Solomon's choice does not only instruct us in that point of history, but furnishes out a very fine moral to us, namely, that he who applies his heart to wisdom, does at the same time take the most proper method for

gaining long life, riches and reputation, which are very often not only the rewards, but the effects of wisdom.

As it is very suitable to my present subject, I shall first of all quote this passage in the words of Sacred Writ, and afterwards mention an allegory, in which this whole passage is represented by a famous French poet; not questioning but it will be very pleasing to such of my readers as have a taste of fine writing.

‘ In Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in
 ‘ a dream by night: And God said, ask what
 ‘ I shall give thee. And Solomon said, Thou
 ‘ hast shewn unto thy servant David my father
 ‘ great mercy, according as he walked before
 ‘ thee in truth and righteousness, and in up-
 ‘ rightness of heart with thee, and thou hast
 ‘ kept for him this great kindness, and thou
 ‘ hast given him a son to sit on his throne, as it
 ‘ is this day. And now, O Lord my God,
 ‘ thou hast made thy servant King instead of
 ‘ David my father: And I am but a little
 ‘ child: I know not how to go out or come in.
 ‘ Give therefore thy servant an understanding
 ‘ heart to judge thy people, that I may discern
 ‘ between good and bad: For who is able to
 ‘ judge this thy so great a people! And the
 ‘ speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon had
 ‘ asked this thing. And God said unto him,
 ‘ because thou hast asked this thing, and hast
 ‘ not

' not asked for thyself long life, neither hast
 ' asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked life
 ' of thine enemies, but hast asked for thyself
 ' understanding to discern judgment: Behold
 ' I have done according to thy words: Lo I
 ' have given thee a wife and understanding
 ' heart, so that there was none like thee before
 ' thee, neither after thee shall any arise like
 ' unto thee. And I have also given thee
 ' that which thou hast not asked, both riches
 ' and honour, so that there shall not be any
 ' among the Kings like unto thee all thy days.
 ' And if thou wilt walk in my ways, to keep
 ' my statutes, and my commandments; as thy
 ' father David did walk, then I will lengthen
 ' thy days. And Solomon awoke, and behold
 ' it was a dream——

The French poet has shadowed this story in
 an allegory, of which he seems to have taken
 the hint from the fable of the three goddesses
 appearing to Paris, or rather from the vision of
 Hercules, recorded by Xenophon, where Plea-
 sure and Virtue are represented as real persons
 making their court to the hero with all their
 several charms and allurements. Health,
 Wealth, Victory and Honour, are introduced
 successively in their proper emblems and cha-
 racters, each of them spreading her temptati-
 ons, and recommending herself to the young
 monarch's choice. Wisdom enters the last,

and so captivates him with her appearance that he gives himself up to her. Upon which she informs him, that those who appeared before her were nothing else but her equipage, and that since he had placed his heart upon Wisdom; Health, Wealth, Victory and Honour should always wait on her as her handmaids.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. III.

KNOWLEDGE of *one's-self*.

HYPOCRISY, at the fashionable end of the town, is very different from hypocrisy in the city. The modish hypocrite endeavours to appear more vicious than he really is, the other kind of hypocrite more virtuous. The former is afraid of every thing that has the shew of religion in it, and would be thought engaged in many criminal gallantries and amours, which he is not guilty of. The latter assumes a face of sanctity, and covers a multitude of vices under a seeming religious deportment.

But there is another kind of hypocrisy, which differs from both these, and which I intend to make the subject of this paper: I mean that hypocrisy, by which a man does not only deceive the world but very often imposes on himself: That hypocrisy which conceals his own heart from him, and makes him believe he is more virtuous than he really is, and either not attend
to

to his vices, or mistake even his vices for virtues. It is this fatal hypocrisy and self-deceit, which is taken notice of in those words, 'Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.'

If the open professors of impiety deserve the utmost application and endeavours of moral writers to recover them from vice and folly, how much more may those lay a claim to their care and compassion, who are walking in the paths of death, while they fancy themselves engaged in a course of virtue! I shall endeavour therefore, to lay down some rules for the discovery of those vices that lurk in the secret corners of the soul, and to shew my reader those methods by which he may arrive at a true and impartial knowledge of himself. The usual means prescribed for this purpose, are to examine ourselves by the rules which are laid down for our direction in Sacred Writ, and to compare our lives with the life of that person who acted up to the perfection of human nature, and is the standing of those who receive his doctrines. Though these two heads cannot be too much insisted upon, I shall but just mention them, since they have been handled by many great and eminent writers.

I would therefore propose the following methods to the consideration of such as would find out their secret faults, and make a true estimate of themselves.

In the first place, let them consider well what are the characters which they bear among their enemies. Our friends very often flatter us, as much as our own hearts. They either do not see our faults, or conceal them from us, or soften them by their representations, after such a manner, that we think them too trivial to be taken notice of. An adversary, on the contrary, makes a stricter search into us, discovers every flaw and imperfection in our tempers, and though his malice may set them in too strong a light, it has generally some ground for what it advances. A friend exaggerates a man's virtues, an enemy inflames his crimes. A wise man should give a just attention to both of them, so far as they may tend to the improvement of one, and the diminution of the other. Plutarch has written an essay on the benefits which a man may receive from his enemies, and, among the good fruits of enmity, mentions this in particular, that by the reproaches which it casts upon us we see the worst side of ourselves, and open our eyes to several blemishes and defects in our lives and conversations, which we should not have observed, without the help of such ill-natured monitors.

In order likewise to come at a true knowledge of ourselves, we should consider on the other hand how far we may deserve the praises and approbations which the world bestow upon us; whether the actions they celebrate proceed from

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from laudable and worthy motives; and how far we are really possessed of the virtues which gain us applause among those with whom we converse. Such a reflection is absolutely necessary, if we consider how apt we are either to value or condemn ourselves by the opinions of others, and to sacrifice the report of our own hearts to the judgment of the world.

In the next place, that we may not deceive ourselves in a point of so much importance, we should not lay too great a stress on any supposed virtues we possess that are of a doubtful nature: And such we may esteem all those in which multitudes of men dissent from us, who are as good and wise as ourselves. We should always act with great cautiousness and circumspection in points, where it is not impossible that we may be deceived. Intemperate zeal, bigotry and persecution for any party or opinion, how praise-worthy soever they may appear to weak men of our own principles, produce infinite calamities among mankind, and are highly criminal in their own nature; and yet how many persons, eminent for piety, suffer such monstrous and absurd principles of action to take root in their minds under the colour of virtues? For my own part I must own, I never yet knew any party so just and reasonable, that a man could follow it in its height and violence, and at the same time be innocent.

We should likewise be very apprehensive of those actions which proceed from natural constitution,

stitution, favourite passions, particular education, or whatever promotes our worldly interest or advantage. In these and the like cases, a man's judgment is easily perverted, and a wrong bias hung upon his mind. These are the inlets of prejudice, the unguarded avenues of the mind, by which a thousand errors and secret faults find admission, without being observed or taken notice of. A wise man will suspect those actions to which he is directed by something besides reason, and always apprehend some concealed evil in every resolution that is of a disputable nature, when it is conformable to his particular temper, his age, or way of life, or when it favours his pleasure or his profit.

There is nothing of greater importance to us than thus diligently to sift our thoughts, and examine all these dark recesses of the mind, if we would establish our souls in such a solid and substantial virtue as will turn to account in that great day, when it must stand the test of infinite wisdom and justice.

I shall conclude this essay with observing, that the two kinds of hypocrisy I have here spoken of, namely, that of deceiving the world, and that of imposing on ourselves, are touched with wonderful beauty in the hundred thirty ninth Psalm. The folly of the first kind of hypocrisy is there set forth by reflections on God's omniscience and omnipresence, which are celebrated

celebrated in as noble strains of poetry as any other I ever met with, either Sacred or profane. The other kind of hypocrisy, whereby a man deceives himself, is intimated in the two last verses, where the Psalmist addresses himself to the Great Searcher of hearts in that emphatical petition; 'Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart; prove me, and examine my thoughts. Look well if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.'

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 399.

LETTERS *on various occasions.*

SIR,

I AM one of those unhappy men that are plagued with a gospel-gossip, so common among dissenters (especially friends). Lectures in the morning, church-meetings at noon, and preparation sermons at night, take up so much of her time, it is very rare she knows what we have for dinner, unless when the preacher is to be at it. With him come a tribe, all brothers and sisters it seems; while others, really such, are deemed no relations. If at any time I have her company alone, she is a mere sermon pop-gun, repeating and discharging texts, proofs, and applications so perpetually, that however weary I may

' I may go to bed, the noise in my head will
 ' not let me sleep untill towards morning.
 ' The misery of my case and great numbers of
 ' such sufferers plead your pity and speedy re-
 ' lief, otherwise must expect, in a little time,
 ' to be lectured, preached and prayed into
 ' want, unless the happiness of being sooner
 ' talked to death prevent it.

' *I am, &c. R. G.*'

SPECTATOR, Vol. I. No. 46.

To Colonel R——s in SPAIN.

' **B**EFORE this can reach the best of hus-
 ' bands and the fondest lover, those ten-
 ' der names will be no more of concern to me.
 ' The indisposition in which you, to obey the
 ' dictates of your honour and duty, left me,
 ' has increased upon me; and I am acquainted
 ' by my physicians I cannot live a week longer.
 ' At this time my spirits fail me; and it is the
 ' ardent love I have for you that carries me
 ' beyond my strength, and enables me to tell
 ' you, the most painful thing in the prospect of
 ' death, is, that I must part with you. But
 ' let it be a comfort to you, that I have no guilt
 ' hangs upon me, no unrepented folly that re-
 ' tards me; but I pass away my last hours in
 ' reflection upon the happiness we have lived
 ' in together, and in sorrow that it is so soon to
 ' have an end. This is a frailty which I hope

' is

' is so far from criminal, that methinks
 ' there is a kind of piety in being so unwilling
 ' to be separated from a state which is the in-
 ' stitution of Heaven, and in which we have
 ' lived according to its laws. As we know no
 ' more of the next life, but that it will be an
 ' happy one to the good, and miserable to the
 ' wicked, why may we not please ourselves at
 ' least, to alleviate the difficulty of resigning
 ' this being, in imagining that we shall have a
 ' sense of what passes below, and may possibly
 ' be employed in guiding the steps of those
 ' with whom we walked with innocence when
 ' mortal? Why may not I hope to go on in my
 ' usual work, and though unknown to you, be
 ' assistant in all the conflicts of your mind:
 ' Give me leave to say to you, O best of men,
 ' that I cannot figure to myself a greater hap-
 ' piness than in such an employment: To be
 ' present at all the adventures to which human
 ' life is exposed, to administer slumber to thy
 ' eyelids in the agonies of a fever, to cover thy
 ' beloved face in the day of battle, to go with
 ' thee a guardian angel, incapable of wound or
 ' pain, where I have longed to attend thee
 ' when a weak, a fearful woman: These my
 ' dear, are the thoughts with which I warm
 ' my poor languid heart; but indeed I am not
 ' capable under my present weakness of bear-
 ' ing the strong agonies of mind I fall into,
 ' when I form to myself the grief you will be
 ' in

' in upon your first hearing of my departure.
 ' I will not dwell upon this, because your kind
 ' and generous heart will be but the more af-
 ' flicted, the more the person for whom you
 ' lament offers you consolation. My last breath
 ' will, if I am myself, expire in a prayer
 ' for you. I shall never see thy face again.
 ' Farewell for ever.' T.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 204.

To Mr SPECTATOR,

S I R,

' **Y**OUR having done considerable services
 ' in this great city, by rectifying the dis-
 ' orders of families, and several wives having
 ' preferred your advice and directions to those
 ' of their husband's, emboldens me to apply to
 ' you at this time. I am a shopkeeper, and
 ' though but a young man, I find by experience
 ' that nothing but the utmost diligence both of
 ' husband and wife (among trading people) can
 ' keep affairs in any tolerable order. My wife
 ' at the beginning of our establishment shewed
 ' herself very assisting to me in my business, as
 ' much as could lie in her way, and I have
 ' reason to believe it was with her inclination;
 ' but of late she has got acquainted with a
 ' schoolman, who values himself for his great
 ' knowledge in the Greek tongue. He enter-
 ' tains her frequently in the shop with discour-
 ' ses of the beauties and excellencies of that
 ' language;

' language ; and repeats to her several passages
 ' out of the Greek poets, wherein he tells her
 ' there is unspeakable harmony and agreeable
 ' sounds, that all other languages are wholly
 ' unacquainted with. He has so infatuated
 ' her with his jargon, that instead of using her
 ' former diligence in the shop, she now neglects
 ' the affairs of the house, and is wholly taken
 ' up with her tutor in learning by heart scraps
 ' of Greek which she vents upon all occasions.
 ' She told me some days ago, that whereas I use
 ' some Latin inscriptions in my shop, she advis-
 ' ed me, with a great deal of concern, to have
 ' them changed into Greek; it being a lan-
 ' guage less understood, would be more con-
 ' formable to the mystery of my profession; that
 ' our good friend would be assisting to us in
 ' this work; and that a certain faculty of
 ' gentlemen would find themselves so much
 ' obliged to me, that they would infallibly
 ' make my fortune: In short her frequent im-
 ' portunities upon this and other impertinen-
 ' cies of the like nature make me very uneasy;
 ' and if your remonstrances have no more ef-
 ' fect upon her than mine, I am afraid I shall be
 ' obliged to ruin myself to procure her a settle-
 ' ment at Oxford with her tutor, for she is al-
 ' ready too mad for Bedlam. Now, Sir, you
 ' see the danger my family is exposed to, and
 ' the likelihood of my wife's becoming both
 ' troublesome and useless, unless her reading
 VOL. III. Q ' herself

' herself in your paper may make her reflect.
 ' She is so very learned that I cannot pretend
 ' by word of mouth to argue with her. She
 ' laughed out at your ending a paper in Greek,
 ' and said it was a hint to women of literature,
 ' and very civil not to translate it to expose
 ' them to the vulgar. You see how it is
 ' with,

' S I R, Your humble servant.'

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 278.

When I consider the false impressions which
 are received by the generality of the world, I
 am troubled at none more than a certain levity
 of thought, which many young women of qua-
 lity have entertained, to the hazard of their
 characters, and the certain misfortune of their
 lives. The first of the following letters may
 best represent the faults I would now point at,
 and the answer to it the temper of mind in a
 contrary character.

My dear HARRIOT,

' IF thou art she, but oh! how fallen, how
 ' changed, what an apostate! how lost to
 ' all that it is gay and agreeable! To be married
 ' I find is to be buried alive; I cannot conceive
 ' it more dismal to be shut up in a vault to
 ' converse with the shades of my ancestors,
 ' than to be carried down to an old manor
 ' house in the country, and confined to the con-
 ' versation

' conversation of a sober husband and an awkward
 ' chamber-maid. For variety I suppose you
 ' may entertain yourself with Madam in her
 ' grogram gown, the spouse of your parish Vi-
 ' car, who has by this time I am sure well fur-
 ' nished you with receipts for making salves and
 ' possetts, distilling cordial waters, making sy-
 ' rups, and applying poultices.

' Blest solitude! I wish thee joy, my dear,
 ' of thy loved retirement, which indeed you
 ' would persuade me is very agreeable, and
 ' different enough from what I have here de-
 ' scribed: But, child, I am afraid thy brains
 ' are a little disordered with romances and no-
 ' vels: After six months marriage to hear thee
 ' talk of love, and paint the country scenes so
 ' softly, is a little extravagant; one would
 ' think you lived the lives of Sylvan deities,
 ' or roved among the walks of paradise, like
 ' the first happy pair. But pray thee leave
 ' these whimsies, and come to town in order
 ' to live and talk like other mortals. How-
 ' ever, as I am extremely interested in your
 ' reputation, I would willingly give you a little
 ' good advice at your first appearance under
 ' the character of a married woman: It is a
 ' little insolence in me, perhaps, to advise a
 ' matron; but I am so afraid you will make so
 ' silly a figure as a fond wife, that I cannot
 ' help warning you not to appear in any public
 ' places with your husband, and never to santer

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' about

' about St. James's Park together: If you
 ' presume to enter the ring at Hyde Park to-
 ' gether you are ruined for ever; nor must
 ' you take the least notice of one another at
 ' the Play-house or Opera, unless you would
 ' be laughed at for a very loving couple most
 ' happily paired in the yoke of wedlock. I
 ' would recommend the example of an ac-
 ' quaintance of ours to your imitation; she is
 ' the most negligent and fashionable wife in the
 ' world; she is hardly ever seen in the same
 ' place with her husband, and if they happen
 ' to meet, you would think them perfect stran-
 ' gers: She never was heard to name him in
 ' his absence, and takes care he shall never be
 ' the subject of any discourse that she has a
 ' share in. I hope you will propose this Lady
 ' as a pattern, though I am very much afraid
 ' you will be so silly to think Portia, &c. Sabine
 ' and Roman wives, much brighter examples.
 ' I wish it may never come into your head to
 ' imitate those antiquated creatures so far, as
 ' to come into public in the habit as well as air
 ' of a Roman matron. You make already the
 ' entertainment at Mrs Modish's tea table; she
 ' says she always thought you a discreet person,
 ' and qualified to manage a family with admirable
 ' prudence; she dies to see what demure and
 ' serious airs wedlock has given you, but she
 ' says she shall never forgive your choice of so
 ' gallant a man as Bellamour to transform him
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‘ to a mere sober husband; it was unpardonable: You see, my dear, we all envy your happiness, and no person more than

‘ *Your humble servant.*

LYDIA.

‘ **B**E not in pain, good Madam, for my appearance in town; I shall frequent no public places, or make any visits where the character of a modest wife is ridiculous. As for your wild raillery on matrimony, it is all hypocrisy; you, and all the handsome young women of your acquaintance, shew yourselves to no other purpose than to gain a conquest over some man of worth, in order to bestow your charms and fortune on him. There’s no indecency in the confession, the design is modest and honourable, and all your affectation cannot disguise it.

‘ I am married, and have no other concern but to please the man I love; he is the end of every care I have; if I dress it is for him; if I read a poem or a play, it is to qualify myself for a conversation agreeable to his taste: He is almost the end of my devotions; half my prayers are for his happiness —I love to talk of him, and never hear him named but with pleasure and emotion. I am your friend, and wish you happiness, but am sorry to see by the air of your letter that there are a set of women who are got into the

' common-place gallery of every thing that is
 ' sober, decent, and proper: Matrimony and
 ' the clergy are the topicks of people of little wit
 ' and no understanding. I own to you, I have
 ' learned of the Vicar's wife all you tax me
 ' with: She is a discreet, ingenious, pleasant,
 ' pious woman; I wish she had the handling of
 ' you and Mrs Modish; you would find, if you
 ' were too free with her, she would soon make
 ' you as charming as ever you were, she would
 ' make you blush as much as if you never
 ' had been fine ladies. The Vicar, Madam, is
 ' so kind as to visit my husband, and his agree-
 ' able conversation has brought him to enjoy
 ' many sober happy hours when even I am
 ' shut out, and my dear master is entertained
 ' only with his own thoughts. These things,
 ' dear Madam, will be lasting satisfactions,
 ' when the fine ladies, and the coxcombs by
 ' whom they form themselves, are irreparably
 ' ridiculous, ridiculous in old age. I am,

' *Madam, your most humble servant.*

' MARY HOME.'

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 254.

Mr SPECTATOR,

' I AM the happy father of a very towardly
 ' son, in whom I do not only see my life,
 ' but also my manner of life, renewed. It
 ' would be extremely beneficial to society, if
 ' you would frequently resume subjects which
 ' serve

' serve to bind these sort of relations faster,
 ' and endear the ties of blood with those of
 ' good-will, protection, observance, indul-
 ' gence and veneration. I would, methinks,
 ' have this done after an uncommon method,
 ' and do not think any one, who is not capable of
 ' writing a good play, fit to undertake a work
 ' wherein there will necessarily occur so many
 ' secret instincts, and biasses of human nature
 ' which would pass unobserved by common
 ' eyes. I thank Heaven I have no outrageous
 ' offence against my own excellent parents to
 ' answer for; but when I am now and then
 ' alone, and look back upon my past life, from
 ' my earliest infancy to this time, there are
 ' many faults which I committed that did not
 ' appear to me, even till I myself became a
 ' father. I had not till then a notion of the
 ' earnings of heart, which a man has when he
 ' sees his child do a laudable thing, or the sud-
 ' den damp which seizes him when he fears he
 ' will act something unworthy. It is not to be
 ' imagined, what a remorse touched me for a
 ' long train of childish negligences of my mo-
 ' ther, when I saw my wife the other day look
 ' out of the window, and turn as pale as ashes
 ' upon seeing my younger boy sliding upon the
 ' ice. These slight intimations will give you
 ' to understand, that there are numberless
 ' little crimes which children take no notice of
 ' while they are doing, which upon reflection,
 ' when

' when they shall themselves become fathers,
 ' they will look upon with the utmost sorrow
 ' and contrition. that they did not regard, be-
 ' fore those whom they offended were to be no
 ' more seen. How many thousand things do I
 ' remember, which would have highly pleased
 ' my father, and I omitted for no other reason,
 ' but that I thought what he proposed the
 ' effect of humour and old age, which I am
 ' now convinced had reason and good sense in
 ' it. I cannot now go into the parlour to him,
 ' and make his heart glad with an account of
 ' a matter which was of no consequence, but
 ' that I told it, and acted in it. The good
 ' man and woman are long since in their
 ' graves, who used to sit and plot the welfare
 ' of us their children, while, perhaps, we
 ' were sometimes laughing at the old folks at
 ' another end of the house. The truth of it is,
 ' were we merely to follow nature in these
 ' great duties of life, though we have a strong
 ' instinct towards the performing of them,
 ' we should be on both sides very deficient.
 ' Age is so unwelcome to the generality of man-
 ' kind, and growth towards manhood so desir-
 ' able to all, that resignation to decay is too
 ' difficult a task in the father; and deference,
 ' amidst the impulse of gay desires, appear un-
 ' reasonable to the son. There are so few
 ' who can grow old with a good grace, and
 ' yet fewer who can come slow enough into
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' the world, that a father, were he to be
 ' actuated by his desires, and a son, were
 ' he to consult himself only, could neither of
 ' them behave himself as he ought to the
 ' other. But when reason interposes against
 ' instinct, where it would carry either out of
 ' the interests of the other, there arises that
 ' happiest intercourse of good offices between
 ' those dearest relations of human life. The
 ' father, according to the opportunities which
 ' are offered to him, is throwing down blessings
 ' on the son, and the son endeavouring to
 ' appear the worthy offspring of such a father.
 ' It is after this manner that Camillus and his
 ' first-born dwell together. Camillus enjoys
 ' pleasing and indolent old age, in which passion
 ' is subdued, and reason exalted. He
 ' waits the day of his dissolution with a resignation
 ' mixed with delight, and the son fears
 ' the accession of his father's fortune with diffidence,
 ' lest he should not enjoy or become it
 ' as well as his predecessor. Add to this, that
 ' the father knows he leaves a friend to the
 ' children of his friends, an easy landlord to his
 ' tenants, and an agreeable companion to his
 ' acquaintance. He believes his son's behaviour
 ' will make him frequently remembered,
 ' but never wanted. This commerce is so well
 ' cemented, that without the pomp of saying,
 ' Son, be a friend to such a one when I am
 ' gone;"

“ gone ;” ‘ Camillus knows, being in his fa-
 ‘ your, is direction enough to the grateful
 ‘ youth who is to succeed him, without the
 ‘ admonition of his mentioning it. These
 ‘ gentlemen are honoured in all their neigh-
 ‘ bourhood, and the same effect which the
 ‘ court has on the manners of a kingdom, their
 ‘ characters have on all who live within the
 ‘ influence of them.

‘ My son and I are not of fortune to com-
 ‘ municate our good actions or intentions to so
 ‘ many as these gentlemen do ; but I will be
 ‘ bold to say, my son has, by the applause and
 ‘ approbation which his behaviour towards me
 ‘ has gained him, occasioned that many an old
 ‘ man, besides myself, has rejoiced. Other
 ‘ mens children follow the example of mine,
 ‘ and I have the inexpressible happiness of over-
 ‘ hearing our neighbours, as we ride by, point
 ‘ to their children, and say, with a voice of
 ‘ joy, there they go.

‘ You cannot, Mr SPECTATOR, pass your
 ‘ time better than in insinuating the delights
 ‘ which these relations well regarded bestow
 ‘ upon each other. Ordinary passages are no
 ‘ longer such, but mutual love gives an impor-
 ‘ tance to the most indifferent things, and a
 ‘ merit to actions the most insignificant. When
 ‘ we look round the world, and observe the
 ‘ many misunderstandings which are created
 ‘ by the malice and insinuation of the meanest
 ‘ servants

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‘ servants between people thus related, how
 ‘ necessary will it appear that it were inculcat-
 ‘ ed that men would be upon their guard to
 ‘ support a constancy of affection, and that
 ‘ grounded upon the principles of reason, not
 ‘ the impulses of instinct.

‘ It is from the common prejudices which
 ‘ men receive from their parents, that hatreds
 ‘ are kept alive from one generation to ano-
 ‘ ther; and when men act by instinct, hatreds
 ‘ will descend when good offices are forgotten.
 ‘ For the degeneracy of human life is such that
 ‘ our anger is more easily transferred to our
 ‘ children than our love. Love always gives
 ‘ something to the object it delights in, and
 ‘ anger spoils the person against whom it is
 ‘ moved of something laudable in him: From
 ‘ this degeneracy therefore, and a sort of self-
 ‘ love, we are more prone to take up the ill-
 ‘ will of our parents, than to follow them in
 ‘ their friendships.

‘ One would think there should need no
 ‘ more to make men keep up this sort of rela-
 ‘ tion with the utmost sanctity, than to exa-
 ‘ mine their own hearts. If every father re-
 ‘ membered his own thoughts and inclinations
 ‘ when he was a son, and every son remem-
 ‘ bered what he expected from his father,
 ‘ when he himself was in a state of dependence,
 ‘ this one reflection would preserve men from
 ‘ being dissolute or rigid in these several capa-
 ‘ cities

‘ cities. The power and subjection between
 ‘ them, when broken, make them more em-
 ‘ phatically tyrants and rebels against each
 ‘ other, with greater cruelty of heart, than
 ‘ the disruption of states and empires can pos-
 ‘ sibly produce. I shall end this application to
 ‘ you with two letters which passed between a
 ‘ mother and her son very lately, and are as
 ‘ follows.’

Dear FRANK,

‘ IF the pleasures, which I have the grief to
 ‘ hear you pursue in town, do not take up
 ‘ all your time, do not deny your mother so
 ‘ much of it, as to read seriously this letter.
 ‘ You said before Mr Letacre, that an old wo-
 ‘ man might live very well in the country upon
 ‘ half my jointure, and that your father was
 ‘ a fond fool to give me a rent-charge of eight
 ‘ hundred a-year to the prejudice of his son.
 ‘ What Letacre said to you upon that occasion,
 ‘ you ought to have borne with more decency,
 ‘ as he was your father’s well-beloved servant,
 ‘ than to have called him *Country put*. In the
 ‘ first place, Frank, I must tell you, I will have
 ‘ my rent duly paid, for I will make up to
 ‘ your sisters for the partiality I was guilty of,
 ‘ in making your father do so much as he has
 ‘ done for you. I may it seems live upon half
 ‘ my jointure! I lived upon much less, Frank,
 ‘ when I carried you from place to place in
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VOL.

‘ these arms, and could neither eat, dress, or
 ‘ mind any thing for feeding and tending you a
 ‘ weakly child, and shedding tears when the
 ‘ convulsions you were then troubled with re-
 ‘ turned upon you. By my care you outgrew
 ‘ them, to throw away the vigour of your
 ‘ youth in the arms of harlots, and deny your
 ‘ mother what is not yours to detain. Both
 ‘ your sisters are crying to see the passion which
 ‘ I smother; but if you please to go on thus
 ‘ like a gentleman of the town, and forget all
 ‘ regards to yourself and family, I shall imme-
 ‘ diately enter upon your estate for the arrear
 ‘ due to me, and without one tear more con-
 ‘ temn you for forgetting the fondness of your
 ‘ mother, as much as you have the example
 ‘ of your father, O Frank, do I live to omit
 ‘ writing myself,

‘ *Your affectionate mother,*

A. T.

MADAM,

‘ I WILL come down to-morrow and pay
 ‘ the money on my knees. Pray write so
 ‘ no more. I will take care you never shall,
 ‘ for I will be for ever hereafter

‘ *Your most dutiful son,*

F. T.

‘ I will bring down new heads for my
 ‘ sisters. Pray let all be forgotten. T.

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 263.

VOL. III.

R

Mr SPEC-

Mr SPECTATOR,

YOUR correspondent's letter relating to fortune-hunters, and your subsequent discourse upon it, have given me encouragement to send you a state of my case, by which you will see, that the matter complained of is a common grievance both to city and country.

I am a country gentleman of between five and six thousand a year. It is my misfortune to have a very fine park and an only daughter; upon which account I have been so plagued with deer-stealers and fops, that for these four years past I have scarce enjoyed a moment's rest. I look upon myself to be in a state of war, and am forced to keep as constant watch in my seat, as a governor would do that commanded a town on the frontier of an enemy's country. I have indeed pretty well secured my park, having for this purpose provided myself of four keepers, who are left-handed, and handle a quarter-staff beyond any other fellows in the country. And for the guard of my house, besides a band of pensioner-matrons and an old maiden-relation, whom I keep on constant duty, I have blunderbusses always charged, and fox-gins planted in private places about my garden, of which I have given frequent notice in the neighbourhood; yet so it is, that in spite of all my care, I shall every now and then

' then have a saucy rascal ride by *reconnoitring*
 ' (as I think you call it) under my windows,
 ' as sprucely dress'd as if he were going to a ball.
 ' I am aware of this way of attacking a
 ' mistress on horse-back, having heard that it
 ' is a common practice in Spain; and have
 ' therefore taken care to remove my daughter
 ' from the road-side of the house, and to lodge
 ' her next the garden. But to cut short my
 ' story; what can a man do after all? I durst
 ' not stand for member of parliament last elec-
 ' tion, for fear of some ill consequence from
 ' my being off my post. What I would there-
 ' fore desire of you, is to promote a project I
 ' have set on foot, and upon which I have writ
 ' to some of my friends; and that is, that care
 ' may be taken to secure our daughters by law,
 ' as well as our deer; and that some honest
 ' gentleman of a public spirit, would move for
 ' leave to bring in a bill *for the better preserv-*
 ' *ing of female game.*

' I am,

' S I R,

Your humble servant.

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 326.

The following letters, written by two very
 considerate correspondents, both under twenty
 years of age, are very good arguments of the
 necessity of taking into consideration the many
 incidents which affect the education of youth.

R 2

S I R,

S I R,

I HAVE long expected, that in the course
 of your observations upon the several parts
 of human life, you would one time or other
 fall upon a subject, which, since you have
 not, I take the liberty to recommend to you.
 What I mean, is the patronage of young
 modest men to such as are able to counte-
 nance and introduce them into the world.
 For want of such assistances, a youth of merit
 languishes in obscurity or poverty, when his
 circumstances are low, and runs into riot and
 excess when his fortunes are plentiful. I
 cannot make myself better understood, than
 by sending you an history of myself, which I
 shall desire you to insert in your paper, it be-
 ing the only way I have of expressing my gra-
 titude for the highest obligations imaginable.
 I am the son of a merchant of the city of
 London, who by many losses, was reduced
 from a very luxuriant trade and credit to
 very narrow circumstances, in comparison to
 that of his former abundance. This took
 away the vigour of his mind, and all manner
 of attention to a fortune which he now
 thought desperate; insomuch that he died
 without a will, having before buried my mo-
 ther in the midst of his other misfortunes. I
 was sixteen years of age when I lost my fa-
 ther; and an estate of 200l. a year came into
 my possession, without friend or guardian to
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' instruct me in the management or enjoyment
 ' of it. The natural consequence of this was,
 ' (though I wanted no director, and soon had
 ' fellows who found me out for a smart young
 ' gentleman, and led me into all the debauch-
 ' eries of which I was capable) that my compa-
 ' nions and I could not well be supplied with-
 ' out running in debt, which I did very frank-
 ' ly, until I was arrested, and conveyed, with
 ' a guard strong enough for the most desperate
 ' assassin, to a bailiff's house, where I lay for
 ' days surrounded with very merry but not very
 ' agreeable company. As soon as I had extri-
 ' cated myself from that shameful confinement,
 ' I reflected upon it with so much horror, that
 ' I deserted all my old acquaintance, and took
 ' chambers in an inn of court, with a resolu-
 ' tion to study the law with all possible applica-
 ' tion. But I trifled away a whole year in
 ' looking over a thousand intricacies, without
 ' friend to apply to in case of doubt; so that I
 ' only lived there among men, as little chil-
 ' dren are sent to school before they are ca-
 ' pable of improvement, only to be out of
 ' harm's way. In the midst of this state of
 ' suspense, not knowing how to dispose of my-
 ' self, I was sought for by a relation of mine,
 ' who, upon observing a good inclination in
 ' me, used me with great familiarity, and car-
 ' ried me to his seat in the country. When
 ' I came there, he introduced me to all the
 R 3 ' good

' good company in the county; and the great
 ' obligation I have to him for this kind notice,
 ' and residence with him ever since, has made
 ' so strong an impression upon me, that he has
 ' an authority of a father over me, founded
 ' upon the love of a brother. I have a good
 ' study of books, a good stable of horses always
 ' at my command; and though I am not now
 ' quite eighteen years of age, familiar converse
 ' on his part, and a strong inclination to exert
 ' myself on mine, have had an effect upon me
 ' that makes me acceptable wherever I go.
 ' Thus, Mr SPECTATOR, by this gentleman's
 ' favour and patronage, it is my own fault if I
 ' am not wiser and richer every day I live. I
 ' speak this as well by subscribing the initial
 ' letters of my name to thank him, as to incite
 ' others to an imitation of his virtue. It would
 ' be a worthy work to shew what great charities
 ' are to be done without expence, and how
 ' many noble actions are lost, out of inadyer-
 ' tency in persons capable of performing them,
 ' if they were put in mind of it. If a gentle-
 ' man of figure in the country would make his
 ' family a pattern of sobriety, good sense, and
 ' breeding, and would kindly endeavour to in-
 ' fluence the education, and growing prospects
 ' of the younger gentry about him, I am apt
 ' to believe it would save him a great deal of
 ' stale beer on a public occasion, and render
 ' out his of him been bound ed, and him
 ' boog

him the leader of his country from their gratitude to him, instead of being a slave to their riots and tumults in order to be made their representative. The same thing might be recommended to all who have made any progress in any parts of knowledge, or arrived at any degree in a profession; others may gain preferments and fortunes from their patrons, but I have, I hope, received from mine good habits and virtues. I repeat to you, Sir, my request to print this, in return for all the evil an helpless orphan shall ever escape, and all the good he shall receive in this life; both which are wholly owing to this gentleman's favour to,

SIR,
Your most obedient humble servant,
St. P.

Mr SPECTATOR,

I AM a lad of about fourteen. I find a mighty pleasure in learning. I have been at the Latin school four years. I do not know I ever played truant, or neglected any task my master set me in my life. I think on what I read in school as I go home at noon, and night, and so intently, that I have often gone half a mile out of my way, not minding whither I went. Our maid tells me, she often hears me talk Latin in my sleep. And I dream two or three nights in a week I am

' am reading Juvenal and Homer. My master
 ' seems as well pleased with my performances
 ' as any boy's in the same class. I think, if I
 ' know my own mind, I would choose rather
 ' to be a scholar than a Prince without learn-
 ' ing. I have a very good affectionate father;
 ' but though very rich, yet so mighty near,
 ' that he thinks much of the charges of my
 ' education. He often tells me he believes my
 ' schooling will ruin him; that I cost him God
 ' knows what in books. I tremble to tell him
 ' I want one. I am forced to keep my pocket-
 ' money and lay it out for a book, now and
 ' then, that he does not know of. He has or-
 ' dered my master to buy no more books for
 ' me, but says he will buy them himself. I
 ' asked him for Horace the other day, and he
 ' told me in a passion he did not believe I was
 ' fit for it, but only my master had a mind to
 ' make him think I had got a great way in my
 ' learning. I am sometimes a month behind
 ' other boys in getting the books my master
 ' gives orders for. All the boys in the school,
 ' but I, have the classic authors *in usum Del-*
 ' *phini*, gilt and lettered on the back. My fa-
 ' ther is often reckoning up how long I have
 ' been at school, and tells me he fears I do
 ' little good. My father's carriage so discour-
 ' ages me, that he makes me grow dull and
 ' melancholy. My master wonders what is
 ' the matter with me; I am afraid to tell him;
 ' for

' for he is a man that loves to encourage learn-
 ' ing, and would be apt to chide my father,
 ' and, not knowing my father's temper, may
 ' make him worse. Sir, if you have any love
 ' for learning, I beg you would give me some
 ' instructions in this case, and persuade parents
 ' to encourage their children when they find
 ' them diligent and desirous of learning. I
 ' have heard some parents say, they would do
 ' any thing for their children, if they would
 ' but mind their learning: I would be glad to
 ' be in their place. Dear Sir, pardon my
 ' boldness. If you will but consider and pity
 ' my case, I will pray for your prosperity as
 ' long as I live.'

' Your humble servant.

' James Discipulus.'

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 330.

Mr SPECTATOR,

' **A**S you are the daily endeavourer to pro-
 ' mote learning and good sense, I think
 ' myself obliged to suggest to your consideration
 ' whatever may promote or prejudice them.
 ' There is an evil which has prevailed from
 ' generation to generation, which grey hairs
 ' and tyrannical custom continue to support;
 ' I hope your Spectatorial authority will give
 ' a seasonable check to the spread of the infec-
 ' tion; I mean old mens overbearing the
 ' strongest sense of their juniors by the mere
 ' force

' force of seniority; so that for a young man
 ' in the bloom of life and vigour of age to give
 ' a reasonable contradiction to his elders, is
 ' esteemed an unpardonable insolence, and re-
 ' garded as a reversing the decrees of nature.
 ' I am a young man, I confess, yet I honour
 ' the grey head as much as any one; however,
 ' when, in company with old men, I hear
 ' them speak obscurely, or reason preposterous-
 ' ly (into which absurdities, prejudice, pride,
 ' or interest, will sometimes throw the wisest)
 ' I count it no crime to rectify their reasonings,
 ' unless conscience must truckle to ceremony,
 ' and truth fall a sacrifice to complaisance.
 ' The strongest arguments are enervated, and
 ' the brightest evidence disappears, before
 ' those tremendous reasonings and dazzling
 ' discoveries of venerable old age: You are
 ' young giddy-headed fellows, you have not
 ' yet had experience of the world. Thus we
 ' young folks find our ambition cramped, and
 ' our laziness indulged, since, while young, we
 ' have little room to display ourselves; and,
 ' when old, the weakness of nature must pass
 ' for strength of sense, and we hope that hoary
 ' heads will raise us above the attacks of con-
 ' tradiction. Now, Sir, as you would enliven
 ' our activity in the pursuit of learning, take
 ' our case into consideration; and, with a
 ' gloss on brave Elihu's sentiments, assert the
 ' rights of youth, and prevent the pernicious
 ' in.

‘incroachments of age. The generous reason-
 ‘ings of that gallant youth would adorn your
 ‘paper; and I beg you would insert them,
 ‘not doubting but that they will give good en-
 ‘tertainment to the most intelligent of your
 ‘readers.’

‘So these three men ceased to answer Job,
 ‘because he was righteous in his own eyes.
 ‘Then was kindled the wrath of Elihu the
 ‘son of Barachel the Buzite, of the kindred of
 ‘Ram: Against Job was his wrath kindled, be-
 ‘cause he justified himself rather than God.
 ‘Also against his three friends was his wrath
 ‘kindled, because they had found no answer,
 ‘and yet had condemned Job. Now Elihu had
 ‘waited till Job had spoken, because they were
 ‘elder than he. When Elihu saw there was
 ‘no answer in the mouth of these three men,
 ‘then his wrath was kindled. And Elihu the
 ‘son of Barachel the Buzite answered and said,
 ‘I am young and ye are very old, wherefore
 ‘I was afraid, and durst not shew you my opi-
 ‘nion. I said, days should speak and multi-
 ‘tude of years should teach wisdom. But there
 ‘is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the
 ‘Almighty giveth them understanding. Great
 ‘men are not always wise: Neither do the aged
 ‘understand judgment. Therefore I said,
 ‘hearken to me, I also will shew mine opi-
 ‘nion. Behold I waited for your words; I
 ‘gave ear to your reasons, whilst you searched
 ‘out

‘ out what to say. Yea, I attended unto you :
 ‘ And behold there was none of you that con-
 ‘ vinced Job, or that answered his words; lest
 ‘ ye should say, we have found out wisdom :
 ‘ God thrusteth him down, not man. Now he
 ‘ hath not directed his words against me : Nei-
 ‘ ther will I answer him with your speeches.
 ‘ They were amazed, they answered no more :
 ‘ They left off speaking. When I had waited,
 ‘ (for they spake not, but stood still and an-
 ‘ swered no more) I said, I will answer also
 ‘ my part, I also will shew mine opinion. For
 ‘ I am full of matter, the spirit within me con-
 ‘ straineth me. Behold, my belly is as wine
 ‘ which hath no vent, it is ready to burst like
 ‘ new bottles. I will speak that I may be re-
 ‘ freshed: I will open my lips and answer. Let
 ‘ me not, I pray you, accept any man’s per-
 ‘ son, neither let me give flattering titles unto
 ‘ man. For I know not to give flattering
 ‘ titles; in so doing my Maker would soon
 ‘ take me away.’

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 336.

Queen Ann Boleyn’s last letter to King Henry.

S I R,

Cotton lib. ‘ **Y**OUR Grace’s displeasure, and
Otho c. 10. ‘ my imprisonment, are things
 ‘ so strange unto me, as what to write, or what
 ‘ to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Where-
 ‘ as you send unto me (willing me to confess a
 ‘ truth

truth, and so obtain your favour) by such an one, whom you know to be mine, ancient professed enemy, I no sooner received this message by him, than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth indeed may procure my safety, I shall with all willingness and duty perform your command.

But let not your Grace ever imagine, that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not so much as a thought thereof preceded. And to speak a truth, never Prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Ann Boleyn; with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your Grace's pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation or received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as I now find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your Grace's fancy, the least alteration I knew was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other object. You have chosen me, from a low estate, to be your Queen and companion, far beyond my desert or desire. If then you found me worthy of such honour, good your Grace let not any light fancy, or bad counsel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favour from

' me; neither let that stain, that unworthy
 ' stain, of a disloyal heart towards your good
 ' Grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most
 ' dutiful wife, and the infant Princess your
 ' daughter. Try me, good King, but let me
 ' have a lawful trial, and let not my sworn
 ' enemies sit as my accusers and judges: Yea,
 ' let me receive an open trial, for my truth
 ' shall fear no open shame; then shall you see
 ' either mine innocence cleared, your suspicion
 ' and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and
 ' slander of the world stopped, or my guilt
 ' openly declared. So that, whatsoever God
 ' or you may determine of me, your Grace may
 ' be freed from an open censure, and, mine of-
 ' fence being so lawfully proved, your Grace is
 ' at liberty, both before God and man, not
 ' only to execute worthy punishment on me as
 ' an unlawful wife, but to follow your affec-
 ' tion already settled on that party, for whose
 ' sake I am now as I am, whose name I could
 ' some good while since have pointed unto, your
 ' Grace not being ignorant of my suspicion
 ' therein.

' But if you have already determined of me,
 ' and that not only my death, but an infamous
 ' slander must bring you the enjoying of your
 ' desired happiness; then I desire of God, that
 ' he will pardon your great sin therein, and
 ' likewise mine enemies, the instruments there-
 ' of, and that he will not call you to strict ac-
 ' count

count for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at his general judgment-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment I doubt not (whatsoever the world may think of me) mine innocence shall be openly known, and sufficiently cleared.

My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burden of your Grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, who (as I understand) are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favour in your sight, if ever the name of Ann Boleyn hath been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request, and I will so leave to trouble your Grace any farther, with mine earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your Grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower, this sixth of May.

Your most loyal

and ever faithful wife,

ANN BOLEYN.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 397.

SIR,

UPON reading your Essay concerning the Pleasures of the Imagination, I find among the three sources of those pleasures which you have discovered, that greatness is one. This has

suggested to me the reason why, of all objects that I have ever seen, there is none which affects my imagination so much as the sea or ocean. I cannot see the heavings of this prodigious bulk of water, even in a calm, without a very pleasing astonishment; but when it is worked up in a tempest so that the horizon on every side is nothing but foaming billows and floating mountains, it is impossible to describe the agreeable horror that rises from such a prospect. A troubled ocean, to a man who sails upon it, is, I think, the biggest object that he can see in motion, and, consequently, gives his imagination one of the highest kinds of pleasure that can arise from greatness. I must confess, it is impossible for me to survey this world of fluid matter, without thinking on the hand that first poured it out, and made a proper channel for its reception. Such an object naturally raises in my thoughts the idea of an Almighty Being, and convinces me of his existence as much as a metaphysical demonstration. The imagination prompts the understanding, and, by the greatness of the sensible object, produces in it the idea of a being who is neither circumscribed by time nor space.

As I have made several voyages upon the sea, I have often been tossed in storms, and on that occasion have frequently reflected on the descriptions of them in ancient poets. I remember Longinus highly recommends one in Homer, because

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because the poet has not amused himself with little fancies upon the occasion, as Authors of an inferior genius, whom he mentions, had done, but because he has gathered together those circumstances which are the most apt to terrify the imagination, and which really happen in the raging of a tempest. It is for the same reason, that I prefer the following description of a ship in a storm which the Psalmist has made, before any other I have ever met with. ‘ They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters: These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waters thereof: They mount up to the Heaven, they go down again to the depths, their Soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then they are glad, because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.’

By the way, how much more comfortable as well as rational, is this System of the Psalmist, than the Pagan Scheme in Virgil, and other poets, where one deity is represented as raising a storm, and another as laying it? Were we only to consider the sublime in this piece of poetry,

what can be nobler than the idea it gives us of the Supreme Being thus raising a tumult among the elements, and recovering them out of their confusion, thus troubling and becalming nature?

Great painters do not only give us landkips of gardens, groves, and meadows, but very often employ their pencils upon sea-pieces: I could wish you would follow their example. If this small sketch may deserve a place among your works, I shall accompany it with a divine Ode, made by a gentleman upon the conclusion of his travels.

I.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord?
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, omnipotence.

II.

In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Thro' burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

III.

Thy mercy sweeten'd ev'ry soil,
Made ev'ry region please:
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

IV.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep
In all its horrors rise!

V. Con-

V.

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,
And fear in ev'ry heart;
When waves on wakes, and gulphs on gulphs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

VI.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free,
Whilst in the confidence of pray'r
My soul took hold on thee.

VII.

For tho' in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

VIII.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

XI.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore,
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

X.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

SPECTATOR, Vo'. VII. No. 489.

SIR,

S I R,

' **Y**OU who are so well acquainted with the
 ' story of Socrates, must have read how,
 ' upon his making a discourse concerning love,
 ' he pressed his point with so much success,
 ' that all the batchelors in his audience took
 ' a resolution to marry by the first opportunity,
 ' and that all the married men immediately
 ' took horse and galloped home to their wives.
 ' I am apt to think your discourses, in which
 ' you have drawn so many agreeable pictures
 ' of marriage, have had a very good effect this
 ' way in England. We are obliged to you,
 ' at least for having taken off that senseless ri-
 ' dicule, which for many years the wittlings of
 ' the town have turned upon their fathers and
 ' mothers. For my own part, I was born in
 ' wedlock, and I do not care who knows it:
 ' For which reason, among many others, I
 ' should look upon myself as a most insufferable
 ' coxcomb, did I endeavour to maintain that
 ' cuckoldom was inseparable from marriage,
 ' or to make use of Husband and Wife as terms
 ' of reproach. Nay, Sir, I will go one step
 ' further, and declare to you before the whole
 ' world, that I am a married man, and at the
 ' same time I have so much assurance as not to
 ' be ashamed of what I have done.

' Among the several pleasures that accompa-
 ' ny this state of life, and which you have de-
 ' scribed in your former papers, there are two
 ' you

' you have not taken notice of, and which are
 ' seldom cast into the account, by those who
 ' write on this subject. You must have ob-
 ' served, in your speculations on human na-
 ' ture, that nothing is more gratifying to the
 ' mind of man than power or dominion; and
 ' this I think myself amply possessed of, as I
 ' am the father of a family. I am perpetual-
 ' ly taken up in giving out orders, in prescrib-
 ' ing duties, in hearing parties, in administering
 ' justice, and in distributing rewards and pu-
 ' nishments. To speak in the language of the
 ' centurion,' "I say unto one, go, and he
 "goeth; and to another, come, and he com-
 "eth; and to my servant, do this, and he
 "doth it." "In short, Sir, I look upon my
 ' family as a patriarchal sovereignty, in which
 ' I am myself both King and Priest. All great
 ' governments are nothing else but clusters of
 ' these little private royalties, and therefore I
 ' consider the masters of families as small de-
 ' puty-governors presiding over the several
 ' little parcels and divisions of their fellow-sub-
 ' jects. As I take great pleasure in the admi-
 ' nistration of my government in particular, so
 ' I look upon myself not only as a more useful,
 ' but as a much greater and happier man than
 ' any bachelor in England, of my rank and
 ' condition.

' There is another accidental advantage in
 ' marriage, which has likewise fallen to my
 ' share

I share, I mean the having a multitude of chil-
 dren. These I cannot but regard as very
 great blessings. When I see my little troop
 before me, I rejoice in the additions which
 I have made to my species, to my country,
 and to my religion, in having produced such
 a number of reasonable creatures, citizens,
 and christians. I am pleased to see myself
 thus perpetuated; and as there is no produc-
 tion comparable to that of a human creature,
 I am more proud of having been the occasion
 of ten such glorious productions, than if I
 had built a hundred pyramids at my own ex-
 pence, or published as many volumes of the
 finest wit and learning. In what a beautiful
 light has the Holy Scriptures represented Ab-
 don, one of the judges of Israel, who had
 forty sons and thirty grandsons, that rode on
 three-score and ten ass-colts, according to the
 magnificence of the eastern countries? How
 must the heart of the old man rejoice, when
 he saw such a beautiful procession of his own
 descendants, such a numerous cavalcade of
 his own raising? For my own part, I can sit
 in my parlour with great content, when I
 take a review of half a dozen of my little
 boys mounting upon hobby-horses, and of as
 many little girls tutoring their babies, each
 of them endeavouring to excel the rest, and
 to do something that may gain my favour
 and approbation. I cannot question, but he
 who

' who has blessed me with so many children,
 ' will assist my endeavours in providing for
 ' them. There is one thing I am able to give
 ' each of them, which is a virtuous education;
 ' I think it is Sir Francis Bacon's observation;
 ' that in a numerous family of children, the
 ' eldest is often spoiled by the prospect of an
 ' estate, and the youngest by being the darling
 ' of the parent, but that some one or other in
 ' the middle, who has not perhaps been re-
 ' garded, has made his way in the world, and
 ' over-topped the rest. It is my business to
 ' implant in every one of my children the same
 ' seeds of industry, and the same honest prin-
 ' ciples. By this means, I think, I have a fair
 ' chance, that one or other of them may grow
 ' considerable in some or other way of life,
 ' whether it be in the army, or in the fleet, in
 ' trade, or any of the three learned professions;
 ' for you must know, Sir, that from long ex-
 ' perience and observation, I am persuaded of
 ' what seems a paradox to most of those with
 ' whom I converse, namely, That a man
 ' who has many children, and gives them a
 ' good education, is more likely to raise a fa-
 ' mily than he who has but one, notwithstand-
 ' ing he leaves him his whole estate. For this
 ' reason I cannot forbear amusing myself with
 ' finding out a General, an Admiral, or an Al-
 ' derman of London, a Divine, a Physician,
 ' or a Lawyer among my little people who are
 ' now

‘ now perhaps in petticoats; and when I see
 ‘ the motherly airs of my little daughters
 ‘ when they are playing with their puppets, I
 ‘ cannot but flatter myself that their husbands
 ‘ and children will be happy in the possession of
 ‘ such wives and mothers.

‘ If you are a father, you will not perhaps
 ‘ think this letter impertinent; but if you are
 ‘ a single man, you will not know the meaning
 ‘ of it, and probably throw it into the fire:
 ‘ Whatever you determine of it, you may as-
 ‘ sure yourself that it comes from one who is,

‘ *Your most humble servant.*

‘ *and well-wisher,*

‘ *Philogamus.*’

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No. 500.

The following letter comes to me from that excellent man in Holy Orders, whom I have mentioned more than once as one of that society who assists me in my speculations. It is a Thought in Sickness, and of a very serious nature, for which reason I give it a place in the paper of this day.

S I R,

‘ **T**HE indisposition which has long hung
 ‘ upon me is at last grown to such a head,
 ‘ that it must quickly make an end of me, or
 ‘ of itself. You may imagine, that whilst I
 ‘ am in this bad state of health, there are none

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of your works which I read with greater pleasure than your Saturday's papers. I should be glad if I could furnish you with any hints for that day's entertainment. Were I able to dress up several thoughts of a serious nature, which have made great impressions on my mind during a long fit of sickness, they might not be an improper entertainment for that occasion.

Among all the reflections which usually rise in the mind of a sick man, who has time and inclination to consider his approaching end, there is none more natural than that of his going to appear naked and unbodied before Him who made him. When a man considers, that as soon as the vital union is dissolved, he shall see the Supreme Being, whom he now contemplates at a distance, and only in his works; or, to speak more philosophically, when by some faculty in the soul he shall apprehend the Divine Being, and be more sensible of his presence, than we are now of the presence of any object which the eye beholds, a man must be lost in carelessness and stupidity who is not alarmed at such a thought. Dr. Sherlock, in his excellent treatise upon death, has represented, in very strong and lively colours, the state of the soul in its first separation from the body, with regard to that invisible world which every where surrounds us, though we are not able to discover it

VOL. III. T through

‘ through this grosser world of matter, which
 ‘ is accommodated to our senses in this life.
 ‘ His words are as follow.

‘ That death, which is our leaving this
 ‘ world, is nothing else but our putting off
 ‘ these bodies, teaches us, that it is only our
 ‘ union to these bodies, which intercepts the
 ‘ sight of the other world: The other world
 ‘ is not at such a distance from us as we may
 ‘ imagine; the throne of God indeed is at a
 ‘ great remove from this earth, above the third
 ‘ heavens, where he displays his glory to those
 ‘ blessed spirits which encompass his throne;
 ‘ but as soon as we step out of these bodies,
 ‘ we step into the other world; which is not so
 ‘ properly another world, (for there is the
 ‘ same heaven and earth still) as a new state of
 ‘ life. To live in these bodies is to live in this
 ‘ world; to live out of them is to remove into
 ‘ the next: For while our souls are confined to
 ‘ these bodies, and can look only through these
 ‘ material casements, nothing but what is ma-
 ‘ terial can affect us, nay, nothing but what is
 ‘ so gross, that it can reflect light, and convey
 ‘ the shapes and colours of things with it to the
 ‘ eye: So that though within this visible world,
 ‘ there be a more glorious scene of things than
 ‘ what appears to us, we perceive nothing at
 ‘ all of it; for this veil of flesh parts the visible
 ‘ and invisible world: But when we put off
 ‘ these bodies, there are new and surprizing
 ‘ wonders

' wonders present themselves to our views;
 ' when these material spectacles are taken off,
 ' the soul with its own naked eyes, sees what
 ' was invisible before: And then we are in the
 ' other world, when we can see it, and con-
 ' verse with it: Thus St. Paul tells us, " That
 ' when we are at home in the body, we are
 ' absent from the Lord; but when we are absent
 ' from the body, we are present with the
 ' Lord, 2 Cor. v. 6, 8." ' And methinks
 ' this is enough to cure us of our fondness for
 ' these bodies, unless we think it more desi-
 ' rable to be confined to a prison, and to look
 ' through a grate all our lives, which gives us
 ' but a very narrow prospect, and that none of
 ' the best neither, than to be set at liberty to
 ' view all the glories of the world. What
 ' would we give now for the least glimpse of
 ' that invisible world, which the first step we take
 ' out of these bodies will present us with?
 ' There are such things' " as eye hath not seen
 ' nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into
 ' the heart of man to conceive:" ' Death
 ' opens our eyes, enlarges our prospect, pre-
 ' sents us with a new and more glorious world,
 ' which we can never see while we are shut up
 ' in flesh; which should make us as willing
 ' to part with this veil, as to take the film off
 ' our eyes, which hinders our sight.

' As a thinking man cannot but be very much
 ' affected with the idea of his appearing in the

* presence of that Being* "whom none can see
 * and live;" * he must be much more affected
 * when he considers that this Being whom he
 * appears before, will examine all the actions
 * of his past life, and reward or punish him ac-
 * cordingly. I must confess that I think there
 * is no scheme of religion, besides that of Chri-
 * stianity, which can possibly support the most
 * virtuous person under this thought. Let a
 * man's innocence be what it will, let his vir-
 * tues rise to the highest pitch of perfection at-
 * tainable in this life, there will be still in him
 * so many secret sins, so many human frailties,
 * so many offences of ignorance, passion, and
 * prejudice, so many unguarded words and
 * thoughts, and in short, so many defects in
 * his best actions, that, without the advanta-
 * ges of such an expiation and atonement as
 * Christianity has revealed to us, it is impossible
 * that he should be cleared before his Sovereign
 * Judge, or that he should be able to stand in
 * his sight. Our holy religion suggests to us
 * the only means whereby our guilt may be
 * taken away, and our imperfect obedience
 * accepted.

* It is this series of thought that I have en-
 * deavoured to express in the following hymn,
 * which I have composed during this my sick-
 * ness.

. WHEN

I.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear
I see my Maker, face to face,
O how shall I appear!

II.

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;

III.

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In Majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear?

IV.

But thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

V.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

VI.

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only son has dy'd
To make her pardon sure.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No. 513.

T 3

MADAM,

MADAM,

I WRITE to you on Saturday by Mrs Lucy,
 and give you this trouble to urge the same
 request I made then, which was, that I may
 be admitted to wait upon you. I should be
 very far from desiring this, if it were a trans-
 gression of the most severe rules to allow it:
 I know you are very much above the little
 arts which are frequent in your sex, of giving
 unnecessary torments to their admirers;
 therefore hope you will do so much justice to
 the generous passion I have for you, as to let
 me have an opportunity of acquainting you
 upon what motives I pretend to your good
 opinion. I shall not trouble you with my
 sentiments, till I know how they will be re-
 ceived; and as I know no reason why diffe-
 rence of sex should make our language to
 each other differ from the ordinary rules of
 right reason, I shall affect plainness and sincer-
 ity in my discourse to you, as much as other
 lovers do perplexity and rapture. Instead of
 saying, I shall die for you, I profess I should
 be glad to lead my life with you: You are
 as beautiful, as witty, as prudent, as good-
 humoured, as any woman breathing; but I
 must confess to you, I regard all these excel-
 lencies as you will please to direct them, for
 my happiness or misery. With me, Madam,
 the only lasting motive to love is the hope of
 its becoming mutual. I beg of you to let
 Mrs

‘ Mrs Lucy send me word when I may attend
 ‘ you. I promise you, I will talk of nothing
 ‘ but indifferent things; though at the same
 ‘ time I know not how I shall approach you
 ‘ in the tender moment of first seeing you, after
 ‘ this declaration of,

‘ MADAM,

‘ *Your most obedient,*

‘ *and most faithful humble servant, &c.*’

TATLER, Vol. I. No. 35.

S I R,

—shire, July 1713.

‘ THE other day I went into the house of
 ‘ one of my tenants, whose wife was for-
 ‘ merly a servant in our family, and (by my
 ‘ grandmother’s kindness) had her education
 ‘ with my mother from her infancy; so that she
 ‘ is of a spirit and understanding greatly superior
 ‘ to those of her own rank. I found the poor
 ‘ woman in the utmost disorder of mind and at-
 ‘ tire, drowned in tears, and reduced to a con-
 ‘ dition that looked rather like stupidity than
 ‘ grief. She leanded upon her arm over a table,
 ‘ on which lay a letter folded up and directed to
 ‘ a certain nobleman very famous in our parts
 ‘ for low intreague, or (in plainer words) for
 ‘ debauching country girls; in which number is
 ‘ the unfortunate daughter of my poor tenant,
 ‘ as I learn from the following letter written
 ‘ by her mother. I have sent you here a copy
 ‘ of it, which made public in your paper, may
 ‘ perhaps

perhaps furnish useful reflections to many men
 of figure and quality; who indulge themselves
 in a passion which they possess but in common
 with the vilest part of mankind.

My Lord,

LAST night I discovered the injury you have
 done to my daughter. Heaven knows
 how long and piercing a torment that short-
 lived shameful pleasure of yours must bring
 upon me; upon me, from whom you never
 received any offence. This consideration
 alone should have deterred a noble mind from
 so base and ungenerous an act. But, alas!
 what is all the grief that must be my share, in
 comparison of that, with which you have re-
 quited her by whom you have been obliged?
 Loss of good name, anguish of heart, shame and
 infamy, are what must inevitably fall upon her,
 unless she gets over them by what is much
 worse, open impudence, professed leudness,
 and abandoned prostitution. These are the
 returns you have made to her, for putting in
 your power all her livelihood and dependance,
 her virtue and reputation. O, my Lord,
 should my son have practised the like on one of
 your daughters? — I know you swell with
 indignation at the very mention of it, and
 would think he deserved a thousand deaths,
 should he make such an attempt upon the
 honour of your family, 'tis well, my Lord, and

is

'is then the honour of your daughter, whom
 'still, tho' it had been violated, you might have
 'maintained in plenty, and even luxury, of
 'greater moment to her, than to my daughter
 'hers, whose only sustenance it was? and must
 'my son, void of all the advantages of a generous
 'education, must he, I say, consider: And may
 'your Lordship be excused from all reflection?
 'Eternal contumely attend that guilty title
 'which claims exemption from thought, and
 'arrogates to its wearers the prerogative of
 'brutes. Ever cursed be its false lustre, which
 'could dazzle my poor daughter to her undo-
 'ing. Was it for this that the exalted merits
 'and godlike virtues of your great ancestor
 'were honoured with a coronet, that it might
 'be a pander to his posterity, and confer a
 'privilege of dishonouring the innocent and de-
 'fenceless? At this rate the laws of rewards
 'should be inverted, and he who is generous
 'and good should be made a beggar and a
 'slave; that industry and honest diligence may
 'keep his posterity unspotted, and preserve
 'them from ruining virgins, and making whole
 'families unhappy. Wretchedness is now be-
 'come my everlasting portion! Your crime,
 'my Lord, will draw perdition even upon my
 'head. I may not sue for forgiveness of my
 'own failings and misdeeds, for I never can
 'forgive yours; but shall curse you with my
 'dying breath, and at the last tremendous
 'day

‘ day shall hold forth in my arms my much-
 ‘ wronged child, and call aloud for vengeance
 ‘ on her defiler. Under these present horrors
 ‘ of mind-I could be content to be your chief
 ‘ tormentor, ever paying you mock-reverence,
 ‘ and sounding in your ears, to your unutter-
 ‘ able loathing, the empty title which inspired
 ‘ you with presumption to attempt, and over-
 ‘ awed my daughter to comply.

‘ Thus have I given some vent to my sor-
 ‘ row, nor fear I to awaken you to repen-
 ‘ tance, so that your sin may be forgiven :
 ‘ The Divine Laws have been broken, but
 ‘ much injury, irreparable injury, has been al-
 ‘ so done to me, and the just Judge will not
 ‘ pardon that till I do.

‘ *My Lord,*

‘ *Your conscience will help you to my name.*’

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 123.

To the GUARDIAN.

Old NESTOR,

‘ **I** BELIEVE you distance me not so much in
 ‘ years as in wisdom, and therefore since
 ‘ you have gained so deserved a reputation, I
 ‘ beg your assistance in correcting the manners
 ‘ of an untoward lad, who perhaps may listen
 ‘ to your admonitions, sooner than to all the
 ‘ severe checks, and grave reproofs of a fa-
 ‘ ther. Without any longer preamble, you
 ‘ must know, Sir, that about two years ago,

‘ L:ck

' Jack my eldest son and heir was sent up to
 ' London, to be admitted of the Temple, not so
 ' much with a view of his studying the law, as
 ' a desire to improve his breeding. This was
 ' done out of a complaisance to a cousin of his,
 ' an airy Lady, who was continually teasing
 ' me, that the boy would shoot up into a mere
 ' country booby, if he did not see a little of the
 ' world. She herself was bred chiefly in town,
 ' and since she was married into the country,
 ' neither looks, nor talks, nor dresses like any
 ' of her neighbours, and is grown the admira-
 ' tion of every one but her husband. The lat-
 ' ter end of last month some important business
 ' called me up to town, and the first thing I
 ' did, the next morning about ten, was to pay
 ' a visit to my son at his chambers; but as I
 ' began to knock at the door, I was interrupt-
 ' ed by the bed-maker in the stair-case, who
 ' told me her master seldom rose till about
 ' twelve, and about one I might be sure to find
 ' him drinking tea. I bid her somewhat hastily
 ' hold her prating, and open the door, which
 ' accordingly she did. The first thing I obser-
 ' ved upon the table was the secret amours of
 ' ——— and by it stood a box of pills; on
 ' a chair lay a snuff-box with a fan half broke,
 ' and on the floor a pair of foils. Having seen
 ' this furniture I entered his bed-chamber, not
 ' without some noise, whereupon he began to
 ' swear at his bed-maker (as he thought) for
 ' disturbing

' disturbing him so soon, and was turning about
 ' for the other nap, when he discovered such
 ' a thin, pale, sickly visage, that had I not
 ' heard his voice, I should never have guessed
 ' him to have been my son. How different
 ' was this countenance from that ruddy, hale
 ' complexion, which he had at parting with
 ' me from home! After I had waked him, he
 ' gave me to understand, that he was but lately
 ' recovered out of a violent fever, and the
 ' reason why he did not acquaint me with it,
 ' was, lest the melancholy news might occasion
 ' too many tears among his relations, and be
 ' an unsupportable grief to his mother. To
 ' be short with you, old NESTOR, I hurried
 ' my young spark down into the country along
 ' with me, and there am endeavouring to
 ' plump him up, so as to be no disgrace to his
 ' pedigree; for I assure you it was never
 ' known in the memory of man, that any one
 ' of the family of the Ringwoods ever fell into
 ' a consumption, except Mrs Dorothy Ring-
 ' wood, who died a maid at 45. In order to
 ' bring him to himself, and to be one of us
 ' again, I make him go to bed at ten, and rise
 ' half an hour past five; and when he is pulling
 ' for bohea tea and cream, I place upon a
 ' table a jolly piece of cold roast beef, or well-
 ' powdered ham, and bid him eat and live;
 ' then take him into the fields to observe the
 ' reapers, how the harvest goes forwards.
 ' There

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' There is no body pleased with this present
 ' constitution but his gay cousin, who spirits
 ' him up, and tells him, he looks fair, and is
 ' grown well-shaped; but the honest tenants
 ' shake their heads and cry, lack-a-day, how
 ' thin is poor young master fallen! The other
 ' day, when I told him of it, he had the im-
 ' pudence to reply, I hope, Sir, you would
 ' not have me as fat as Mr ——— Alas! what
 ' would then become of me? How would the
 ' ladies pish at such a monstrous great thing?—
 ' If you are truly, what your title imports, a
 ' Guardian, pray, Sir, be pleased to consider
 ' what a noble generation must, in all pro-
 ' bability, ensue from the lives which the town-
 ' bred Gentlemen too often lead. A friend of
 ' mine not long ago, as we were complaining
 ' of the times, repeated two stanzas out of my
 ' Lord Roscommon, which I think may here
 ' be applicable.

'Twas not the spawn of such as these,
 That dy'd with Punick blood the conquer'd
 seas,

And quash'd the stern Æacides:
 Made the proud Asian monarch feel
 How weak his gold was against Europe's steel,
 Forc'd e'en dire Hannibal to yield,
 And won the long-disputed world at Zama's
 fatal field.

VOL. II.

U

But

230 *The BEAUTIES of the*

But soldiers of a ruffic mould,
Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold;
Either they dug the stubborn ground,
Or through hewn woods their weighty strokes
did sound.

And after the declining sun
Had chang'd the shadows, and their task was
done,
Home with their weary team they took their
way,
And drown'd in friendly bowls the labour of
the day.

' I am,

' S I R,

' Your very humble servant.

' Jonathan Ringwood.'

P. S. ' I forgot to tell you that while I
' waited in my son's anti-chamber, I found
' upon the table the following bill.

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
' Sold to Mr Jonathan Ringwood,	}	1	18 6
' a plain muffin head and ruffles,			
' with colbertine lace.			
' Six pair of white kid gloves for	}	0	14 0
' Madam Salley.			
' Three handkerchiefs for Ma-	}	0	15 0
' dam Salley.			
' In his chamber-window I saw his shoe-			
' maker's bill, with this remarkable article,			
' For Mr Ringwood three pair of	}	3	00 0
' laced shoes.			

' And

' And in the drawer of the table was the
' following billet,

Mr Ringwood,

' I desire, that because you are such a coun-
' try booby, that you forget the use and care
' of your snuff-box, you would not call me a
' thief. Pray see my face no more.

Your abused friend,

Sarah Gallopp.

' Under these words my hopeful heir had
' writ, *memorandum*, to send her word I
' have found my box, though I know she has
' it.

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 151.

LABOUR.

BODILY labour is of two kinds, either
that which a man submits to for his liveli-
hood, or that which he undergoes for his plea-
sure. The latter of them generally changes
the name of labour for that of exercise, but
differs only from ordinary labour as it rises
from another motive.

A country life abounds in both these kinds
of labour, and for that reason gives a man a
greater stock of health, and consequently a
more perfect enjoyment of himself, than any
other way of life. I consider the body as a
system of tubes and glands, or to use a more

rustic phrase, a bundle of pipes and strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a manner as to make a proper engine for the soul to work with. This description does not only comprehend the bowels, bones, tendons, veins, nerves and arteries, but every muscle and every ligature, which is a composition of fibres, that are so many imperceptible tubes or pipes interwoven on all sides with invisible glands or strainers.

This general idea of a human body, without considering it in its niceties of anatomy, let us see how absolutely necessary labour is for the right preservation of it. There must be frequent motions and agitations, to mix, digest, and separate the juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanse that infinitude of pipes and strainers of which it is composed, and to give their solid parts a more firm and lasting tone. Labour or exercise ferments the humours, casts them into their proper channels, throws off redundancies, and helps nature in those secret distributions, without which the body cannot subsist in its vigour, nor the soul act with chearfulness.

I might here mention the effects which this has upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the understanding clear, the Imagination untroubled, and refining those spirits that are necessary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties, during the present laws of union between

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tween soul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular that we must ascribe the spleen, which is so frequent in men of studious and sedentary tempers, as well as the vapours to which those of the other sex are so often subject.

Had not exercise been absolutely necessary for our well-being, nature would not have made the body so proper for it, by giving such an activity to the limbs, and such a pliancy to every part as necessarily produce those compressions, extensions, contortions, dilatations, and all other kinds of motions that are necessary for the preservation of such a system of tubes and glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want inducements to engage us in such an exercise of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is so ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honour, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands and sweat of the brows. Providence furnishes materials, but expects that we should work them up ourselves. The earth must be laboured before it gives its increase, and when it is forced into its several products, how many hands must they pass through before they are fit for use? Manufactures, trade, and agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the species in twenty; and as for those who are not obliged to labour by the condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of

mankind, unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary labour which goes by the name of exercise.

My friend Sir ROGER has been an indefatigable man in business of this kind, and has hung several parts of his house with the trophies of his former labours. The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of several kinds of Deer that he has killed in the chase, which he thinks the most valuable furniture of his house, as they afford him frequent topics of discourse, and shew that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the hall, is a large Otter's skin stuffed with hay, which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the knight looks upon with great satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine years old, when his dog killed him. A little room adjoining to the hall is a kind of arsenal filled with guns of several sizes and inventions, with which the knight has made great havock in the woods, and destroyed many thousands of pheasants, partridges and woodcocks. His stable doors are patched with noses that belonged to foxes of the knight's own hunting down. Sir ROGER shewed me one of them, that for distinction sake has a brass nail struck thro' it, which cost him about sixteen hours riding, carried him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and lost above half his dogs. This the Knight looks upon as one of the greatest exploits of his life.

The

The perverse widow, whom I have given some account of, was the death of several foxes; for Sir ROGER has told me that in the course of his amours he patched the western door of his stable. Whenever the widow was cruel, the foxes were sure to pay for it. In proportion as his passion for the widow abated and old age came on he left off fox-hunting; but a hare is not yet safe that sits within ten miles of his house.

There is no kind of exercise which I would so recommend to my readers of both sexes as this of riding, as there is none which so much conduces to health, and is every way accommodated to the body, according to the idea which I have given of it. Doctor Sydenham is very lavish in its praises; and if the English reader will see the mechanical effects of it described at length, he may find them in a book published not many years since, under the title of *Medicina Gymnastica*. For my own part, when I am in town, for want of these opportunities, I exercise myself an hour every morning upon a dumb bell that is placed in a corner of my room and pleases me the more because it does every thing I require of it in the most profound silence. My landlady and her daughters are so well acquainted with my hours of exercise, that they never come into my room to disturb me whilst I am ringing.

When

When I was some years younger than I am at present, I used to employ myself in a more laborious diversion, which I learned from a Latin treatise of exercises that is written with great erudition: It is there called the *σκιόμαχος* or the fighting with a mans own shadow, and consists in the brandishing of two short sticks grasped in each hand, and loaden with plugs of lead at either end. This opens the chest, exercises the limbs, and gives a man all the pleasure of boxing without the blows. I could wish the several learned men would lay out that time which they employ in controversies and disputes about nothing, in this method of fighting with their own shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the spleen which makes them uneasy to the publick as well as to themselves.

To conclude, as I am a compound of soul and body. I consider myself as obliged to a double scheme of duties; and think I have not fulfilled the business of the day when I do not thus employ the one in labour and exercise, as well as the other in study and contemplation.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 115.

LIBERALITY.

AS no one can be said to enjoy health, who is only not sick, without he feel within himself a lightening and invigorating principle, which

which will not suffer him to remain idle, but still spurs him on to action; so in the practice of every virtue, there is some additional grace required, to give a claim of excelling in this or that particular action. A diamond may want polishing, though the value be still intrinsically the same; and the same good may be done with different degrees of lustre. No man should be contented with himself that he barely does well, but he should perform every thing in the best and most becoming manner that he is able.

Tully tells us he wrote his book of Offices because there was no time of life in which some correspondent duty might not be practised; nor is there a duty without a certain decency accompanying it, by which every virtue it is joined to will seem to be doubled. Another may do the same thing, and yet the action want that air and beauty which distinguish it from others; like that inimitable sunshine Titian is said to have diffused over his landships; which denotes them his, and has been always unequalled by any other person.

There is no one action in which this quality I am speaking of will be more sensibly perceived, than in granting a request or doing an office of kindness. Mummius by his way of consenting to a benefaction, shall make it lose its name; while Carus doubles the kindness and the obligation: From the first the desired request drops
indeed

indeed at last, but from so doubtful a brow, that the obliged has almost as much reason to resent the manner of bestowing it, as to be thankful for the favour itself. Carus invites with a pleasing air, to give him an opportunity of doing an act of humanity, meets the petition half way, and consents to a request with a countenance which proclaims the satisfaction of his mind in assisting the distressed.

The decency then that is to be observed in liberality seems to consist in its being performed with such chearfulness, as may express the godlike pleasure is to be met with in obliging one's fellow creatures; that may shew good-nature and benevolence overflowed, and do not, as in some men run upon the tilt, and taste of the sediments of a grudging uncommunicative disposition.

Since I have intimated that the greatest decorum is to be preserved in the bestowing our good offices, I will illustrate it a little by an example drawn from private life, which carries with it such a profusion of liberality, that it can be exceeded by nothing but the humanity and good-nature which accompanies it. It is a letter of Pliny's, which I shall here translate, because the action will best appear in its first dress of thought, without any foreign or ambitious ornaments.

PLINY

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PLINY to QUINTILIAN.

‘ **T**HOUGH I am fully acquainted with the
 ‘ contentment and just moderation of
 ‘ your mind, and the conformity the education
 ‘ you have given your daughter bears to your
 ‘ own character; yet since she is suddenly to be
 ‘ married to a person of distinction, whose
 ‘ figure in the world makes it necessary for her
 ‘ to be at more than ordinary expence in
 ‘ clothes and equipage suitable to her husband’s
 ‘ quality; by which, though her intrinsic worth
 ‘ be not augmented, yet will it receive both
 ‘ ornament and lustre: And knowing your
 ‘ estate to be as moderate as the riches of your
 ‘ mind are abundant, I must challenge to my-
 ‘ self some part of the burden; and as a parent
 ‘ of your child, I present her with twelve
 ‘ hundred and fifty crowns towards these ex-
 ‘ pences; which sum had been much larger,
 ‘ had I not feared the smallness of it would be
 ‘ the greatest inducement with you to accept
 ‘ of it. Farewel.’

Thus should a benefaction be done with a
 good grace; and shine in the strongest point
 of light; it should not only answer all the
 hopes and exigencies of the receiver, but even
 out-run his wishes: It is this happy manner of
 behaviour which adds new charms to it, and
 softens those gifts of art and nature, which
 otherwise would be rather distasteful than
 agreeable

agreeable. Without it, valour would degenerate into brutality, learning into pedantry, and the genteelest demeanor into affectation. Even religion itself, unless decency be the handmaid which waits upon her, is apt to make people appear guilty of founeness and ill-humour; but this shews virtue in her first original form, adds a comeliness to religion, and gives its professors the justest title to the beauty of holiness. A man fully instructed in this art, may assume a thousand shapes, and please in all: He may do a thousand actions shall become none other but himself; not that the things themselves are different, but the manner of doing them.

If you examine each feature by itself, Aglaura and Calliclea, are equally handsome; but take them in the whole, and you cannot suffer the comparison: The one is full of numberless nameless graces, the other of as many nameless faults.

The comeliness of person, and the decency of behaviour, add infinite weight to what is pronounced by any one. It is the want of this that often makes the rebukes and advice of old rigid persons of no effect, and leave a displeasure in the minds of those they are directed to: But youth and beauty, if accompanied with a graceful and becoming severity, is of mighty force to raise, even in the most profligate, a sense of shame. In Milton, the devil is never described ashamed but once, and that at the rebuke of a beauteous angel.

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VOL. I

So spake the cherub, and his grave rebuke,
 Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
 Invincible: Abash'd the devil stood,
 And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
 Virtue in her own shape how lovely! saw
 and pin'd
 His loss.

The care of doing nothing unbecoming has accompanied the greatest minds to their last moments. They avoided even an indecent posture in the very article of death. Thus Cæsar gathered his robe about him that he might not fall in a manner unbecoming of himself; and the greatest concern that appeared in the behaviour of Lucretia, when she stabbed herself, was, that her body should lie in an attitude worthy the mind which had inhabited it.

— *Ne non procumbat honeste,*

Extrema hæc etiam circa cadentis erat.

Ovid. Fast. l. 3. v. 833.

'Twas her last thought, how decently to fall.

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 292.

L I F E.

AUGUSTUS, a few moments before his death, asked his friends, who stood about him, if they thought he had acted his part well;

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X

and

and upon receiving such an answer as was due to his extraordinary merit, 'Let me then,' says he, 'go off the stage with your applause;' using the expression with which the Roman actors made their exit at the conclusion of a dramatick piece. I could wish that men, while they are in health, would consider well the nature of the part they are engaged in, and what figure it will make in the minds of those they leave behind them: Whether it was worth coming into the world for; whether it be suitable to a reasonable being; in short, whether it appears graceful in this life, or will turn to an advantage in the next. Let the sycophant, or buffoon, the satyrift, or the good companion, consider with himself, when his body shall be laid in the grave, and his soul pass into another state of existence, how much it would redound to his praise to have it said of him, that no man in England eat better. that he had an admirable talent at turning his friends into ridicule, that no body out-did him at an ill-natured jest, or that he never went to bed before he had dispatched his third bottle. These are, however, very common funeral orations, and eulogiums on deceased persons who have acted among mankind with some figure and reputation.

But if we look into the bulk of our species, they are such as are not likely to be remembered a moment after their disappearance. They leave behind them no traces of their existence,

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istence, but are forgotten as though they had never been. They are neither wanted by the poor, regretted by the rich, nor celebrated by the learned. They are neither missed in the commonwealth, nor lamented by private persons. Their actions are of no significancy to mankind, and might have been performed by creatures of much less dignity than those who are distinguished by the faculty of reason. An eminent French author speaks somewhere to the following purpose: I have often seen from my chamber-window two noble creatures, both of them of an erect countenance and endowed with reason. These two intellectual beings are employed from morning to night, in rubbing two smooth stones one upon another; that is, as the vulgar phrase it, in polishing marble.

My friend, Sir Andrew Freeport, as we were sitting in the club last night, gave us an account of a sober citizen, who died a few days since. This honest man, being of greater consequence in his own thoughts than in the eye of the world, had for some years past kept a journal of his life. Sir Andrew shewed us one week of it. Since the occurrences set down in it mark out such a road of action as that I have been speaking of, I shall present my reader with a faithful copy of it; after having first informed him that the deceased person had in his youth been bred to trade, but finding himself not so well turned for business, he had for several

years last past lived altogether upon a moderate annuity.

Monday, eight o'clock. I put on my clothes, and walked into the parlour.

Nine o'clock ditto. Tied my knee-strings, and washed my hands.

Hours ten, eleven, and twelve. Smoked three pipes of Virginia. Read the Supplement and Daily Courant. Things go ill in the north. Mr Nisby's opinion thereupon.

One o'clock in the afternoon. Chid Ralph for mislaying my tobacco-box.

Two o'clock. Sat down to dinner. Mem. Too many plumbs, and no sewet.

From three to four. Took my afternoon's nap.

From four to six. Walked into the fields. Wind S. S. E.

From six to ten. At the club. Mr Nisby's opinion about the peace.

Ten o'clock. Went to bed; slept sound.

Tuesday being Holiday. Eight o'clock. Rose as usual.

Nine o'clock. Washed hands and face, shaved, put on my double-soled shoes.

Ten, eleven, twelve. Took a walk to Islington.

One. Took a pot of Mother Cob's mild.

Between two and three. Returned, dined on a knuckle of veal and bacon. Mem. Sprouts wanting.

Three

Three. Nap as usual.

From four to six. Coffee-house. Read the news. A dish of twist. Grand Vizir strangled.

From six to ten. At the club. Mr Nisby's account of the Great Turk.

Ten. Dreamt of the Grand Vizir. Broken sleep.

Wednesday, eight o'clock. Tongue of my shoe-buckle broke. Hands but not face.

Nine. Paid off the butcher's bill. Mem. To be allowed for the last leg of mutton.

Ten, eleven. At the Coffee-house. More work in the north. Stranger in a black wig asked me how stocks went.

From twelve to one. Walked in the fields. Wind to the south.

From one to two. Smoked a pipe and an half.

Two. Dined as usual. Stomach good.

Three. Nap broke by the falling of a pewter dish. Mem. Cook-maid in love, and grown careless.

From four to six. At the Coffee-house. Advice from Smyrna, that the Grand Vizir was first of all strangled, and afterwards beheaded.

Six o'clock in the evening. Was half an hour in the club before any body else came. Mr Nisby of opinion the Grand Vizir was not strangled the sixth instant.

Ten at night. Went to bed. Slept without waking until nine next morning.

Thursday, nine o'clock. Staid within till two o'clock for Sir Timothy; who did not bring me my annuity according to his promise.

Two in the afternoon. Sat down to dinner. Loss of appetite. Small beer four. Beef over-corned.

Three. Could not take my nap.

Four and five. Gave Ralph a box on the ear. Turned off my cook-maid. Sent a messenger to Sir Timothy. Mem. I did not go to the club to-night. Went to bed at nine o'clock.

Friday. Passed the morning in meditation upon Sir Timothy, who was with me a quarter before twelve.

Twelve o'clock. Bought a new head to my cane, and a tongue to my buckle. Drank a glass of purl to recover appetite.

Two and three. Dined and slept well.

From four to six. Went to the Coffee-house. Met Mr Nisby there. Smoked several pipes. Mr Nisby of opinion that laced coffee is bad for the head.

Six o'clock. At the club as steward. Sat late.

Twelve o'clock. Went to bed, dreamt that I drank small beer with the Grand Vizir.

Saturday. Waked at eleven, walked in the fields. Wind N. E.

Twelve. Caught in a shower.

One

One in the afternoon. Returned home and dried myself.

Two. Mr Nisby dined with me. First course, marrow-bones; second, ox-cheek, with a bottle of Brooks and Hellier.

Three o'clock. Overslept myself.

Six. Went to the club. Like to have fallen into a gutter. Grand Vizir certainly dead. &c.

I question not but the reader will be surprized to find the above-mentioned Journalist taking so much care of a life that was filled with such inconsiderable actions, and received so very small improvements; and yet, if we look into the behaviour of many whom we daily converse with, we shall find that most of our hours are taken up in those three important articles of eating, drinking, and sleeping. I do not suppose that a man loses his time, who is not engaged in public affairs, or in an illustrious course of action. On the contrary, I believe our hours may very often be more profitably laid out in such transactions as make no figure in the world, than in such as are apt to draw upon them the attention of mankind. One may become wiser and better by several methods of employing one's self in secrecy and silence, and do what is laudable without noise or ostentation. I would, however, recommend to every one of my readers, the
keeping

keeping a journal of their lives for one week, and setting down punctually their whole series of employments during that space of time. This kind of self-examination would give them a true state of themselves, and incline them to consider seriously what they are about. One day would rectify the omissions of another, and make a man weigh all those indifferent actions, which, though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for.

SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 317.

M A N.

MAN, considered in himself, is a very helpless and a very wretched being. He is subject every moment to the greatest calamities and misfortunes. He is beset with dangers on all sides, and may become unhappy by numberless casualties, which he could not foresee, nor have prevented had he foreseen them.

It is our comfort, while we are obnoxious to so many accidents, that we are under the care of one who directs contingencies, and has in his hands the management of every thing that is capable of annoying or offending us; who knows the assistance we stand in need of, and is always ready to bestow it on those who ask it of him.

The

The natural homage which such a creature bears to so infinitely wise and good a Being, is a firm reliance on him for the blessings and conveniencies of life, and an habitual trust in him for deliverance out of all such dangers and difficulties as may befall us.

The man who always lives in this disposition of mind, has not the same dark and melancholy views of human nature, as he who considers himself abstractedly from his relation to the supreme being. At the same time that he reflects upon his own weakness and imperfection, he comforts himself with the contemplation of those divine attributes, which are employed for his safety and his welfare. He finds his want of foresight made up by the omniscience of him who is his support. He is not sensible of his own want of strength, when he knows that his helper is Almighty. In short, the person who has a firm trust on the supreme being is powerful in his power, wise by his wisdom, happy by his happiness. He reaps the benefit of every divine attribute, and loses his own insufficiency in the fulness of infinite perfection.

To make our lives more easy to us, we are commanded to put our trust in him, who is thus able to relieve and succour us; the Divine Goodness having made such a reliance a duty, notwithstanding we should have been made miserable had it been forbidden us.

Among

Among several motives, which might be made use of to recommend this duty to us, I shall only take notice of those that follow.

The first and strongest is, that we are promised, he will not fail those who put their trust in him.

But without considering the supernatural blessing which accompanies this duty, we may observe that it has a natural tendency to its own reward, or, in other words, that this firm trust and confidence in the great disposer of all things, contributes very much to the getting clear of any affliction, or to the bearing it manfully. A person who believes he has his succour at hand, and that he acts in the sight of his friend, often exerts himself beyond his abilities, and does wonders that are not to be matched by one who is not animated with such a confidence of success. I could produce instances, from history, of generals, who, out of a belief that they were under the protection of some invisible assistant, did not only encourage their soldiers to do their utmost, but have acted themselves beyond what they would have done, had they not been inspired by such a belief. I might, in the same manner, shew how such a trust in the assistance in an Almighty Being naturally produces patience, hope, cheerfulness and all other dispositions of mind that alleviate those calamities which we are not able to remove.

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The practice of this virtue administers great comfort to the mind of man in times of poverty and affliction, but most of all in the hour of death. When the soul is hovering in the last moments of its separation, when it is just entering on another state of existence, to converse with scenes, and objects, and companions that are altogether new, who can support her under such tremblings of thought, such fear, such anxiety, such apprehensions, but the casting of all her cares upon him who first gave her being, who has conducted her through one stage of it, and will be always with her to guide and comfort her in her progress through eternity?

David has very beautifully represented this steady reliance on God Almighty in his twenty-third psalm, which is a kind of pastoral hymn, and filled with those allusions which are usual in that kind of writing. As the poetry is very exquisite, I shall present my reader with the following translation of it.

I.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care :
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye :
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

II.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirly mountain pant ;

To

To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landskip flow.

III.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no Ill,
For thou, O Lord art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

IV.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile :
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With fudded greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 441.

MARRIAGE.

Mr SPECTATOR,

I AM the young widow of a country gentleman, who has left me entire mistress of a large fortune, which he agreed to as an equivalent for the difference in our years. In these circumstances it is not extraordinary to have a crowd of admirers; which I have abridged in my own thoughts, and reduced to a couple of candidates only, both young, and neither of them

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them disagreeable in their persons; according to the common way of computing, in one the estate more than deserves my fortune, in the other my fortune more than deserves the estate. When I consider the first, I own I am so far a woman I cannot avoid being delighted with the thoughts of living great; but then he seems to receive such a degree of courage from the knowledge of what he has, he looks as if he were going to confer an obligation on me; and the readiness he accosts me with, makes me jealous I am only hearing a repetition of the same things he has said to a hundred women before. When I consider the other, I see myself approached with so much modesty and respect, and such a doubt of himself, as betrays methinks an affection within, and a belief at the same time that he himself would be the only gainer by my consent. What an unexceptionable husband could I make out of both! but since that is impossible, I beg to be concluded by your opinion; it is absolutely in your power to dispose of

Your most obedient servant.

SYLVIA.

MADAM,

YOU do me great honour in your application to me on this important occasion; I shall therefore talk to you with the tenderness of a father, in gratitude for your giving me the authority of one. You do not seem to make any great distinction between these gentlemen as

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to their persons; the whole question lies upon their circumstances and behaviour: If the one is less respectful because he is rich, and the other more obsequious because he is not so, they are in that point moved by the same principle, the consideration of fortune, and you must place them in each others circumstances, before you can judge of their inclination. To avoid confusion in discussing this point, I will call the richer man Strephon, and the other Florio. If you believe Florio with Strephon's estate would behave himself as he does now, Florio is certainly your man; but if you think Strephon, were he in Florio's condition, would be as obsequious as Florio is now, you ought for your own sake to choose Strephon; for where the men are equal, there is no doubt riches ought to be a reason for preference. After this manner, my dear child, I would have you abstract them from their circumstances; for you are to take it for granted, that he who is very humble only because he is poor, is the very same man in nature with him who is haughty because he is rich.

When you have gone thus far, as to consider the figure they make towards you; you will please, my dear, next to consider the appearance you make towards them. If they are men of discerning, they can observe the motives of your heart; and Florio can see when he is disregarded only upon account of fortune,

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tune, which makes you to him a mercenary creature; and you are still the same thing to Strephon, in taking him for his wealth only: You are therefore to consider whether you had rather oblige, than receive an obligation.

The marriage-life is always an insipid, a vexatious, or an happy condition. The first is, when two people of no genius or taste for themselves meet together, upon such a settlement as has been thought reasonable by parents and conveyancers, from an exact valuation of the land and cash of both parties: In this case the young lady's person is no more regarded, than the house and improvements in purchase of an estate; but she goes with her fortune, rather than her fortune with her. These make up the crowd or vulgar of the rich, and fill up the lumber of human race, without beneficence towards those below them, or respect towards those above them; and lead a despicable, independent and useless life, without sense of the laws of kindness, good-nature, mutual offices, and the elegant satisfactions which flow from reason and virtue.

The vexatious life arises from a conjunction of two people of quick taste and resentment, put together for reasons well known to their friends, in which especial care is taken to avoid (what they think the chief of evils) poverty, and insure to them riches, with every evil besides. These good people live in a constant constraint before company, and too great familiarity

alone; when they are within observation they fret at each other's carriage and behaviour: when alone they revile each other's person and conduct: In company they are in a purgatory, when only together in an hell.

The happy marriage is, where two persons meet and voluntarily make choice of each other, without principally regarding or neglecting the circumstances of fortune or beauty. These may still love in spite of adversity or sickness: The former we may in some measure defend ourselves from, the other is the portion of our very make. When you have a true notion of this sort of passion, your humour of living great will vanish out of your imagination, and you will find love has nothing to do with state. Solitude, with the person beloved, has a pleasure, even in a woman's mind, beyond show or pomp. You are therefore to consider which of our lovers will like you best undressed, which will bear with you most when out of humour; and your way to this is to ask of yourself, which of them you value most for his own sake? and by that judge which gives the greater instances of his valuing you for yourself only.

After you have expressed some sense of the humble approach of Florio, and a little disdain at Strephon's assurance in his address, you cry out, 'What an unexceptionable husband could I make out of both!' It would therefore

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fore methinks be a good way to determine yourself: Take him in whom what you like is not transferable to another; for if you choose otherwise, there is no hopes your husband will ever have what you liked in his rival; but intrinsic qualities in one man may very probably purchase every thing that is adventitious in another. In plainer terms; he whom you take for his personal perfections will sooner arrive at the gifts of fortune, than he whom you take for the sake of his fortune to attain to personal perfections. If Strephon is not as accomplished and agreeable as Florio, marriage to you will never make him so; but marriage to you may make Florio as rich as Strephon: Therefore to make a sure purchase, employ fortune upon certainties, but do not sacrifice certainties to fortune.

I am,

Your most obedient, humble servant.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 149.

Mr SPECTATOR,

Your discourse on love and marriage is of so useful a kind that I cannot forbear adding my thoughts to yours on that subject. Methinks it is a misfortune, that the marriage state, which in its own nature is adapted to give us the completest happiness this life is capable of, should be so uncomfortable a one to so many as it daily proves. But the mischief generally

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proceeds from the unwise choice people make for themselves, and an expectation of happiness from things not capable of giving it. Nothing but the good qualities of the person beloved can be a foundation for a love of judgment and discretion; and whoever expect happiness from any thing but virtue, wisdom, good-humour, and a similitude of manners, will find themselves widely mistaken. But how few are there who seek after these things, and do not rather make riches their chief if not their only aim? How rare is it for a man, when he engages himself in the thoughts of marriage, to place his hopes of having in such a woman a constant agreeable companion? One who will divide his cares and double his joys? Who will manage that share of his estate he intrusts to her conduct with prudence and frugality, govern his house with œconomy and discretion, and be an ornament to himself and family? Where shall we find the man who looks out for one who places her chief happiness in the practice of virtue, and makes her duty her continual pleasure? No: Men rather seek for money as the complement of all their desires; and regardless of what kind of wives they take, they think riches will be a minister to all kind of pleasures, and enable them to keep mistresses, horses, hounds, to drink, feast, and game with their companions, pay their debts contracted by former extravagancies, or some such vile and unworthy

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worthy end; indulge themselves in pleasures which are a shame and scandal to human nature. Now, as for the women; how few of them are there who place the happiness of their marriage in having a wife and virtuous friend? One who will be faithful and just to all, and constant and loving to them? Who with care and diligence will look after and improve the estate, and without grudging allow whatever is prudent and convenient? Rather, how few are there who do not place their happiness in outshining others in pomp and show? and that do not think within themselves when they have married such a rich person, that none of their acquaintance shall appear so fine in their equipage, so adorned in their persons, or so magnificent in their furniture as themselves? Thus their heads are filled with vain ideas; and I heartily wish I could say that equipage and show were not the chief good of so many women as I fear it is.

After this manner do both sexes deceive themselves, and bring reflections and disgrace upon the most happy and most honourable state of life; whereas if they would but correct their depraved taste, moderate their ambition, and place their happiness upon proper objects, we should not find felicity in the marriage state such a wonder in the world as it now is.

Sir, if you think these thoughts worth inserting among your own, be pleased to give them

them a better dress, and let them pass abroad ;
and you will oblige,

Your admirer, A. B.
SPECTATOR, Vol. IV. No. 268.

Many are the epistles I every day receive from husbands, who complain of vanity, pride, but above all ill-nature in their wives. I cannot tell how it is, but I think I see in all their letters that the cause of their uneasiness is in themselves; and indeed I have hardly ever observed the married condition unhappy, but for want of judgment or temper in the man. The truth is, we generally make love in a stile, and with sentiments very unfit for ordinary life: They are half theatrical, half romantic. By this means we raise our imaginations to what is not to be expected in human life; and because we did not beforehand think of the creature we are enamoured of, as subject to dishonour, age, sickness, impatience or sullenness, but altogether considered her as the object of joy, human nature itself is often imputed to her as her particular imperfection or defect.

I take it to be a rule proper to be observed in all occurrences of life, but more especially in the domestic or matrimonial part of it, to preserve always a disposition to be pleased. This cannot be supported but by considering things in their right light, and as nature has formed them, and not as our own fancies and appetites

appetites would have them. He then who took a young lady to his bed, with no other consideration than the expectation of scenes of dalliance, and thought of her (as said before) only as she was to administer to the gratification of desire; as that desire flags, will, without her fault, think her charms and her merit abated: From hence must follow indifference, dislike, peevishness and rage. But the man who brings his reason to support his passion, and beholds what he loves as liable to all the calamities of human life both in body and mind, and even at the best what must bring upon him new cares and new relations; such a lover, I say, will form himself accordingly, and adapt his mind to the nature of his circumstances. This latter person will be prepared to be a father, a friend, an advocate, a steward for people yet unborn, and has proper affections ready for every incident in the marriage state. Such a man can hear the cries of children with pity instead of anger; and when they run over his head, he is not disturbed at their noise, but is glad of their mirth and health. Tom Trusty has told me, that he thinks it doubles his attention to the most intricate affair he is about, to hear his children, for whom all his cares are applied, make a noise in the next room: On the other side Will Sparkish cannot put on his perriwig, or adjust his cravat at the glass, for the noise of those damned nurses and squalling

squalling brats; and then ends with a gallant reflection upon the comforts of matrimony, runs out of the hearing, and drives to the Chocolate-house.

According as the husband is disposed in himself, every circumstance of his life is to give him torment or pleasure. When the affection is well placed, and supported by the considerations of duty, honour, and friendship, which are in the highest degree engaged in this alliance, there can nothing rise in the common course of life, or from the blows or favours of fortune, in which a man will not find matters of some delight unknown to a single condition.

He who sincerely loves his wife and family, and studies to improve that affection in himself, conceives pleasure from the most indifferent things; while the married man, who has not bid adieu to the fashions and false gallantries of the town, is perplexed with every thing around him. In both these cases men cannot, indeed, make a sillier figure, than in repeating such pleasures and pains to the rest of the world; but I speak of them only, as they fit upon those who are involved in them. As I visit all sorts of people, I cannot indeed but smile, when the good lady tells her husband what extraordinary things the child spoke since he went out. No longer than yesterday I was prevailed to go home with a fond husband; and his wife told him, that his son, of his

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his own head, when the clock in the parlour struck two, said, papa would come home to dinner presently. While the father has him in a rapture in his arms and is drowning him with kisses, the wife tells me he is but just four years old. Then they both struggle for him, and bring him up to me, and repeat his observations of two o'clock. I was called upon, by looks upon the child, and then at me, to say something; and I told the father, that this remark of the infant of his coming h me, and joining the time with it, was a certain indication that he would be a great Historian and Chronologer. They are neither of them fools, yet received my compliment with great acknowledgment of my prescience. I fared very well at dinner, and heard many other notable sayings of their heir, which would have given very little entertainment to one less turned to reflection than I was; but it was a pleasing speculation to remark on the happiness of a life in which things of no moment give occasion of hope, self-satisfaction, and triumph. On the other hand, I have known an ill-natured coxcomb, who has hardly improved in any thing but bulk. for want of this disposition, silence the whole family, as a set of silly women and children, for recounting things which were really above his own capacity.

When I say all this, I cannot deny but there are perverse jades that fall to mens lots, with whom

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whom it requires more than common proficiency in philosophy to be able to live. When these are joined to men of warm spirits, without temper or learning, they are frequently corrected with stripes; but one of our famous lawyers is of opinion that this ought to be used sparingly; as I remember, those are ~~in~~ very words: But as it is proper to draw some spiritual use out of all afflictions, I should rather recommend to those who are visited with women of spirit, to form themselves for the world by patience at home. Socrates, who is by all accounts the undoubted head of the sect of the henpicked, owned and acknowledged that he owed great part of his virtue to the exercise which his useful wife constantly gave it. There are several good instructions may be drawn from his wife answers to people of less fortitude than himself on her subject: A friend, with indignation, asked how so good a man could live with so violent a creature? He observed to him, 'That they who learn to keep a good seat on horseback, mount the least manageable they can get, and when they have mastered them, they are sure never to be discomposed on the backs of steeds less restive.' At several times to different persons, on the same subject he has said, 'My dear friend, you are beholden to Xantippe, that I bear so well your flying out in a dispute.' To another, 'my hen clacks very much, but she brings me chickens.'

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' chickens. They that live in a trading street, are not disturbed at the passage of carts.' I would have, if possible, a wise man be contented with his lot, even with a shrew; for though he cannot make her better, he may, you see, make himself better by her means.

But instead of pursuing my design of displaying conjugal love in its natural beauties and attractions, I am got into tales to the disadvantage of that state of life. I must say therefore that I am verily persuaded that whatever is delightful in human life, is to be enjoyed in greater perfection in the married, than in the single condition. He that has this passion in perfection in occasions of joy can say to himself, besides his own satisfaction, 'How happy will this make my wife and children?' Upon occurrences of distress and danger can comfort himself, 'But all this while my wife and children are safe.' There is something in it that doubles satisfaction because others participate them; and dispels afflictions, because others are exempt from them.

All who are married, without this relish of their circumstance, are in either a tasteless indolence and negligence, which is hardly to be attained, or else live in the hourly repetition of sharp answers, eager upbraidings, and distracting reproaches. In a word, 'the married state, with and without the affection suitable to it,

it, is the compleatest image of heaven and hell we are capable of receiving in this life.

SPECTATOR, Vol. II. No. 115.

MODESTY.

MR. Locke, in his treatise of human understanding, has spent two chapters upon the abuse of words. The first and most palpable abuse of words, he says, is, when they are used without clear and distinct ideas: The second, when we are so inconstant and unsteady in the application of them, that we sometimes use to signify one idea, sometimes another. He adds, that the result of our contemplations and reasonings, while we have no precise ideas fixed to our words, must needs be very confused and absurd. To avoid this inconvenience, more especially in moral discourses, where the same word should constantly be used in the same sense, he earnestly recommends the use of definitions.

‘A definition,’ says he, ‘is the only way whereby the precise meaning of moral words can be known.’ He therefore accuses those of great negligence, who discourse of moral things with the least obscurity in the terms they make use of, since upon the fore-mentioned ground he does not scruple to say that he thinks ‘Morality is capable of demonstration as well as the mathematick.’

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I know no two words that have been more abused by the different and wrong interpretations which are put upon them, than these two, Modesty and Assurance. To say, such a one is a modest man, sometimes indeed passes for a good character; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish awkward fellow, who has neither good-breeding, politeness, nor any knowledge of the world.

Again, 'A man of assurance,' though at first it only denoted a person of a free and open carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate wretch, who can break through all the rules of decency and morality without a blush.

I shall endeavour therefore in this essay to restore these words to their true meaning, to prevent the idea of Modesty from being confounded with that of Sheepishness, and to hinder Impudence from passing for Assurance.

If I was put to define Modesty, I would call it, 'The reflection of an ingenuous mind, either when a man has committed an action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the censure of others.'

For this reason a man truly modest is as much so when he is alone as in company, and as subject to a blush in his closet, as when the eyes of multitudes are upon him.

I do not remember to have met with any instance of modesty with which I am so well pleased, as that celebrated one of the young

Prince, whose father being a tributary King to the Romans, had several complaints laid against him before the Senate, as a tyrant and oppressor of his subjects. The Prince went to Rome to defend his father, but coming into the Senate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a word. The story tells us, that the fathers were more moved at this instance of modesty and ingenuity, than they could have been by the most pathetic oration; and, in short, pardoned the guilty father for this early promise of virtue in the son.

“ I take assurance to be the faculty of possessing a man’s self, or of saying and doing indifferent things without any uneasiness or emotion in the mind.” That which generally gives a man assurance is a moderate knowledge of the world, but above all a mind fixed and determined in itself to do nothing against the rules of honour and decency. An open and assured behaviour is the natural consequence of such a resolution. A man thus armed, if his words or actions are at any time misinterpreted, retires within himself, and from a consciousness of his own integrity, assumes force enough to despise the little censures of ignorance or malice.

Every one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the modesty and assurance I have here mentioned.

A man

A man without assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the folly or ill-nature of every one he converses with. A man without modesty is lost to all sense of honour and virtue.

It is more than probable, that the Prince above-mentioned possessed both these qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without assurance he would never have undertaken to speak before the most august assembly in the world; without modesty he would have pleaded the cause he had taken upon him, though it had appeared ever so scandalous.

From what has been said, it is plain, that modesty and assurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the same person. When they are thus mixed and blended together, they compose what we endeavour to express when we say 'a modest assurance;' by which we understand the just mean between bashfulness and impudence.

I shall conclude with observing, that as the same man may be both modest and assured, so it is also possible for the same person to be both impudent and bashful.

We have frequent instances of this odd kind of mixture in people of depraved minds and mean education; who though they are not able to meet a man's eyes, or pronounce a sentence without confusion, can voluntarily commit the greatest villanies, or most indecent actions.

Such a person seems to have made a resolution to do ill even in spite of himself, and in defiance of all those checks and restraints his temper and complexion seem to have laid in his way.

Upon the whole, I would endeavour to establish this maxim, that the practice of virtue is the most proper method to give a man a becoming assurance in his words and actions. Guilt always seeks to shelter itself in one of the extremes, and is sometimes attended with both.

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 373.

I had the honour this evening to visit some ladies, where the subject of the conversation was Modesty, which they commended as a quality quite as becoming in men as in women. I took the liberty to say, it might be as beautiful in our behaviour as in theirs, yet it could not be said, it was as successful in life; for as it was the only recommendation in them, so it was the greatest obstacle to us both in love and business. A gentleman present was of my mind, and said, that we must describe the difference between the modesty of women and that of men, or we should be confounded in our reasonings upon it; for this virtue is to be regarded with respect to our different ways of life. The woman's province is to be careful in her economy, and chaste in her affections: The
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man's to be active in the improvement of his fortune, and ready to undertake whatever is consistent with his reputation for that end. Modesty therefore in a woman has a certain agreeable fear in all she enters upon; and in men it is composed of a right judgment of what is proper for them to attempt. From hence it is, that a discreet man is always a modest one. It is to be noted, that modesty in a man is never to be allowed as a good quality, but a weakness, if it supresses his virtue, and hides it from the world, when he has at the same time a mind to exert himself. A French author says very justly, that modesty is to the other virtues in a man what shade in a picture is to the parts of the thing represented. It makes all the other beauties conspicuous, which would otherwise be but a wild heap of colours. This shade in our actions must therefore be very justly applied; for if there be too much, it hides our good qualities, instead of shewing them to advantage.

Nestor in Athens was an unhappy instance of this truth; for he was not only in his profession the greatest man of that age, but had given more proofs of it than any other man ever did; yet for want of that natural freedom and audacity which is necessary in commerce with men, his personal modesty overthrew all his public actions. Nestor was in those days a skilful architect, and in a manner the inventor of the use
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of mechanic powers, which he brought to so great perfection, that he knew to an atom what foundation would bear such a superstructure: And they record of him, that he was so prodigiously exact, that for the experiment's sake, he built an edifice of great beauty, and seeming strength; but contrived so as to bear only its own weight, and not to admit the addition of the least particle. This building was beheld with much admiration by all the virtuosi of that time; but fell down with no other pressure, but the settling of a Wren upon the top of it. Yet Nestor's modesty was such, that his art and skill were soon disregarded, for want of that manner with which men of the world support and assert the merit of their own performances. Soon after this instance of his art, Athens was, by the treachery of its enemies, burnt to the ground. This gave Nestor the greatest occasion that ever builder had to render his name immortal and his person venerable: For all the new city rose according to his disposition, and all the monuments of the glories and distresses of that people were erected by that sole artist: Nay, all their temples, as well as houses, were the effects of his study and labour; insomuch that it was said by an old sage, sure, Nestor will now be famous; for the habitations of gods as well as men, are built by his contrivance. But this bashful quality still put a damp upon his great knowledge, which

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which has as fatal an effect upon men's reputation as poverty; for as it was said, the poor man saved the city, and the poor man's labour was forgot; so here we find, the modest man built the city, and the modest man's skill was unknown.

Thus we see every man is the maker of his own fortune; and what is very odd to consider, he must in some measure be the trumpet of his fame: Not that men are to be tolerated who directly praise themselves, but they are to be endued with a sort of defensive eloquence, by which they shall be always capable of expressing the rules and arts by which they govern themselves.

Varillus was the man, of all I have read of, the happiest in the true possession of this quality of modesty. My author says of him, modesty in Varillus is really a virtue; for it is a voluntary quality, and the effect of good sense. He is naturally bold and enterprizing; but so justly discreet, that he never acts or speaks any thing, but those who behold him know that he has forborn much more than he has performed or uttered, out of deference to the persons before whom he is. This makes Varillus truly amiable; and all his attempts successful; for as bad as the world is thought to be by those who are perhaps unskilled in it, want of success in our actions is generally owing to want of judgment in what we ought to attempt, or a rustic modesty

modesty which will not give us leave to undertake what we ought. But how unfortunate this diffident temper is to those who are possessed with it, may be the best seen in the success of such as are wholly unacquainted with it.

We have one peculiar elegance in our language above all others, which is conspicuous in the term *Fellow*. This word added to many of our adjectives extremely varies, or quite alters the sense of that with which it is joined. Thus though a modest man is the most unfortunate of all men, yet a modest fellow is as superlatively happy. A modest fellow is a ready creature, who with great humility, and as great forwardness, visits his patrons at all hours, and meets them in all places, and has so moderate an opinion of himself, that he makes his court at large. If you will not give him a great employment, he will be glad of a little one. He has so great a deference for his benefactor's judgment, that as he thinks himself fit for any thing he can get, so he is above nothing which is offered. He is like the young bachelor of arts, who came to town recommended to a Chaplain's place; but none being vacant, modestly accepted of that of a Postillion.

We have very many conspicuous persons of this undertaking yet modest turn: I have a grandson who is very happy in this quality: I sent him in the time of the last peace into France. As soon as he landed at Calais, he
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sent me an exact account of the nature of the people, and the policies of the King of France. I got him since chosen a member of a corporation: The modest creature, as soon as he came into the common council, told a senior burghess, he was perfectly out of the orders of their house. In other circumstances, he is so thoroughly modest a fellow, that he seems to pretend only to things he understands. He is a citizen only at court, and in the city a courtier. In a word, to speak the characteristical difference between a modest man and a modest fellow; the modest man is in doubt in all his actions; a modest fellow never has a doubt from his cradle to his grave.

TATLER, Vol. II. No. 52.

NATURE.

NATURE does nothing in vain; the Creator of the universe has appointed every thing to a certain use and purpose, and determined it to a settled course and sphere of action, from which if it in the least deviates, it becomes unfit to answer those ends for which it was designed. In like manner it is in the dispositions of society, the civil oeconomy is formed in a chain as well as the natural; and in either case the breach but of one link puts the whole in some disorder. It is, I think, pretty plain, that most of the absurdity and ridicule

dicule we meet with in the world, is generally owing to the impertinent affectations of excelling in characters men are not fit for, and for which nature never designed them.

Every man has one or more qualities which may make him useful both to himself and others; nature never fails of pointing them out, and while the infant continues under her guardianship, she brings him on in his way, and then offers herself for a guide in what remains of the journey; if he proceeds in that course, he can hardly miscarry: Nature makes good her engagements; for as she never promises what she is not able to perform, so she never fails of performing what she promises. But the misfortune is, men despise what they may be masters of, and affect what they are not fit for; they reckon themselves already possessed of what their genius inclined them to, and so bend all their ambition to excel in what is out of their reach. Thus they destroy the use of their natural talents, in the same manner as covetous men do their quiet and repose; they can enjoy no satisfaction in what they have, because of the absurd inclination they are possessed with for what they have not.

Cleanthes had good sense, a great memory, and a constitution capable of the closest application. In a word, there was no profession in which Cleanthes might not have made a very good figure; but this will not satisfy him, he

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takes up an unaccountable fondness for the character of a fine gentleman; all his thoughts are bent upon this; instead of attending a dissection, frequenting the courts of justice, or studying the fathers, Cleanthes reads plays, dances, dresses, and spends his time in drawing-rooms; instead of being a good lawyer, divine, or physician, Cleanthes is a downright coxcomb, and will remain to all that knew him a contemptible example of talents misapplied. It is to this affectation the world owes its whole race of coxcombs: Nature in her whole drama never drew such a part; she has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of a man's own making, by applying his talents otherwise than nature designed, who ever bears a high resentment for being put out of her course, and never fails of taking her revenge on those that do so. Opposing her tendency in the application of a man's parts, has the same success as declining from her course in the production of vegetables, by the assistance of art and an hot-bed: We may possibly extort an unwilling plant, or an untimely fallad; but how weak, how tasteless and insipid? Just as insipid as the poetry of Valerio: Valerio had an universal character, was genteel, had learning, thought justly, spoke correctly; it was believed there was nothing in which Valerio did not excel; and it was so far true, that there was but one; Valerio had no genius for poetry,

yet he is resolved to be a poet; he writes verses, and takes great pains to convince the town, that Valerio is not that extraordinary person he was taken for.

If men would be content to graft upon nature, and assist her operations, what mighty effects might we expect? Tully would not stand so much alone in oratory, Virgil in poetry, or Caesar in war. To build upon nature is laying the foundation upon a rock; every thing disposes itself into order as it were of course, and the whole work is half done as soon as undertaken. Cicero's genius inclined him to oratory, Virgil's to follow the train of the muses; they piously obeyed the admonition, and were rewarded. Had Virgil attended the bar, his modest and ingenious virtue would surely have made but a very indifferent figure; and Tully's declamatory inclination would have been as useless in poetry. Nature, if left to herself, leads us on in the best course, but will do nothing by compulsion and constraint; and if we are not satisfied to go her way, we are always the greatest sufferers by it.

Wherever nature designs a production, she always disposes seeds proper for it, which are as absolutely necessary to the formation of any moral or intellectual excellence, as they are to the being and growth of plants; and I know not by what fate and folly it is, that men are taught not to reckon him equally absurd that will

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will write verses in spite of nature, with that gardiner that should undertake to raise a jonquil or tulip without the help of their respective seeds.

As there is no good or bad quality that does not affect both sexes, so it is not to be imagined but the fair sex must have suffered by an affectation of this nature, at least as much as the other: The ill effect of it is in none so conspicuous as in the two opposite characters of Cælia and Iras: Cælia has all the charms of person, together with an abundant sweetness of nature, but wants wit, and has a very ill voice; Iras is ugly and ungenteel, but has wit and good sense: If Cælia would be silent, her beholders would adore her; If Iras would talk, her hearers would admire her; but Cælia's tongue runs incessantly, while Iras gives herself silent airs and soft languors; so that it is difficult to persuade one's self that Cælia has beauty and Iras wit: Each neglects her own excellence, and is ambitious of the other's character; Iras would be thought to have as much beauty as Cælia, and Cælia as much wit as Iras.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 404.

PASSION.

IT is a very common expression, that such a one is very good-natured, but very passionate. The expression indeed is very good-natured, to allow passionate people so much

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quarter: But I think a passionate man deserves the least indulgence imaginable. It is said, it is soon over; that is, all the mischief he does is quickly dispatched, which, I think, is no great recommendation to favour. I have known one of those good-natured passionate men say in a mixed company, even to his own wife or child, such things as the most inveterate enemy of his family would not have spoke, even in imagination. It is certain that quick sensibility is inseparable from a ready understanding; but why should not that good understanding call to itself all its force on such occasions, to master that sudden inclination to anger? One of the greatest souls now in the world is the most subject by nature to anger, and yet so famous for a conquest of himself this way, that he is the known example when you talk of temper, and command of a man's self. To contain the spirit of anger, is the worthiest discipline we can put ourselves to. When a man has made any progress this way, a frivolous fellow in a passion is to him as contemptible as a froward child. It ought to be the study of every man; for his own quiet and peace. When he stands combustible and ready to flame upon every thing that touches him, life is as uneasy to himself as it is to all about him. Syncropius leads, of all men living, the most ridiculous life; he is ever offending, and begging pardon. If this man enters the room without what he sent for,

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‘That blockhead,’ begins he——‘Gentlemen, I ask your pardon, but servants now-a-days’——The wrong plates are laid, they are thrown into the middle of the room; his wife stands by in pain for him, which he sees in her face, and answers as if he had heard all she was thinking; ‘Why, what the devil! Why do not you take care to give orders in these things?’ His friends sit down to a tasteless plenty of every thing, every minute expecting new insults from his impertinent passions. In a word, to eat with, or visit Syncropius, is no other than going to see him exercise his family, exercise their patience, and his own anger.

It is monstrous that the shame and confusion in which this good-natured angry man must needs behold his friends, while he thus lays about him, does not give him so much reflection as to create an amendment. This is the most scandalous disuse of reason imaginable; all the harmless part of him is no more than that of a bull-dog, they are tame no longer than they are not offended. One of these good-natured angry men shall, in an instant, assemble together so many allusions to secret circumstances, as are enough to dissolve the peace of all the families and friends he is acquainted with, in a quarter of an hour, and yet the next moment be the best natured man in the whole world. If you would see passion in its purity

without mixture of reason, behold it represented in a mad hero, drawn by a mad-poet. Nat. Lee makes his Alexander say thus:

*Away, begone, and give a whirlwind room,
Or I will blow you up like dust! Avant;
Madness but meanly represents my toil.
Eternal discord!
Fury! revenge! disdain and indignation!
Tear my swollen breast, make way for fire and
 tempest.
My brain is burst, debate and reason
 quenched;
The storm is up, and my hot bleeding heart
Splits with the rack, while passions like the
 wind
Rise up to heav'n, and put out all the stars.*

Every passionate fellow in town talks half the day with as little consistency, and threatens things as much out of his power.

The next disagreeable person to the outrageous gentleman, is one of a much lower order of anger, and he is what we commonly call a peevish fellow. A peevish fellow is one who has some reason in himself for being out of humour, or has a natural incapacity for delight, and therefore disturbs all who are happier than himself with pishes and pshaws, or other well-bred interjections, at every thing that is said or done in his presence. There should be
phylic

physic mixed in the food of all which these fellows eat in good company. This degree of anger passes for-footh for a delicacy of judgment, that will not admit of being easily pleased; but none above the character of wearing a peevish man's livery, ought to bear with his ill manners. All things among men of sense and condition should pass the censure, and have the protection of the eye of reason.

No man ought to be tolerated in an habitual humour, whim, or particularity of behaviour, by any who do not wait upon him for bread. Next to the peevish fellow is the snarler. This gentleman deals mightily in what we call the irony, and as those sort of people exert themselves most against those below them, you see their humour best in their talk to their servants. That is so like you, you are a fine fellow, thou art the quickest head-piece, and the like. One would think the hectoring, the storming, the sullen, and all the different species and subordinations of the angry should be cured, by knowing they live only as pardoned men; and how pitiful is the condition of being only suffered? But I am interrupted by the pleasantest scene of anger and the disappointment of it that I have ever known, which happened while I was yet writing, and I overheard as I sat in the back-room at a French bookseller's. There came into the shop a very learned man with an erect solemn air, and though a person of great parts

parts otherwise, slow in understanding any thing which makes against himself. The composure of the faulty man, and the whimsical perplexity of him that was justly angry, is perfectly new: After turning over many volumes, said the seller to the buyer, 'Sir, you know I have long asked you to send me back the first volume of French sermons I formerly lent you;' Sir, said the chapman, I have often looked for it, but cannot find it; it is certainly lost, and I know not to whom I lent it, it is so many years ago; 'Then, sir, here is the other volume, I will send you home that, and please to pay for both.' My friend, replied he, canst thou be so senseless as not to know that one volume is as imperfect in my library as in your shop? 'Yes, Sir, but it is you have lost the first volume, and to be short, I will be paid.' Sir, answered the chapman, you are a young man, your book is lost, and learn by this little loss to bear much greater adversities, which you must expect to meet with 'Yes, Sir, I will bear when I must, but I have not lost now, for I say you have it and shall pay me.' Friend, you grow warm, I tell you the book is lost, and I foresee in the course even of a prosperous life, you will meet with afflictions to make you mad, if you cannot bear this trifles. 'Sir there is in this case no need of bearing, for you have the book.' I say, Sir, I have not the book. But your passion will not let you hear enough to be informed that I have it not.

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not. Learn resignation of yourself to the distresses of this life: Nay, do not fret and fume; it is my duty to tell you that you are of an impatient spirit; and an impatient spirit is never without woe. 'Was ever any thing like this?' Yes, sir, there have been many things like this. The loss is but a trifle, but your temper is wanton, and incapable of the least pain; therefore let me advise you, be patient, the book is lost, but do not you for that reason lose yourself.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 438.

PLEASURE *and* PAIN.

FABLES were the first pieces of wit that made their appearance in the world, and have been still highly valued not only in times of the greatest simplicity, but among the most polite ages of mankind. Jotham's fable of the trees is the oldest that is extant, and as beautiful as any which have been made since that time. Nathan's fable of the poor man and his lamb is likewise more ancient than any that is extant, besides the above-mentioned, and had so good an effect, as to convey instruction to the ear of a King without offending it, and to bring the man after God's own heart to a right sense of his guilt and his duty. We find Æsop in the most distant ages of Greece; and if we look into the very beginnings of the commonwealth of Rome

we see a mutiny among the common people appeased by a fable of the belly and limbs, which was indeed very proper to gain the attention of an incensed rabble, at a time when perhaps they would have torn to pieces any man who had preached the same doctrine to them in an open and direct manner. As fables took their birth in the very infancy of learning, they never flourished more than when learning was at its greatest height. To justify this assertion, I shall put my reader in mind of Horace, the greatest wit and critick in the augustan age; and of Boileau, the most correct poet among the moderns: Not to mention La Fontaine, who by this way of writing is come more into vogue than any other author of our times.

The fables I have here mentioned are raised altogether upon brutes and vegetables, with some of our own species mixt among them, when the moral hath so required. But besides this kind of fable, there is another in which the actors are passions, virtues, vices, and other imaginary persons of the like nature. Some of the ancient criticks will have it, that the *Iliad* and *Odyssy* of Homer are fables of this nature; and that the several names of Gods and heroes are nothing else but the affections of the mind in a visible shape and character. Thus they tell us, that Achilles, in the first *Iliad*, represents anger or the irascible part of human nature: That upon drawing his sword against his superior in

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a full assembly; Pallas is only another name for reason, which checks and advises him upon that occasion; and at her first appearance touches him upon the head, that part of the man being looked upon as the seat of reason. And thus of the rest of the poem. As for the *Odyssey*, I think it is plain that Horace considered it as one of these allegorical fables, by the moral which he has given us of several parts of it. The greatest Italian wits have applied themselves to the writing of this latter kind of fables: As *Spencer's Fairy Queen* is one continued series of them from the beginning to the end of that admirable work. If we look into the finest prose-authors of antiquity, such as Cicero, Plato, Xenophon, and many others, we shall find that this was likewise their favourite kind of fable. I shall only farther observe upon it, that the first of this sort that made any considerable figure in the world, was that of *Hercules* meeting with pleasure and virtue; which was invented by *Prodicus*, who lived before *Socrates*, and in the first dawnings of philosophy. He used to travel through Greece by virtue of this fable, which procured him a kind reception in all the market-towns, where he never failed telling it as soon as he had gathered an audience about him.

After this short preface, which I have made up of such materials as my memory does at present suggest to me, before I present my reader

er with a fable of this kind, which I design as the entertainment of the present paper, I must in a few words open the occasion of it.

In the account which Plato gives us of the conversation and behaviour of Socrates, the morning he was to die, he tells the following circumstance.

When Socrates his fetters were knocked off (as was usual to be done on the day that the condemned person was to be executed) being seated in the midst of his disciples, and laying one of his legs over the other, in a very unconcerned posture, he began to rub it where it had been galled by the iron; and whether it was to shew the indifference with which he entertained the thoughts of his approaching death, or (after his usual manner) to take every occasion of philosophizing upon some useful subject, he observed the pleasure of that sensation which now arose in those very parts of his leg, that just before had been so much pained by the fetter. Upon this he reflected on the nature of pleasure and pain in general, and how constantly they succeed one another. To this he added, that if a man of a good genius for a fable were to represent the nature of pleasure and pain in that way of writing, he would probably join them together after such a manner, that it would be impossible for the one to come into any place without being followed by the other.

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It is possible, that if Plato had thought it proper at such a time to describe Socrates launching out into a discourse which was not of a-piece with the business of the day, he would have enlarged upon this hint, and have drawn it out into some beautiful allegory or fable. But since he has not done it, I shall attempt to write one myself in the spirit of that divine author.

‘ There were two families, which from the beginning of the world were as opposite to each other as light and darkness. The one of them lived in heaven, and the other in hell. The youngest descendant of the first family was Pleasure, who was the daughter of happiness, who was the child of virtue, who was the offspring of the gods. These, as I said before, had their habitation in heaven. The youngest of the opposite family was Pain, who was the son of misery, who was the child of vice, who was the offspring of the furies. The habitation of this race of beings was in hell.

‘ The middle station of nature between these two opposite extremes was the earth, which was inhabited by creatures of a middle kind, neither so virtuous as the one, nor so vicious as the other, but partaking of the good and bad qualities of these two opposite families. Jupiter considering that this species commonly called man, was too virtuous to be miserable, and too vicious to be happy: That he might

' make a distinction between the good and the
 ' bad, ordered the two youngest of the above-
 ' mentioned families, Pleasure who was the
 ' daughter of happiness, and Pain who was the
 ' son of misery, to meet one another upon this
 ' part of nature which lay in the half-way be-
 ' tween them, having promised to settle it up-
 ' on them both, provided they could agree up-
 ' on the division of it, so as to share mankind
 ' between them.

' Pleasure and Pain were no sooner met in
 ' their new habitation, but they immediately
 ' agreed upon this point, that Pleasure should
 ' take possession of the virtuous, and Pain of
 ' the vicious part of that species which was gi-
 ' ven up to them. But upon examining to
 ' which of them any individual they met with
 ' belonged, they found each of them had a
 ' right to him; for that, contrary to what they
 ' had seen, in their old places of residence,
 ' there was no person so vicious who had not
 ' some good in him, nor any person so virtuous
 ' who had not in him some evil. The truth of
 ' of it is, they generally found upon search,
 ' that in the most vicious man Pleasure might
 ' lay a claim to an hundredth part, and that in
 ' the most virtuous man Pain might come in
 ' for at least two thirds. This they saw would
 ' occasion endless disputes between them, un-
 ' less they could come to some accommodation.
 ' To this end there was a marriage proposed
 ' between

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' between them, and at length concluded: By
 ' this means it is that we find Pleasure and Pain
 ' are such constant yoke-fellows, and that they
 ' either make their visits together, or are ne-
 ' ver far asunder. If Pain comes into an
 ' heart, he is quickly followed by Pleasure;
 ' and if Pleasure enters, you may be sure Pain
 ' is not far off.

' But notwithstanding this marriage was very
 ' convenient for the two parties, it did not
 ' seem to answer the intention of Jupiter in
 ' sending them among mankind. To remedy
 ' therefore this inconvenience, it was stipulated
 ' between them by article, and confirmed by
 ' the consent of each family, that notwith-
 ' standing they here possessed the species indif-
 ' ferently, upon the death of every single per-
 ' son, if he was found to have in him a certain
 ' proportion of evil, he should be dispatched
 ' into the infernal regions by a passport from
 ' Pain, there to dwell with misery, vice, and
 ' the furies. Or, on the contrary, if he had
 ' in him a certain proportion of good, he should
 ' be dispatched into heaven by a passport from
 ' Pleasure, there to dwell with virtue, happi-
 ' ness and the gods.'

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 183.

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PROVERBS,

PROVERBS, *Chap. VII. in Verse.*

MY son, th' instruction that my words impart,
 Grave on the living tablet of thy heart;
 And all the wholesome precepts that I give,
 Observe with strictest reverence, and live.

Lét all thy homage be to wisdom paid,
 Seek her protection and implore her aid;
 That she may keep thy soul from harm secure,
 And turn thy footsteps from the harlot's door,
 Who with curs'd charms lures th' unwary in.
 And sooths with flattery their souls to sin.

Once from my window as I cast mine eye,
 On those that pass'd in giddy numbers by,
 A youth among the foolish youths I spy'd,
 Who took not sacred wisdom for his guide.

Just as the sun withdrew his cooler light,
 And evening soft led on the shades of night,
 He stole in covert twilight to his fate,
 And pass'd the corner near the harlot's gate;
 When lo, a woman comes! —

Loose her attire, and such her glaring dress,
 As aptly did the harlot's mind express:
 Subtle she is, and practis'd in the arts,
 By which the wanton conquer heedless hearts:
 Stubborn and loud she is, she hates her home,
 Varying her place and form; she loves to
 roam;

Now she's within, now in the street does stray,
 Now at each corner stands, and waits her prey.

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The youth she seiz'd; and laying now aside
 All modesty, the female's justest pride,
 She said, with an embrace, here at my house
 Peace-offerings are, this day I paid my vows.
 I therefore came abroad to meet my dear,
 And lo, in happy hour I find thee here.

My chamber I've adorned, and o'er my bed
 Are cov'rings of the richest tap'stry spread,
 With linen it is deck'd from Egypt brought,
 And carvings by the curious artist wrought:
 It wants no glad perfume Arabia yields
 In all her citron groves, and spicy fields;
 Here all her store of richest odours meets,
 I'll lay thee in a wilderness of sweets.
 Whatever to the sense can grateful be
 I have collected there—I want but thee.
 My husband's gone a journey far away,
 Much gold he took abroad, and long will
 stay:

He nam'd for his return a distant day.

Upon her tongue did such smooth mischief
 dwell,

And from her lips such welcome flatt'ry fell,
 The unguarded youth, in silken fetters try'd,
 Relign'd his reason, and with ease comply'd.
 Thus does the ox to his own slaughter go,
 And thus is senseless of th' impending blow.
 Thus flies the simple bird into the snare,
 That skilful fowlers for his life prepare.
 But let my sons attend. Attend may they
 Whom youthful vigour may to sin betray;

Let them false charmers fly, and guard their
hearts

Against the wily wanton's pleasing arts;
With care direct their steps, nor turn astray;
To tread the paths of her deceitful way;
Lest they too late of her fell power complain,
And fall, where many mightier have been
slain.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VI. No. 410.

PROVIDENCE.

IT is very reasonable to believe, that part of the pleasure which happy minds shall enjoy in a future state, will arise from an enlarged contemplation of the Divine Wisdom in the government of the world, and a discovery of the secret and amazing steps of Providence, from the beginning to the end of time. Nothing seems to be an entertainment more adapted to the nature of man, if we consider that curiosity is one of the strongest and most lasting appetites implanted in us, and that admiration is one of our most pleasing passions; and what a perpetual succession of enjoyments will be afforded to both these, in a scene so large and various as shall then be laid open to our view in the society of superior spirits, who perhaps will join with us in so delightful a prospect!

It is not impossible, on the contrary, that part of the punishment of such as are excluded
from

from bliss, may consist not only in their being denied this privilege, but in having their appetites at the same time vastly increased, without any satisfaction afforded to them. In these, the vain pursuit of knowledge shall, perhaps, add to their infelicity, and bewilder them into labyrinths of error, darkness, distraction and uncertainty of every thing but their own evil state. Milton has thus represented the fallen angels reasoning together in a kind of respite from their torments, and creating to themselves a new disquiet amidst their very amusements; he could not properly have described the sports of condemned spirits, without that cast of horror and melancholy he has so judiciously mingled with them.

Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and
fate,
Fixt fate, freewill, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end in wandering mazes lost.

In our present condition, which is a middle state, our minds are, as it were, chequered with truth and falsehood; and as our faculties are narrow, and our views imperfect, it is impossible but our curiosity must meet with many repulses. The business of mankind in this life being rather to act than to know, their
portion

portion of knowledge is dealt to them accordingly.

From hence it is, that the reason of the inquisitive has so long been exercised with difficulties, in accounting for the promiscuous distribution of good and evil to the virtuous and the wicked in this world. From hence comes all those pathetic complaints of so many tragical events which happen to the wise and the good; and of such surprizing prosperity, which is often the reward of the guilty and the foolish; that reason is sometimes puzzled, and at a loss what to pronounce upon so mysterious a dispensation.

Plato expresses his abhorrence of some fables of the poets, which seem to reflect on the gods as the authors of injustice; and lays it down as a principle, that whatever is permitted to befall a just man, whether poverty, sickness, or any of those things which seem to be evils, shall either in life or death conduce to his good. My reader will observe how agreeable this maxim is to that we find delivered by a greater authority. Seneca has written a discourse purposely on this subject, in which he takes pains, after the doctrine of the Stoicks, to shew that adversity is not in itself an evil; and mentions a noble saying of Demetrius, that ‘nothing would be more unhappy than a man who had never known affliction.’ He compares prosperity to the indulgence of a fond mother
to

to a child, which often proves his ruin; but the affection of the Divine Being to that of a wise father, who would have his sons exercised with labour, disappointment, and pain, that they may gather strength, and improve their fortitude. On this occasion the philosopher rises into that celebrated sentiment, that there is not on earth a spectacle more worthy the regard of a Creator intent on his works than a brave man superior to his sufferings; to which he adds, that it must be a pleasure to Jupiter himself to look down from heaven, and see Cato amidst the ruins of his country preserving his integrity.

This thought will appear yet more reasonable, if we consider human life as a state of probation, and adversity as the post of honour in it, assigned often to the best and most select spirits.

But what I would chiefly insist on here, is, that we are not at present in a proper situation to judge of the counsels by which Providence acts, since but little arrives at our knowledge, and even that little we discern imperfectly; or, according to the elegant figure in Holy Writ, 'We see but in part, and as in a glass darkly.' It is to be considered, that Providence in its œconomy regards the whole system of time and things together, so that we cannot discover the beautiful connection between the incidents which lie widely separate in time, and by losing so many links of the chain, our reasonings

ings become broken and imperfect. Thus those parts of the moral world which have not an absolute, may yet have a relative beauty, in respect of some other parts concealed from us, but open to his eye before whom *past, present, and to come*, are set together in one point of view; and those events, the permission of which seems now to accuse his goodness, may in the consummation of things both magnify his goodness, and exalt his wisdom. And this is enough to check our presumption, since it is in vain to apply our measures of regularity to matters of which we know neither the antecedents nor the consequents, the beginning nor the end.

I shall relieve my readers from this abstracted thought, by relating here a Jewish tradition concerning Moses, which seems to be a kind of parable, illustrating what I have last mentioned. That great Prophet, it is said, was called up by a voice from heaven to the top of a mountain; where, in a conference with the Supreme Being, he was permitted to propose to him some questions concerning the administration of the universe. In the midst of this divine colloquy, he was commanded to look down on the plain below. At the foot of the mountain there issued out a clear spring of water, at which a soldier alighted from his horse to drink. He was no sooner gone than a little boy came to the same place, and finding a purse of gold which the soldier had dropped,

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took it up and went away with it. Immediately after this came an infirm old man, weary with age and travelling, and having quenched his thirst, sat down to rest himself by the side of the spring. The soldier missing his purse returns to search for it, and demands it of the old man, who affirms he had not seen it, and appeals to heaven in witness of his innocence. The soldier not believing his protestations, kills him. Moses fell on his face with horror and amazement, when the Divine Voice thus prevented his expostulation; 'Be not surprized, Moses, nor ask why the Judge of the whole earth has suffered this thing to come to pass: the child is the occasion that the blood of the old man is spilt; but know, that the old man whom thou sawest, was the murderer of that child's father.'

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 237.

RELIGION.

ABOUT an age ago it was the fashion in England, for every one that would be thought religious, to throw as much sanctity as possible into his face, and in particular to abstain from all appearance of mirth and pleasantry, which were looked upon as the marks of a carnal mind. The saint was of a sorrowful countenance, and generally eaten up with spleen and melancholy. A gentleman, who was

was lately a great ornament to the learned world, has diverted me more than once with an account of the reception which he met with from a very famous Independent minister, who was head of a college in those times. This gentleman was then a young adventurer in the Republic of Letters, and just fitted up for the University with a good cargo of Latin and Greek. His friends were resolved that he should try his fortune at an election which was drawing near in the college, of which the Independent minister whom I have before mentioned was governor. The youth, according to custom, waited on him in order to be examined. He was received at the door by a servant, who was one of the gloomy generation that were then in fashion. He conducted him, with great silence and seriousness, to a long gallery which was darkened at noon-day, and had only a single candle burning in it. After a short stay in this melancholy apartment, he was led into a chamber hung with black, where he entertained himself for some time by the glimmering of a taper, until at length the head of the college came out to him, from an inner room, with half a dozen night-caps upon his head, and religious horror in his countenance. The young man trembled; but his fears increased, when, instead of being asked what progress he had made in learning, he was examined how he abounded in grace. His Latin and Greek stood him in little stead; he was to
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give an account only of the state of his soul, whether he was of the number of the Elect; what was the occasion of his conversion; upon what day of the month, and hour of the day it happened; how it was carried on, and when compleated. The whole examination was summed up with one short question, namely, 'Whether he was prepared for death?' The boy, who had been bred up by honest parents, was frightened out of his wits at the solemnity of the proceeding, and by the last dreadful interrogatory; so that upon making his escape out of the house of mourning, he could never be brought a second time to the examination, as not being able to go through the terrors of it.

Notwithstanding this general form and outside of religion is pretty well worn out among us, there are many persons, who, by a natural uncheerfulness of heart, mistaken notions of piety, or weakness of understanding, love to indulge this uncomfortable way of life, and give up themselves a prey to grief and melancholy. Superstitious fears and groundless scruples cut them off from the pleasures of conversation, and all those social entertainments, which are not only innocent, but laudable; as if mirth was made for reprobates, and cheerfulness of heart denied those who are the only persons that have a proper title to it.

Sombrius is one of these sons of sorrow. He thinks himself obliged in duty to be sad and disconsolate. He looks on a sudden fit of laughter

as a breach of his baptismal vow. An innocent jest startles him like blasphemy. Tell him of one who is advanced to a title of honour, he lifts up his hands and eyes; describe a publick ceremony, he shakes his head; shew him a gay equipage, he blesses himself. All the little ornaments of life are pomps and vanities. Mirth is wanton and wit profane. He is scandalized at youth for being lively, and at childhood for being playful. He sits at a christening, or a marriage-feast, as at a funeral; sighs at the conclusion of a merry story, and grows devout when the rest of the company grow pleasant. After all, Sombritus is a religious man, and would have behaved himself very properly, had he lived when christianity was under a general prosecution.

I would by no means presume to tax such characters with hypocrisy, as is done too frequently; that being a vice which I think none but he who knows the secrets of mens hearts, should pretend to discover in another, where the proofs of it do not amount to a demonstration. On the contrary, as there are many excellent persons, who are weighed down by this habitual sorrow of heart, they rather deserve our compassion than our reproaches. I think, however, they would do well to consider whether such a behaviour does not deter men from a religious life, by representing it as an unsociable state, that extinguishes all joy and gladness, darkens

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the face of nature, and destroys the relish of being itself.

I have, in former papers, shewn how great a tendency there is to chearfulness in religion, and how such a frame of mind is not only the most lovely, but the most commendable in a virtuous person. In short, those who represent religion in so unamiable a light, are like the spies sent by Moses, to make a discovery of the land of promise, when by their reports they discouraged the people from entering upon it. Those who shew us the joy, the chearfulness, the good-humour, that naturally spring up in this happy state, are like the spies bringing along with them the clusters of grapes and delicious fruits, that might invite their companions into the pleasant country which produced them.

An eminent pagan writer has made a discourse, to shew that the atheist, who denies a God, does him less dishonour than the man who owns his being, but at the same time believes him to be cruel, hard to please, and terrible to human nature. For my own part, says he, I would rather it should be said of me, that there was never any such man as Plutarch, than that Plutarch was ill-natured, capricious, or inhumane.

If we may believe our logicians, Man is distinguished from all other creatures by the faculty of laughter. He has an heart capable of mirth, and naturally disposed to it. It is not the

business of virtue to extirpate the affections of the mind, but to regulate them. It may moderate and restrain, but was not designed to banish gladness from the heart of man. Religion contracts the circle of our pleasures, but leaves it wide enough for her votaries to expatiate in. The contemplation of the divine being and the exercise of virtue, are in their own nature, so far from excluding all gladness of heart, that they are perpetual sources of it. In a word the true spirit of religion cheers, as well as composes the soul; it banishes indeed all levity of behaviour, all vicious and dissolute mirth, but in exchange fills the mind with a perpetual serenity, uninterrupted cheerfulness, and an habitual inclination to please others, as well as to be pleased in itself.

SPECTATOR, Vol. VII. No. 494.

SCRIPTURES.

TO persuade men to believe the scriptures, I only offer this to mens consideration. If there be a God, whose providence governs the world, and all the creatures in it, is it not reasonable to think that he hath a particular care of men, the noblest part of this visible world? and seeing he hath made them capable of eternal duration; that he hath provided for their eternal happiness, and sufficiently

' sufficiently revealed to them the way to it
 ' and the terms and conditions of it! Now let
 ' any man produce any book in the world, that
 ' pretends to be from God, and to do this;
 ' that for the matter of it is so worthy of God,
 ' the doctrines whereof are so useful, and the
 ' precepts so reasonable, and the arguments so
 ' powerful, the truth of all which was confirm-
 ' ed by so many great and unquestionable mira-
 ' cles, the relation of which has been transmitt-
 ' ed to posterity in publick and authentick re-
 ' cords, written by those who were eye and ear
 ' witnesses of what they wrote, and free from
 ' suspicion of any worldly interest and design;
 ' let any produce a book like to this, in all these
 ' respects; and which, over and besides, hath
 ' by the power and reasonableness of the doc-
 ' trines contained in it, prevailed so miracu-
 ' lously in the world, by weak and inconsidera-
 ' ble means, in opposition to all the wit and
 ' power of the world, and under such discour-
 'agements as no other religion was ever
 ' assaulted with; let any man bring forth such a
 ' book, and he hath my leave to believe it as
 ' soon as the bible. But if there be none such,
 ' as I am well assured there is not, then every
 ' one that thinks God hath revealed himself to
 ' men, ought to embrace and entertain the
 ' doctrine of the holy scriptures, as revealed by
 ' God.

SELF-DENIAL.

THERE are none who deserve superiority over others in the esteem of mankind, who do not make it their endeavour to be beneficial to society; and who upon all occasions which their circumstances of life can administer, do not take a certain unfeigned pleasure in conferring benefits of one kind or other. Those whose great talents and high birth have placed them in conspicuous stations of life, are indispensibly obliged to exert some noble inclinations for the service of the world, or else, such advantages become misfortunes, and shade and privacy are a more eligible portion. Where opportunities and inclinations are given to the same person, we sometimes see sublime instances of virtue, which dazzle our imaginations, that we look with scorn on all which in lower scenes of life we may ourselves be able to practise. But this is a vicious way of thinking; and it bears some spice of romantic madness, for a man to imagine that he must grow ambitious, or seek adventures to be able to do great actions. It is in every man's power in the world, who is above mere poverty, not only to do things worthy but heroic. The great foundation of civil virtue is self-denial; and there is no one above the necessities of life, but has opportunities of exercising that noble quality, and doing as much as his circumstances will

will bear for the ease and convenience of other men; and he who does more than ordinary men practise upon such occasions as occur in his life, deserves the value of his friends as if he had done enterprizes which are usually attended with the highest glory. Men of public spirit differ rather in their circumstances than their virtue; and the man who does all he can in a low station is more a hero than he who omits any worthy action he is able to accomplish in a great one. It is not many years ago since Lapius, in wrong of his elder brother, came to a great estate, by gift of his father, by reason of the dissolute behaviour of the first-born. Shame and contrition reformed the life of the disinherited youth, and he became as remarkable for his good qualities as formerly for his errors. Lapius, who observed his brother's amendment, sent him on a new-year's-day in the morning the following letter:

Honoured Brother,

‘ I INCLOSE to you the deeds whereby my father gave me this house and land: Had he lived till now, he would not have bestowed it in that manner; he took it from the man you were, and I restore it to the man you are. I am,

‘ *S I R, Your affectionate brother,*

‘ *and humble servant, P. T.’*

People

People whose hearts are wholly bent towards pleasure, or intent upon gain, never hear of the noble occurrences among men of industry and humanity. It would look like a city romance, to tell them of the generous merchant, who the other day sent this billet to an eminent trader under difficulties to support himself, in whose fall many hundreds besides himself had perished; but because I think there is more spirit and true gallantry in it than in any letter I have ever read from Strephon to Phillis, I shall insert it even in the mercantile honest stile in which it was sent.

S I R,

I HAVE heard of the casualties which have involved you in extreme distress at this time; and knowing you to be a man of great good-nature, industry and probity, have resolved to stand by you. Be of good cheer, the bearer brings with him five thousand pounds, and has my order to answer your drawing as much more on my account. I did this in haste for fear I should come too late for your relief; but you may value yourself with me to the sum of fifty thousand pounds; for I can very chearfully run the hazard of being so much less rich than I am now, to save an honest man whom I love.

Your friend and servant,

W. P.

I think

I think there is somewhere in Montaigne mention made of a family-book, wherein all the occurrences that happened from one generation of that house to another were recorded. Were there such a method in the families which are concerned in this generosity, it would be an hard task for the greatest in Europe to give, in their own, an instance of a benefit better placed, or conferred with a more graceful air. It has been heretofore urged how barbarous and inhuman is any unjust step made to the disadvantage of a trader; and by how much such an act towards him is detestable, by so much an act of kindness towards him is laudable. I remember to have heard a benchman of the Temple tell a story of a tradition in their house, where they had formerly a custom of choosing Kings for such a season, and allowing him his expences at the charge of the society: One of our Kings, said my friend, carried his royal inclination a little too far, and there was a committee ordered to look into the management of his treasury. Among other things it appeared, that his Majesty walking *incog.* in a the cloister, had overheard a poor man say to another, such a small sum would make me the happiest man in the world. The King out of his royal compassion privately enquired into his character, and finding him a proper object of charity, sent him the money. When the committee read the report, the house passed his accounts with

with a plaudite without farther examination,
upon the recital of this article in them,

l. s. d.
For making a man happy, 10 : 00 : 00.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 248.

STORY-TELLING.

TOM LIZARD told us a story the other day of some persons which our family know very well, with so much humour and life, that it caused a great deal of mirth at the tea-table. His brother Will, the Templar was highly delighted with it, and the next day being with some of his inns of court acquaintance, resolved (whether out of the benevolence, or the pride of his heart, I will not determine) to entertain them with what he called 'a pleasant humour enough.' I was in great pain for him when I heard him begin, and was not at all surprized to find the company very little moved by it. Will blushed, looked round the room, and with a forced laugh, 'Faith gentlemen,' said he, 'I do not know what makes you look so grave; it was an admirable story when I heard it.'

When I came home I fell into a profound contemplation upon story-telling, and as I have nothing so much at heart as the good of my country, I resolved to lay down some precautions upon this subject.

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I have often thought that a story-teller is born, as well as a poet. It is, I think, certain, that some men have such a peculiar cast of mind, that they see things in another light, than men of grave dispositions. Men of a lively imagination, and a mirthful temper, will represent things to their hearers in the same manner as they themselves were affected with them; and whereas serious spirits might perhaps have been disgusted at the sight of some odd occurrences in life; yet the very same occurrences shall please them in a well-told story, where the disagreeable parts of the images are concealed, and those only which are pleasing exhibited to the fancy. Story-telling is therefore not an art, but what we call a knack; it doth not so much subsist upon wit as upon humour; and I will add, that it is not perfect without proper gesticulations of the body, which naturally attend such merry emotions of the mind. I know very well, that a certain gravity of countenance sets some stories off to advantage, where the hearer is to be surprized in the end; but this is by no means a general rule; for it is frequently convenient to aid and assist, by chearful looks, and whimsical agitations. I will go yet further, and affirm that the success of a story very often depends upon the make of the body, and formation of the features, of him who relates it. I have been of this opinion ever since I criticised upon the chin of

Dick

Dick Dewlap. I very often had the weakness to repine at the prosperity of his conceits, which made him pass for a wit with the widow at the coffee-house, and the ordinary mechanicks that frequent it; nor could I myself forbear laughing at them most heartily, though upon examination I thought most of them very flat and insipid. I found after some time, that the merit of his wit was founded upon the shaking of a fat paunch, and the tossing up of a pair of rosy jowls: Poor Dick had a fit of sickness, which robbed him of his fat and his fame at once; and it was full three months before he regained his reputation, which rose in proportion to his floridity. He is now very jolly and ingenious, and hath a good constitution for wit.

Those, who are thus adorned with the gifts of Nature, are apt to show their parts with too much ostentation: I would therefore advise all the professors of this art never to tell stories, but as they seem to grow out of the subject matter of the conversation, or as they serve to illustrate or enliven it. Stories that are very common are generally irksome; but may be aptly introduced, provided they be only hinted at, and mentioned by way of allusion. Those, that are altogether new, should never be ushered in, without a short and pertinent character of the chief persons concerned; because, by that means, you make the company acquainted with them; and it is a certain rule, that slight

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and trivial accounts of those who are familiar to us, administer more mirth than the brightest points of wit in unknown characters. A little circumstance, in the complexion or dress of the man you are talking of, sets his image before the hearer, if it be chosen aptly for the story. Thus I remember Tom Lizard, after having made his sisters merry with an account of a formal old man's way of complimenting, owned very frankly, that his story would not have been worth one farthing, if he had made the hat of him whom he represented one inch narrower. Besides the making distinct characters, and selecting pertinent circumstances, it is likewise necessary to leave off in time, and end smartly. So that there is a kind of drama in the forming of a story, and the manner of conducting and pointing it is the same as in an epigram. It is a miserable thing, after one hath raised the expectation of the company by humorous characters, and a pretty conceit, to pursue the matter too far. There is no retreating, and how poor it is for a story-teller to end his relation by saying, *That's all!*

As the choosing of pertinent circumstances is the life of a story, and that wherein humour principally consists; so the collectors of impertinent particulars are the very bane and opiates of conversation. Old men are great transgressors this way. Poor Ned Poppy—he's gone!—was a very honest man, but was too excessively

tedious over his pipe, that he was not to be endured. He knew so exactly what they had for dinner when such a thing happened; in what ditch his bay stone-horse had his sprain at that time, and how his man John—no! it was William, started a hare in the common field; that he never got to the end of his tale. Then he was extremely particular in marriages and inter-marriages, and cousins twice or thrice removed; and whether such a thing happened at the latter end of July or the beginning of August. He had a marvellous tendency likewise to digressions; inasmuch that if a considerable person was mentioned in his story, he would straightway launch out into an episode of him; and again, if in that person's story he had occasion to remember a third man, he broke off, and gave us his history, and so on. He always put me in mind of what Sir William Temple informs us of the tale-tellers in the north of Ireland, who are hired to tell stories of giants and enchanters to lull people asleep. These historians are obliged by their bargain, to go on without stopping; so that after the patient hath, by this benefit, enjoyed a long nap, he is sure to find the operator proceeding in his work. Ned procured the like effect in me the last time I was with him. As he was in the third hour of his story, and very thankful that his memory did not fail him, I fairly nodded in the elbow chair. He was much affronted

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fronted at this, till I told him, 'Old friend,
' you have your infirmity, and I have mine.'

But of all evils in story-telling, the humour of telling tales one after another, in great numbers, is the least supportable. Sir Harry Pandolf and his son give my Lady Lizard great offence in this particular. Sir Harry hath what they call a string of stories, which he tells over every Christmas. When our family visits there, we are constantly after supper, entertained with the Glaffenbury Thorn. When we have wondered at that a little, 'Ay, but father,' saith the son, 'let us have the spirit in the wood.' After that hath been laughed at, 'Ay, but father,' cries the dooby again, 'tell us how you served the robber.' 'Alack-a-day,' saith Sir Harry, with a smile, and rubbing his forehead, 'I have almost forgot that; but it is a pleasant conceit to be sure.' Accordingly he tells that, and twenty more in the same independent order; and without the least variation, at this day, as he hath done, to my knowledge, ever since the revolution. I must not forget a very odd compliment that Sir Harry always makes my Lady when he dines here. After dinner he strokes his belly, and says with a feigned concern in his countenance, 'Madam, I have lost by you to-day.' 'How so, Sir Harry,' replies my Lady, 'Madam,' says he, 'I have lost an excellent stomach.' At this his son and heir

laughs immoderately, and winks upon Mrs. Annabella. This is the thirty-third time that Sir Harry hath been thus arch, and I can bear it no longer.

As the telling of stories is a great help and life to conversation, I always encourage them, if they are pertinent and innocent; in opposition to those gloomy mortals who disdain every thing but matter of fact. Those grave fellows are my aversion, who sit every thing with the utmost nicety, and find the malignity of a lie in a piece of humour, pushed a little beyond exact truth. I likewise have a poor opinion of those, who have got a trick of keeping a steady countenance, that cock their hats, and look glum when a pleasant thing is said, and ask, 'Well! and what then?' Men of wit and parts should treat one another with benevolence; and I will lay it down as a maxim, that if you seem to have a good opinion of another man's wit, he will allow you to have judgment.

GUARDIAN, Vol. I. No. 42.

T I M E.

I WAS yesterday pursuing the hint which I mentioned in my last paper, and comparing together the industry of man with that of other creatures; in which I could not but observe, that notwithstanding we are obliged by duty to

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keep ourselves in constant employ; after the same manner as inferior animals are prompted to it by instinct, we fall very short of them in this particular. We are here the more inexcusable, because there is a greater variety of business to which we may apply ourselves. Reason opens to us a large field of affairs, which other creatures are not capable of. Beasts of prey, and, I believe, all other kinds, in their natural state of being, divide their time between action and rest. They are always at work or asleep. In short their waking hours are wholly taken up in seeking after their food, or in consuming it. The human species only, to the great reproach of our natures, are filled with complaints, that 'the day hangs heavy on them, that they do not know what to with themselves, that they are at a loss how to pass away their time,' with many of the like shameful murmurs, which we often find in the mouth of those who are styled reasonable beings. How monstrous are such expressions among creatures, who have the labours of the mind, as well as those of the body, to furnish them with proper employments; who, besides the business of their proper callings and professions, can apply themselves to the duties of religion, to meditation, to the reading of useful books, to discourse; in a word, who may exercise themselves in the unbounded pursuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives

lives make themselves wiser or better than they were before.

After having been taken up for some time in this course of thoughts, I diverted myself with a book, according to my usual custom, in order to unbend my mind before I went to sleep. The book I made use of on this occasion was Lucian, where I amused my thoughts for about an hour among the dialogues of the dead, which in all probability produced the following dream.

I was conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions; where I saw Rhadamanthus, one of the judges of the dead, seated in his tribunal. On his left-hand stood the keeper of Erebus, on his right the keeper of Elysium. I was told he sat upon women that day, there being several of the sex lately arrived, who had not yet their mansions assigned them. I was surprized to hear him ask every one of them the same question, namely, 'What they had been doing.' Upon this question being proposed to the whole assembly, they stared one upon another, as not knowing what to answer. He then interrogated each of them separately. Madam, says he, to the first of them, you have been upon the earth about fifty years: What have you been doing there all this while? Doing, says she, really I do not know what I have been doing: I desire I may have time given me to recollect. After

about half an hour's pause, she told him that she had been playing at crimp; upon which Rhadamanthus beckoned to the keeper on his left-hand, to take her into custody. And you, Madam, says the judge, that look with such a soft and languishing air; I think you set out for this place in your nine and twentieth year, what have you been doing all this while? I had a great deal of business on my hands, says she, being taken up the first twelve years of my life, in dressing a jointed baby, and all the remaining part of it in reading plays and romances. Very well, says he, you have employed your time to good purpose. Away with her. The next was a plain country-woman; Well, Mistress, says Rhadamanthus, and what have you been doing? An't please your worship, says she, I did not live quite forty years; and in that time brought my husband seven daughters, and made him nine thousand cheeses, and left my eldest girl with him, to look after his house in my absence, and who I may venture to say is as pretty a housewife as any in the country. Rhadamanthus smiled at the simplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of Elysium to take her into his care. And you, fair Lady, says he, what have you been doing these five and thirty years? I have been doing no hurt, I assure you, Sir, said she. That is well, says he, but what good have you been doing? The lady was in great confusion at this question,

question; and not knowing what to answer, the two keepers leaped out to seize her at the same time; the one took her by the hand to convey her to Elysium, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to Erebus. But Rhadamanthus observing an ingenious modesty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her loose, and set her aside for a re-examination when he was more at leisure. An old woman, of a proud and sour look, presented herself next at the bar, and being asked what she had been doing? Truly, says she, I lived threescore and ten years in a very wicked world, and was so angry at the behaviour of a parcel of young flirts, that I past most of my last years, in condemning the follies of the times? I was every day blaming the silly conduct of people about me, in order to deter those I conversed with from falling into the like errors and miscarriages. Very well, says Rhadamanthus, but did you keep the same watchful eye over your own actions? Why truly, says she, I was so taken up with publishing the faults of others, that I had no time to consider my own. Madam, says Rhadamanthus, be pleased to file off to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that stands behind you. Old Gentlewoman, says he, I think you are fourscore; You have heard the question, what have you been doing so long in the world? Ah! Sir! says she, I have been doing what I should

should not have done, but I had made a firm resolution to have changed my life, if I had not been snatched off by an untimely end. Madam, says he, you will please to follow your leader; and spying another of the same age, interrogated her in the same form. To which the matron replied, I have been the wife of a husband who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every thing that is good. My eldest son is blest by the poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it. Rhadamanthus, who knew the value of the old Lady, smiled upon her in such a manner, that the keeper of Elysium, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no sooner touched her but her wrinkles vanished, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed with blushes, and she appeared in full bloom and beauty. A young woman observing that this officer, who conducted the happy to Elysium, was so great a beautifier, longed to be in his hands, so that pressing through the croud, she was the next that appeared at the bar. And being asked what she had been doing the five and twenty years that she had past in the world, I have endeavoured, says she, ever since I came to years of discretion, to make myself lovely and gain admirers.

In

In order to it I past my time in bottling up May-dew, inventing white-washes, mixing colours, cutting out patches, consulting my glass, suiting my complexion, tearing off my tucker, sinking my flays—Rhadamanthus, without hearing her out, gave the sign to take her off. Upon the approach of the keeper of Erebus her colour faded, her face was puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole person lost in deformity.

I was then surprized with a distant sound of a whole troop of females that came forward laughing, singing and dancing. I was very desirous to know the reception they would meet with, and withal was very apprehensive, that Rhadamanthus would spoil their mirth. But at their nearer approach the noise grew so very great that it awakened me.

I lay sometime, reflecting in myself on the oddness of this dream, and could not forbear asking my own heart, what I was doing? I answered myself, that I was writing *Guardians*. If my readers make as good a use of this work as I design they should, I hope it will never be imputed to me as a work that is vain and unprofitable.

I shall conclude with recommending to them the same short self-examination. If every one of them frequently lays his hand upon his heart, and considers what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or what is worse, the vicious

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cious moments of life, lift up his mind when it is running on in a series of indifferent actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in those which are virtuous and laudable. In a word, it will very much alleviate that guilt which the best of men have reason to acknowledge in their daily confessions, of 'leaving undone those things which they ought to have done, and of doing those things which they ought not to have done.'

GUARDIAN, Vol. II. No. 158.

TRAVELLING.

MR SPECTATOR,

A LADY of my acquaintance, for whom I have too much respect to be easy while she is doing an indiscreet action, has given occasion to this trouble: She is a widow, to whom the indulgence of a tender husband has intrusted the management of a very great fortune, and a son about sixteen, both which she is extremely fond of. The boy has parts of the middle size, neither shining nor despicable, and has passed the common exercises of his years with tolerable advantage, but is withal what you would call a forward youth: By the help of this last qualification, which serves as a varnish to all the rest, he is enabled to make the best use of his learning, and display it at full length upon all occasions. Last summer he

he distinguished himself two or three times very remarkably; by puzzling the Vicar before an assembly of most of the Ladies in the neighbourhood; and from such weighty considerations as these, as it too often unfortunately falls out, the mother is become invincibly persuaded that her son is a great scholar; and that to chain him down to the ordinary method of education with others of his age, would be to cramp his faculties, and do an irreparable injury to his wonderful capacity.

I happened to visit at the house last week, and missing the young gentleman at the tea-table, where he seldom fails to officiate, could not upon so extraordinary a circumstance avoid inquiring after him. My Lady told me, he was gone out with her woman, in order to make some preparations for their equipage; for that she intended very speedily to carry him to travel. The oddness of the expression shocked me a little; however, I soon recovered myself enough to let her know, that all I was willing to understand by it was, that she designed this summer to shew her son his estate in a distant county, in which he has never yet been. But she soon took care to rob me of that agreeable mistake, and let me into the whole affair. She enlarged upon young Master's prodigious improvements, and his comprehensive knowledge of all book-learning; concluding, that it was now high time he should

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should be made acquainted with men and things; that she had resolved he should make the tour of France and Italy, but could not bear to have him out of her sight, and therefore intended to go along with him.

I was going to rally her for so extravagant a resolution, but found myself not in a fit humour to meddle with a subject that demanded the most soft and delicate touch imaginable. I was afraid of dropping something that might seem to bear hard either upon the son's abilities, or the mother's discretion; being sensible that in both these cases, tho' supported with all the powers of reason, I should, instead of gaining her ladyship over to my opinion, only expose myself to her dislike; I therefore immediately determined to refer the whole matter to the SPECTATOR.

When I came to reflect at night, as my custom is, upon the occurrences of the day, I could not but believe that this humour of carrying a boy to travel in his mother's lap, and that upon pretence of learning men and things, is a case of an extraordinary nature, and carries on it a particular stamp of folly. I did not remember to have met with its parallel within the compass of my observation, though I could call to mind some not extremely unlike it: From hence my thoughts took occasion to ramble into the general notion of travelling, as it is now made a part of education. Nothing is more

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frequent than to take a lad from grammar and taw, and under the tuition of some poor scholar, who is willing to be banished for thirty pounds a year, and a little victuals, send him crying and sniveling into foreign countries. Thus he spends his time as children do at puppet-shows, and with much the same advantage, in staring and gaping at an amazing variety of strange things; strange indeed to one who is not prepared to comprehend the reasons and meaning of them; whilst he should be laying the solid foundations of knowledge in his mind, and furnishing it with just rules to direct his future progress in life under some skilful masters of the art of instruction.

Can there be a more astonishing thought in nature than to consider how men should fall into so palpable a mistake? It is a large field, and may very well exercise a sprightly genius; but I do not remember you have yet taken a turn in it. I wish, Sir, you would make people understand, that Travel is really the last step to be taken in the institution of youth; and to set out with it, is to begin where they should end.

Certainly the true end of visiting foreign parts, is to look into their customs and policies, and observe in what particulars they excel or come short of our own; to unlearn some odd peculiarities in our manners, and wear off such awkward stiffnesses and affectations in our behaviour, as possibly may have been contracted

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from constantly associating with one nation of men, by a more free, general, and mixed conversation. But how can any of these advantages be attained by one who is a mere stranger to the customs and policies of his native country, and has not yet fixed in his mind the first principles of manners and behaviour? To endeavour it, is to build a gaudy structure without any foundation; or, if I may be allowed the expression, to work a rich embroidery upon a cob-web.

Another end of travelling, which deserves to be considered, is the improving our taste of the best authors of antiquity, by seeing the places where they lived; and of which they wrote; to compare the natural face of the country with the descriptions they have given us, and observe how well the picture agrees with the original. This must certainly be a most charming exercise to the mind that is rightly turned for it; besides that it may in a good measure be made subservient to morality, if the person is capable of drawing just conclusions concerning the uncertainty of human things, from the ruinous alterations time and barbarity have brought upon so many palaces, cities and whole countries, which make the most illustrious figures in history. And this hint may be not a little improved by examining every little spot of ground that we find celebrated as the scene of some famous action, or retaining any footsteps of a Cato, Cicero,

or Brutus, or some such virtuous man. A nearer view of any such particular, though really little and trifling in itself, may serve the more powerfully to warm a generous mind to an emulation of their virtues, and a greater ardency of ambition to imitate their bright examples, if it comes duly tempered and prepared for the impression. But this I believe you will hardly think those to be, who are so far from entering into the sense and spirit of the ancients, that they do not yet understand their language with any exactness.

But I have wandered from my purpose, which was only to desire you to save, if possible, a fond English mother, and mother's own son, from being shewn a ridiculous spectacle through the most polite parts of Europe; pray tell them, that though to be sea-sick, or jumbled in an outlandish stage-coach, may perhaps be healthful for the constitution of the body, yet it is apt to cause such a dizziness in young empty heads, as too often lasts their life-time.

I am, SIR, Your most humble servant.

Philip Homebread.

SPECTATOR, Vol. V. No. 364.

V I R T U E.

THERE are but few men, who are not ambitious of distinguishing themselves in the nation or country where they live, and of growing

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growing considerable among those with whom they converse. There is a kind of grandeur and respect, which the meanest and most insignificant part of mankind endeavour to procure in the little circle of their friends and acquaintance. The poorest mechanick, nay the man who lives upon common alms, gets him his set of admirers, and delights in that superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some respects beneath him.

All superiority and pre-eminence that one man can have over another, may be reduced to the notion of Quality, which considered at large, is either that of fortune, body, or mind. The first is that which consists in birth, title, or riches; and is the most foreign to our natures, and what we can the least call our own of any of the three kinds of quality. In relation to the body, quality arises from health, strength, or beauty; which are nearer to us, and more a part of ourselves than the former. Quality as it regards the mind, has its rise from knowledge or virtue; and is that which is more essential to us, and more intimately united with us than either of the other two.

As virtue is the most reasonable and genuine source of honour, we generally find in titles an intimation of some particular merit that should recommend men to the high stations which they possess. Holiness is ascribed to the Pope; majesty to kings; serenity or mildness of temper

to princes; excellence or perfection to ambassadors; grace to archbishops; honour to peers; worship or venerable behaviour to magistrates; and reverence, which is of the same import as the former, to the inferior clergy.

The death-bed shews the emptiness of titles in a true light. A poor dispirited sinner lies trembling under the apprehensions of the state he is entering on; and is asked by a grave attendant how his holiness does? Another hears himself addressed to under the title of highness or excellency, who lies under such mean circumstances of mortality as are the disgrace of human nature. Titles at such a time look rather like insults and mockery than respect.

The truth of it is, honours are in this world under no regulations; true quality is neglected, virtue is oppressed, and vice triumphant. The last day will rectify this disorder, and assign to every one a station suitable to the dignity of his character; ranks will be then adjusted, and precedence set right.

Men in scripture are called strangers and sojourners upon earth, and life a pilgrimage. Several heathen, as well as christian authors, under the same kind of metaphor, have represented the world as an inn, which was only designed to furnish us with accomodations in this our passage. It is therefore very absurd to think of setting up our rest before we come to our journey's end, and not rather to take care of the reception

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ception we shall there meet, than to fix our thoughts on the little conveniences and advantages which we enjoy one above another in the way to it.

Epictetus makes use of another kind of allusion, which is very beautiful, and wonderfully proper to incline us to be satisfied with the post in which Providence has placed us. We are here, says he, as in a theatre, where every one has a part allotted to him. The great duty which lies upon a man is to act his part in perfection. We may indeed say, that our part does not suit us, and that we could act another better. But this (says the Philosopher) is not our business. All that we are concerned in is to excel in the part which is given us. If it be an improper one, the fault is not in us, but in him who has *cast* our several parts, and is the great Disposer of the drama.

The part that was acted by this Philosopher himself was but a very indifferent one, for he lived and died a slave. His motive to contentment in this particular, receives a very great enforcement from the above-mentioned consideration, if we remember that our parts in the other world will be *new cast*, and that mankind will be there ranged in different stations of superiority and pre-eminence, in proportion as they have here excelled one another in virtue, and performed in their several posts of life the duties which belong to them.

There

There are many beautiful passages in the little Apocryphal Book, entitled, *The Wisdom of Solomon*, to set forth the vanity of honour, and the like temporal blessings which are in so great repute among men, and to comfort those who have not the possession of them. It represents in very warm and noble terms this advancement of a good man in the other world, and the great surprize which it will produce among those who are his superiors in this.

‘ Then shall the righteous man stand in great
 ‘ boldness before the face of such as have afflict-
 ‘ ed him, and made no account of his labours.
 ‘ When they see it, they shall be troubled with
 ‘ terrible fear, and shall be amazed at the
 ‘ strangeness of his salvation, so far beyond all
 ‘ that they looked for. And they repenting
 ‘ and groaning for anguish of spirit, shall say
 ‘ within themselves; this was he whom we
 ‘ had sometime in derision, and a proverb of
 ‘ reproach. We fools accounted his life mad-
 ‘ ness, and his end to be without honour.
 ‘ How is he numbered among the children of
 ‘ God, and his lot is among the saints!’

If the reader would see the description of a life that is passed away in vanity, and among the shadows of pomp and greatness, he may see it very finely drawn in the same place. In the mean time, since it is necessary in the present constitution of things, that order and distinction should be kept in the world, we should be

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be happy, if those who enjoy the upper stations in it, would endeavour to surpass others in virtue, as much as in rank, and by their humanity and condescension make their superiority easy and acceptable to those who are beneath them; and if, on the contrary, those who are in meaner posts of life, would consider how they may better their condition hereafter, and by a just deference and submission to their superiors, make them happy in those blessings with which Providence has thought fit to distinguish them.

SPECTATOR, Vol. III. No. 219.

WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

WHEN I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster-Abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the church-yard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tomb-stones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another: The whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances,

cumstances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born and that they died.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovel-full of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull intermixt with a kind of fresh mouldering earth, that some time or other had a place in the composition of an human body. Upon this I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were in the lump; I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with

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with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets; I observed indeed that the present war had filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honour to the living as well as to the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a nation from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius before they are put in execution. Sir Cloudestly Shovel's monument has very often given me great offence: Instead of the brave rough English Admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long perriwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state.

state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, shew an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature, than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their Admirals, which have been erected at the public expence, represent them like themselves; and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of sea-weed, shells, and coral.

But to return to our subject, I have left the repository of our English Kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds, and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects, which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion

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tion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow: When I see Kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

SPECTATOR, Vol. I. No. 26.

YARICO, *her Story.*

ARIETTA is visited by all persons of both sexes, who have any pretence to wit and gallantry. She is in that time of life which is neither affected with the follies of youth, or infirmities of age; and her conversation is so mixed with gaiety and prudence, that she is agreeable both to the young and the old. Her behaviour is very frank, without being in the least

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blameable;

blameable; and as she is out of the track of any amorous or ambitious pursuits of her own, her visitants entertain her with accounts of themselves very freely, whether they concern their passions or their interests. I made her a visit this afternoon, having been formerly introduced to the honour of her acquaintance, by my friend WILL HONEYCOMB, who has prevailed upon her to admit me sometimes into her assembly, as a civil inoffensive man. I found her accompanied with one person only, a common-place talker, who, upon my entrance, arose, and after a very slight civility sat down again; then turning to Arietta, pursued his discourse, which I found was upon the old topic of constancy in love. He went on with great facility in repeating what he talks every day of his life; and with the ornaments of insignificant laughs and gestures enforced his arguments by quotations out of plays and songs, which allude to the perjuries of the fair, and the general levity of women. Methought he strove to shine more than ordinarily in his talkative way, that he might insult my silence, and distinguish himself before a woman of Arietta's taste and understanding. She had often an inclination to interrupt him, but could find no opportunity, till the larum ceased of itself; which it did not till he had repeated and murdered

dered the celebrated story of the Ephesian Matron.

When she had a little recovered herself from the serious anger she was in, she replied in the following manner.

Sir, When I consider how perfectly new all you have said on this subject is, and that the story you have given us is not quite two thousand years old, I cannot but think it a piece of presumption to dispute with you: But your quotations put me in mind of the fable of the lion and the man. The man walking with that noble animal, shewed him, in the ostentation of human superiority, a sign of a man killing a lion. Upon which the lion said very justly, 'We lions are none of us painters, else we could shew a hundred men killed by lions, for one lion killed by a man.' You men are writers, and can represent us women as unbecoming as you please in your works, while we are unable to return the injury. Such a writer, I doubt not, was the celebrated Petronius, who invented the pleasant aggravations of the frailty of the Ephesian Lady; but when we consider this question between the sexes, which has been either a point of dispute or rally, ever since there were men and women, let us take facts from plain people, and from such as have not either ambition or capacity to embellish their narrations with any beauties of imagination. I

was the other day amusing myself with Ligon's account of Barbadoes; and, in answer to your well-wrought tale, I will give you (as it dwells upon my memory) out of that honest traveller, in his fifty-fifth page, the history of Inkle and Yarico.

Mr Thomas Inkle, of London, aged twenty years, embarked in the Downs on the good ship called the Achilles, bound for the West-Indies, on the 16th of June, 1674, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandize. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passions by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened, in the course of the voyage, that the Achilles, in some distress, put into a creek on the main of America, in search of provisions. The youth, who is the hero of my story, among others went ashore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English

glish unadvisedly marched a great distance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped among others, by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired, and breathless, on a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him. After the first surprize, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the European was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked American; the American was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of an European, covered from head to foot. The Indian grew immediately enamoured of him, and consequently solicitous for his preservation. She therefore conveyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and led him to a stream to slake his thirst. In the midst of these good offices, she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of its colour to that of her fingers: Then open his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different dress, of the most beautiful shells, bugles, and breches. She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other lovers had presented to her, so that his
cave

cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of beasts, and most party-coloured feathers of fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by the favour of moonlight, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and shew him where to lie down in safety, and sleep amidst the falls of waters, and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him awake in her arms, for fear of her countrymen, and awake him on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his mistress, how happy he should be to have her in his country, where she should be clothed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and be carried in houses drawn by horses, without being exposed to wind or weather. All this he promised her the enjoyment of, without such fears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender correspondence these lovers lived for several months, when Yarico, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast to which she made signals; and in the night, with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's crew of his countrymen, bound for Barbadoes. When a vessel from the main arrives in that island, it seems the planters come down.

down to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the Indians and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.

To be short, Mr Thomas Inkle, now coming into English territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of time, and to weigh with himself how many days interest of his money he had lost during his stay with Yarico. This thought made the young man very pensive, and careful what account he should be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon which consideration, the prudent and frugal young man sold Yarico to a Barbarian merchant; notwithstanding that the poor girl, to incline him to commiserate her condition, told him that she was with child by him: but he only made use of that information, to rise in his demands upon the purchaser.

I was so touched with this story (which I think should be always a counterpart to the Ephesian Matron) that I left the room with tears in my eyes; which a woman of Arietta's good sense, did, I am sure, take for greater applause, than any compliments I could make her.

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F I N I S.



